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FRANKLIN'S RECEPTION AT THE COURT OF FRANCE, 1778.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

PERSHING, unsheathing America's good sword at the tomb of Lafayette, sent our hearts thrilling back to our own perilous days when splendid France poured out her treasure and her blood to help us drive a Hanoverian tyrant from our soil. But, even as we exult in American arms renewing in France that brother-bond of a century and a half ago, how many of us remember to whom we owe this alliance of two great nations, which has set the Stars and Stripes and the golden lilies together in Freedom's cause, and is perhaps the deepest, strongest, finest of our national traditions?

The man who forged the links of friendship that have held so firmly through all these years was that plain American, best known and most illustrious of all Americans before our War of Independence, good old Benjamin Franklin.

The day that Franklin sailed in 1757 to present to the Court of St. James's the protest of the Pennsylvania Assembly of Burgesses against the refusal of the heirs of William Penn (residing in England) to pay their just share of taxes, was the day on which began the first move of the War of Independence.

Even then his scientific achievements had brought Franklin fame. Harvard and Yale had already honored him. His treatises on electricity had been translated into almost every European language. He was known wherever men read.

In 1764 he returned to England to effect a readjustment of the same tax question, and while there was empowered by Pennsylvania to contest the odious

Stamp Act. His success gradually gravitated him into the delicate task of advocate in all colonial grievances. How well he fought is witnessed by the fact that when he came home in 1775, news of Lexington and Concord greeted him.

Naturally, when the colonies, in sore need of aid, bethought them of France, they turned to Dr. Franklin as their envoy. December 21, 1776, he reached Paris, and was acclaimed by high and low.

Before he left home he had raised every penny he could and turned four thousand pounds sterling into the treasury of his country, without security, to be used without interest. The man who could do that did not fail to win the confidence of France. The French Government made us a free gift of more than a million dollars, guaranteed interest on a loan of \$1,850,000 from Holland, and loaned us millions of dollars, without which Washington and his armies could not have kept the field.

When Brand Whitlock, in his study in Brussels, learned that we were at war with Germany, he turned to the treaty in which Germany agreed with us to hold private property by land and sea safe from destruction in time of war. Ben Franklin signed that treaty which Germany violated so ruthlessly.

And Ben Franklin signed the treaty of 1778 with France, which was the first link in the bond of friendship that united America with France in 1917, and brought Germany and the Kaiser to book for their outrages upon civilization.

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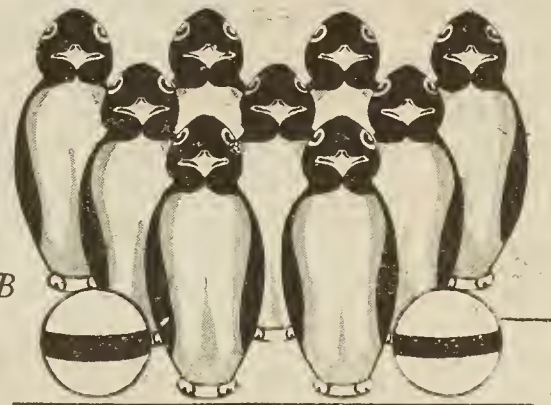
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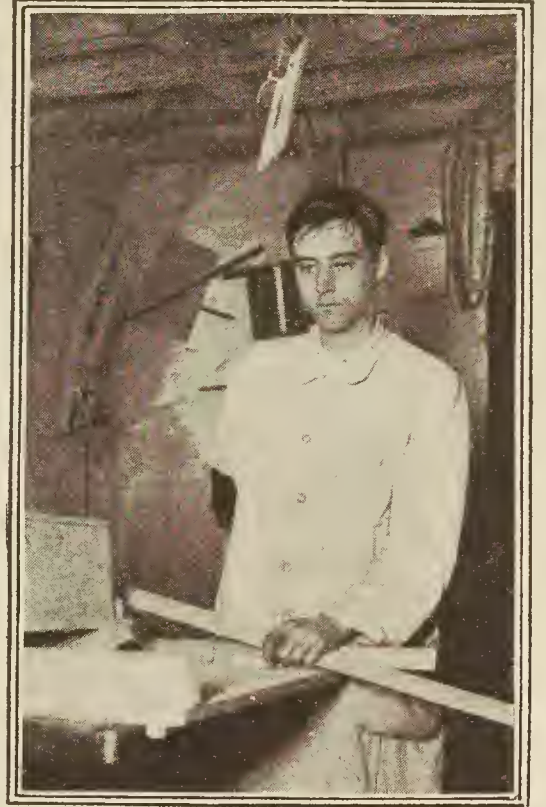
IF YOUR DELINEATOR is late in reaching you, please do not worry about it. The delay is probably caused by the unprecedented congestion of freight, due to the war emergency. We are doing our best to deliver our magazine to you on time, but we know that you will cooperate with us by being patient in this great national crisis.

SALVAGING HUMAN WASTAGE

THE South African War taught the British something about restoring crippled soldiers to self-support and self-respect. The Great War since 1914 has developed the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors. In these shops, which are scattered throughout Great Britain and Ireland, men are trained and then find a market for their handiwork. Their product is already worth \$2,500,000 a year, and the enterprise is growing. Who will organize such a work in America?



B



Soldier who lost arm, once a farmer, now worker on circular saw



Toys made by crippled soldiers



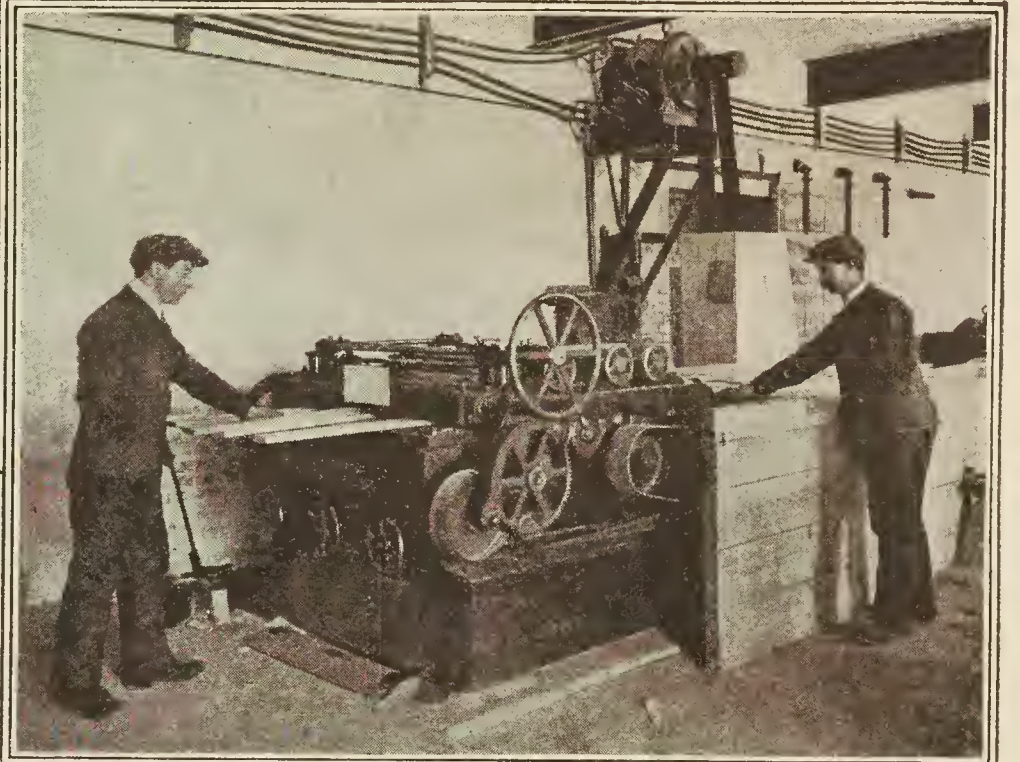
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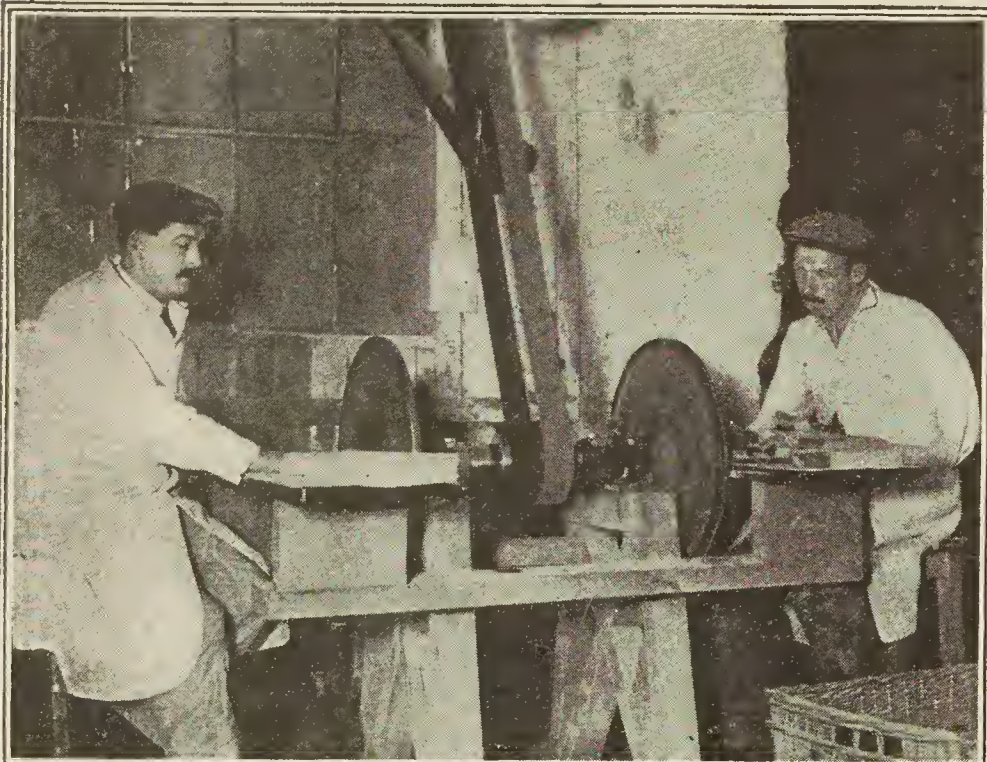
Soldier with useless left hand, once a plumber, now makes toy alphabets



Major Algernon Tudor Craig, joint manager of Lord Roberts Workshops



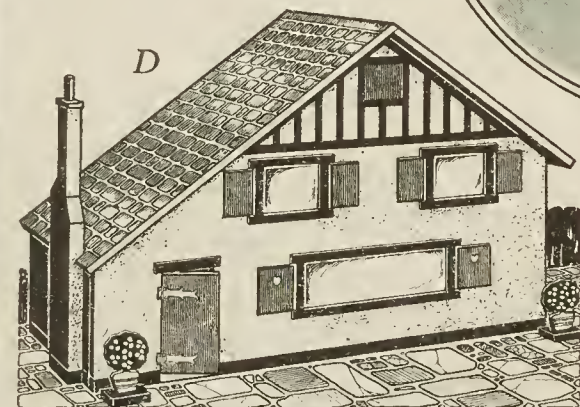
One-armed soldiers making good wages as machinists, a new trade to each of them



One was a laborer before he lost his arm, the other a shepherd



Margaret Sale, who designs the toys



D

- A—Dolls made by soldiers
- B—Penguin ten-pins
- C—Boxes for the dressing-table



C

Earning more money with one hand than he used to earn with two

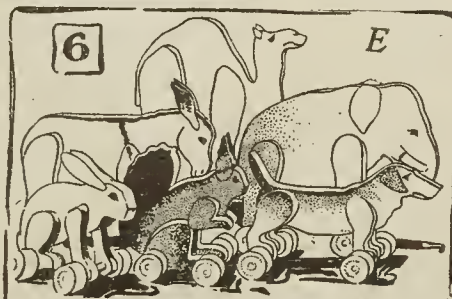


Their legs crippled, these men make wonderful baskets

F



Soldier minus left arm and fingers of right hand paints toys



- D—Doll house
- E—Wooden animals
- F—Noah's Ark



WITH THE EDITOR

WHAT IS AN IMMIGRANT?

IN A small town in New England the only restaurant is kept by a Japanese and his wife.

It is a very pleasant little restaurant, with excellent home-like meals, well served on good china and linen, and much patronized by the well-to-do families of the town who find it difficult to get servants. The Japanese and his wife have two children—a little boy about ten years old and an older boy with our Army in France.

One Sunday afternoon recently, we sat in an automobile near the restaurant while a friend did an errand in the neighboring drug-store. Loitering near the car was a small boy, exceptionally well dressed, whistling "Keep the Home Fires Burning" softly to himself, while he whittled at a bit of board with a Boy Scout knife.

Another lad, about the same age, but shabbily dressed, came along.

"Whatcha doin', Dick?" he asked.

The whittling youth looked up and we saw his face. It was the Japanese restaurant keeper's little son.

"Hello, Jack," he said. "I'm making a submarine chaser. Dad's going to help me mount a gun on it after dinner."

The small blond Jack drew closer. "Jeeze! That looks good. Say, Dick, bring it over and sail it in our brook!"

"Nothing doing," replied Dick.

"Aw, come on!"

"Nothing doing! I'm sick of having your mother chase me out of the yard. Daddy says for me to stick by myself and when he gets time he'll play with me."

Jack looked in a puzzled way at the Oriental face of the small Dick. "I don't see why ma acts that way," he said. "I don't care if you are a Jap. I like you better'n any of the kids."

"I ain't a Jap," returned Dick with sudden fire. "I'm an American. I was born right up-stairs there and so was my brother, and he's fighting for America. That's more'n your brother's doing. I'm more of an American than that Jew kid, Izzy Marks. He was born in Russia, and you all play with him!"

"Yes, we do, on the street, but our mothers won't let him in the house with us."

"Why?" asked Dick.

Jack shuffled his feet uncomfortably. "It's because you—Oh, I don't know—I guess it's because you don't look like us regular old Americans. Anyhow, mothers are queer about lots of things. They don't know. They think 'cause you look different, you are different. But us kids that play with you know you're just common kids exactly like us."

"You bet we are!" returned Dick.

"Then come on over and play in our brook."

"Nope! Your mother'll chase me out again."

And so the conversation ended.

After the war, the most tremendous problem staring America in the face will be the immigration problem. We shall look on it with eyes that have seen many, many changing views in the past five years. Those who, because their ancestors founded the nation, have believed themselves the only true Americans, have seen the children of immigrants who could not speak English, fight and die for the American idea. Those who came to this country only to exploit its resources have found themselves caught up by the passion of democracy and have devoted their fortunes and offered their lives to the American idea. Jew, Jap, Chinese, Czech-Slovak, Armenian, Turk—all giving their lives for America.

What place will our old bitterness of race prejudice have when the question of controlled immigration comes up? Little Jack's mother has the vote. It looks as if she were going to vote with bigoted ignorance on this great question. For the sake of the foreigners themselves who come to our shore, in order that we may protect our institutions and they may have full benefit of them, immigration must be regulated. How are you, woman with the vote, going to stand? Do you know that Dick and Izzy are just common kids, like Jack?

OUR OLD FRIEND, THE HIRED GIRL

WE WRITE about her, on this page, quite frequently. And whenever we do so, letters come to us from all over the country, not only from the mistresses, but from the maids themselves. One maid tells us that she won't work for a woman who smokes cigars. Another says she doesn't see why a "Madam" can't give an order to a maid without her tone changing absolutely from the one

she uses for her family or her friends. Still another says she quit her last place because the mistress was immodest; and a maid out in San Francisco writes that every woman she has worked for insults her by taking it for granted she's a thief until she's proved to be the contrary.

We draw a good many conclusions from these letters. One of them is that maid service is probably the worst paid and managed work in the country. Let's see: The average maid of all work gets on the job at seven in the morning. If the family has its heavy meal at night she finishes about nine in the evening. If the evening meal is light she can finish at eight. So she is on duty for from thirteen to fourteen hours a day. For two hours in the afternoon she usually has nothing to do. Mistresses make much of this point. They forget that the maid is still on call during this time, that it is really a part of her working day.

The maid has Thursday afternoon off and one Sunday a month. Thirteen to fourteen hours a day six and a half days a week. What pay would a man demand—and get—for work of like order and the same hours? The maid problem is first of all a problem of hours and wage.

WAS IT ENOUGH?

NOT so long ago we were in the Arizona desert and we took a long horseback trip through ranges that seemed practically uninhabited. Day followed day of burning yellow sand, and burning bronze blue sky and the smell of saddle leather wet with the sweat of our horses. Beautiful beyond words are those black and brown ranges set on the level floor of endless deserts.

Toward noon, one day, we saw an adobe cottage set high toward a peak. Astonished, we pushed toward it. Still more astonished as we drew near we saw that a green vine grew over the porch and that white curtains fluttered in the windows. We dismounted at the corral bars, and there a woman met us. She was perhaps forty years old, with deep, tired blue eyes looking out of a tanned, heavily lined face. She wore a faded khaki skirt and blouse.

She was so glad to see us that she wept. "I haven't seen a woman in over two years. I couldn't believe it when I saw you coming up the trail. Harry, give the horses water and some alfalfa."

Harry was a boy of ten or so with his mother's eyes. He did not speak to us nor answer our greetings. We followed Mrs. Ames on into the adobe. Living-room and kitchen, all in one, spotlessly clean, and all the furniture made of packing-boxes and barrels. She had lunch waiting for us. So far does one see in the desert and so does one cherish guests there that she had started the meal when she saw our two faint figures miles away. Harry ate with us, and a little Mexican, both of them silent and embarrassed. Not so Mrs. Ames. She talked incessantly, asking us questions about the outside world and commenting with keen intelligence on our answers. After lunch, leaving my husband to investigate the little mine beyond the corral with the Mexican, she took me to the porch and told me her story.

Ten years before she had come to this spot with baby Harry, who was born feeble-minded. She was not married. Harry's father had deserted her. Her family disowned her. An untrained woman of thirty, of gentle family, she had fled as far as her money would carry her. And when she found that Harry was an idiot she had hidden herself here, and supported him and herself with the little mine which she worked with the Mexican.

She showed me her hands, cracked and misshapen. She told me of all the isolation, of the homesickness, of the sweating toil.

"I want to punish myself," she said. "I want to keep Harry ever from knowing he's not normal. Every time I look at him I realize that no punishment is great enough. And every time I look at my hands I think—perhaps I'm paying up. Tell me, please, please tell me, is it enough?"

I looked off over the endless ranges rising from the yellow desert in brown and purple and crimson peaks, melting at last into blue heaven itself. And I thought of her tired eyes, and of her boy, and of her hours of looking on the desert, and I said—"Dear Mrs. Ames, yes, it is enough."

MR. HOUSTON

ALL of the various departments of our national Government have done splendid work during the war. None more so than the Department of Agriculture. In many ways Secretary Houston's work has been less spectacular than that of the

heads of other departments and bureaus, so he and his remarkable corps of experts have received comparatively little publicity during the past four years.

And yet, the war would not have been won had it not been for the splendid preparedness of the Department of Agriculture. It would not have been won had it not been ready, when the strain was put upon our food-producing capacity, to give skilled aid whenever and wherever it was needed.

The organization of this department is as simple in its working as it is myriad in its ramifications. It touches every county in America vitally and systematically. It is ready to help any man, woman or child in America who wishes to produce anything from wheat to pigs, from molasses to Belgian hares, not only with printed matter but with the actual procuring of seed, of plans of work, of labor, of countless indirect helps that have made possible the magnificent food production of this country.

While huzza-ing for Mr. Hoover, don't forget that Mr. Houston is a real person, too.

SPEAKING OF AGRICULTURE

A READER sends us a quaint item. She says her train was held up at a small station in Ohio. There were two roads coming down to the station. Perhaps, she says, the townsfolk had concluded that in these hard times two roads are an extravagance. At any rate, one of the roads had been plowed up for some distance and planted in regular rows of corn, with pumpkins in between. The corn was very tall, the pumpkins very large, and it looked for all the world as if the corn were marching down the road to deliver the pumpkins. Real conservation, eh?

THE TWO MOST CURIOUS THINGS

ONE of them happened in a tiny little town last Winter. We went to the little church and stayed to the Bible class. The class was made up of elderly men and women, wise, staid people who had worked hard and lived gently and wisely. They enjoyed their church and were not too critical of their clergyman. After the regular lesson had been concluded, an old man, the local grocer, rose and cleared his throat:

"I want to ask about something that's been worrying me. We believe that on the judgment day the dead will rise. How about those poor boys who've been shot all to nothing and couldn't be buried over in France?"

There was a solemn clearing of throats and an ardent discussion followed. At the end of a half-hour it was concluded that somehow the Lord would gather those pitiful bodies together before the judgment day and place them in graves, like Moses', which no man knows, in lonely Moab.

The other curious thing happened in New York City. We were walking along a quiet street when a little man in dirty overalls and dirtier sweater passed us. Just ahead of us, a small boy looked up into the man's face and yelled—

"Dago! Dago!"

The man stopped. "Dago? Me?" He whipped what looked like a silver blade from his hip-pocket, put it to his lips, and blew entrancingly two or three lines of "Yankee Doodle."

"Dago, am I?" he snorted, put the fife back in his pocket, and went on about his business.

HAPPINESS

A WOMAN who had left her husband was talking to us. "I left him," she said, "because he had ceased to care for me. I irritated him to the point where he had become profoundly unhappy. Both of our lives were being ruined."

"But had you ceased to care for him?" we asked.

She looked at us thoughtfully. "No, I hadn't. That's the curious part about a good many of us women. Loving a husband becomes a sort of life job, and nothing he does changes our feeling. Even after you lose your first illusion and discover that most any man can love most any attractive woman who wants him to love her; that his marrying you rested not on a divine and unique affinity but on the accident of propinquity, you keep right on caring for your husband. And so, caring for him as I do, I want him to be happy. If my leaving him will give him happiness, why I leave him, that's all."

"Are you really as cynical as you sound, or do you find a certain joy in being a martyr?" we asked.

She looked at us angrily this time. "It's very evident," she replied, "that you know nothing whatever about men or love."

And she hasn't spoken to us since.



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THE woman who uses Ivory Soap applies her personal standards of cleanliness to everything about her home. Nothing less than this mild, pure, white soap which she prefers for her own radiant skin is good enough for her fine linens, flawless silver, fragile china and sparkling glass.

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EXTRA! AMERICANS CAPTURE HEART OF FRANCE!

Bar-le-Duc Citizen Describes Surrender!

WE HAVE all read notes and letters from our boys in France conveying their impressions of the French people with whom they have come in contact—letters that brought a smile for the strange little customs and habits described, but as often a wave of gratitude for the friendship displayed toward our youthful crusaders.

Here is the other side of the story—the impressions an every-day French citizen has gathered about our boys. With no thought of publication this French father set down these impressions in journal form for his children and his children's children to read, that some day they might have a homely, true little picture of how the great war came to Bar-le-Duc, the principal town of the Department of the Meuse, not far from Verdun and St. Mihiel, restored to France by our soldiers after four years of German rule.

M. Lantenois and his neighbors, they, too, had their smiles for the strange customs and habits of our boys, but also these good French folk had their hearts fired by the kindness and manliness of our fighters, and their valor in the cause of France.

Better than the testimony of the great captains of war is this simple day-by-day record of the lives and acts of these men of whom we are so justly proud.

MY JOURNAL

By A. Lantenois

BAR-LE-DUC, FRANCE.

DECEMBER 2, 1917—Americans in the streets of Bar-le-Duc! Encamped at Gondrecourt, at Vaucouleurs and in many other villages of the *arrondissements* of Bar-le-Duc and Commercy, they come to our village principally on Saturday afternoon and Sunday, for they have what we call "an English week," which allows a day and a half of repose. How different they are from the *poilus*! Their faces, clean-shaven, distinguish them absolutely. What is our first impression on seeing them? To us Frenchmen they personify strength allied to suppleness of movement. We have seen the Russians, tall and blond, their bearing gentle and a trifle nonchalant; the German prisoners, decidedly shorter and inclining to *embonpoint*; the Italians and the Portuguese, who resemble us physically because they are also Latins. The American seems to us to be of the same physique as the Russians, but strapping, brisk, agile. One feels immediately that with such soldiers the war can not fail to turn our way. One hopes better days of them. The children cry, when they see them in the distance, "There are the Americans!" and they rush toward them with all speed.

DECEMBER 8, 1917—I approach a group of soldiers. Their hats provide a bond of sympathy at first sight. It is almost the hat we wear in hunting. But how do they keep them on their heads? The strap which we put under our chins, and which tortures us continually by slipping, with them is worn at the back of the head and is maintained in position by the hair; it is a detail which astonishes us, but we had never thought of it. The group of Americans converse gaily, almost all of them showing as they talk some gold teeth which replace those that have disappeared. Ah! They must take care of their mouths, our friends, and ignore the maladies of the stomach! In that we do not resemble them closely enough. We rarely replace our lost teeth, and when we do, it is with artificial teeth of white enamel so that the imperfection of our mouths may not be noticeable. We are more correct, but less observant of hygiene.

DECEMBER 9, 1917—In words scarcely intelligible the Americans ask me the road to the station. I say to my little boy, Pierre, who accompanies me, "Conduct them there, my son." The errand accomplished, I think it well to enjoin Pierre thus: "Think of what they have come to do for France. They could live tranquilly in their own country and leave us to settle our own account with the Germans. They have not done so. They prefer to abandon everything—home, family, country—in order to come to aid us and assure the triumph of liberty. The journey which they have made is not much like the one which we made from Bar-le-Duc to Paris. It was a journey of more than a week through an ocean which conceals mines and submarines. To come and pour out their blood on a strange land far across the sea, thousands of kilometers from their relatives and friends, displays a marvelous devotion which we must never forget."

DECEMBER 16, 1917—American soldiers overrun the city in all directions each Sunday. When they are tired, they stop at a street corner, prop their backs against the wall and chat among themselves. I saw two of them yesterday reposing tranquilly on the steps of the prefecture. If rain begins to fall, they take shelter in the entrances of hallways or in doorways, which appears strange to our soldiers, who are accustomed to betake themselves to a café or to the outskirts of the town.

DECEMBER 22, 1917—Having occasion to go to the station, I see Vasson, an employee of the railroad, and I ask him: "What do you think of the Americans? Can you understand them when they come to your ticket-booth?" He replies: "We can manage to understand about the trip, but it is difficult to accustom them to our rules. Before the train stops they descend from the carriages on the right and on the left; they leave the station by all the exits, or, rather, they disappear in such a way that I can not always examine their tickets. When the train departs, the tardy ones hasten after it, and, be it understood, rarely catch it. All of which shows that my job is not too easy. Ah! These dear Americans! What liberties they take!"

DECEMBER 23, 1917—The Bar-le-Duc youngster loves the new soldier very much; he adores him. Naturally obliging, he does his errands, indicates to him the streets he is to follow, the detours to be avoided, and the American is grateful. Our babies have also become professors in their own way. At play and out walking they teach French to our allies and they do it with all seriousness, for they know why the soldiers are encamped among us; they are told at school. The youths of our city have rendered great services to the American army which has established itself in this vicinity. They have taught them the first elements of our language, words simple and ordinary; they have helped them to learn our tangled streets. These little services do not seem particularly valuable to us who move in familiar surroundings, but they are warmly appreciated.



Photo by the American painter, Harry B. Lachman, for the American Committee for Devasted France.

They stand at the corners, their backs against the wall

DECEMBER 25, 1917—To-day is Christmas. There are no Americans at Bar-le-Duc. Where have they gone? Have they already left our region? No, they remain in one of our villages where they have organized a Christmas-tree celebration. At Givrauval, according to a witness, this is what happens:

At half-past one the population betakes itself to a hangar, admirably decorated and heated, where there is a great fir-tree, prettily garlanded and trimmed with little toys. They listen for three-quarters of an hour to selections played by the band of the Twenty-sixth Battalion, American Infantry, speeches by officers translated immediately by an interpreter, and army songs. Then school children and older charming girls of the village take their places on the platform and recite bits of song and poetry: "Les Soldats de l'An II," "La Marseillaise," "Le Chant du Départ," "Le Sapin," "La France est Belle."

At quarter-past three there is a great distribution of cakes, pastry and fruit to all those present, including the military. Soldiers distribute to seventy children, from the youngest up to fifteen years, trinkets, toys, games, dolls, penknives, jackknives, work-boxes, paint-boxes, bottles of perfume, silk handkerchiefs, packages of bonbons and illustrated cards, and they do not forget the girls.

The mayor of the commune, in phrases much applauded, makes himself the spokesman for the grateful relatives. He thanks the generous givers. It is easy to see that the Americans are happy in this lovely party which recalls to them the fête of their own country.

In more than twenty other villages there are similar celebrations. At Montiers, they tell me, the Christmas-tree was decorated in a church, and the presents of clothes and toys had a value of six thousand francs. The good heart of our allies took special thought of the war orphans and refugees.

These festivals bring the Meusiens and the Americans still closer together. On the lips of the first are the words, "My, but our friends are kind and rich!"

JANUARY 6, 1918—It blows and snows, but the intemperate weather does not prevent the Americans from visiting Bar-le-Duc. It does not appear that the bitter cold of our region incommodes them. As usual, the most faithful stride up and down, and stand, fatigue overtaking them, at the street corners, in the pose which is customary to them, their backs against the houses. They watch the falling flakes of snow. Three or four children are at their side, continuing, no doubt, their little lessons in French. In the evening they take the train at the station to Gondrecourt, and in seven days we see them back again.

JANUARY 27, 1918—On arriving in France, the Americans had the reputation of being very rich. They are by way of justifying their reputation. In the café of a hotel in the village of Metz I saw one of them pay a bill with a bank-note. The waiter prepared to return the difference between the note and the reckoning, but the American had disappeared, which pleased the waiter, who told me this was not an isolated incident. Cafés frequented by the Americans have no trouble recruiting waiters and maids. The managers have ten applicants for every job. They dispute, in the hotels and restaurants, for the privilege of serving our generous allies, who bring us not only a cordial friendship but also precious money. Tips mount, by the end of a month, to fantastic figures.

FEBRUARY 9, 1918—I have received a visit from an American captain who understands and reads French fluently. He happened to see in the town hall of a canton of Gondrecourt a little brochure sent the schools by the Academic Survey. He wished to have many copies of it to be read by those about him. This brochure has for its title, "The United States, Their Intervention, Their Power, Their Role in History." He thought it perfect and altogether exact. What pleased him particularly was the following phrase from Monsieur Heeg, ex-Minister of Education: "To-day it is not merely the liberty of a people, it is the liberty of humanity that is in question and in peril. The American republic lends to France with enthusiasm the support which she formerly received from her, bringing to us without reckoning her wealth, her industries, her sons, gives us magnificent proof of her gratitude, but above all she comes to serve at our side the common ideal of democracy. What we desire, the United States and France, with the same heart and the same spirit, is to gain the right for all peoples to choose their own destiny, to guarantee forever this right against violation, to line up all the forces of liberty against all the powers of oppression."

As for the German, he was drunk with pride and desired to make his will rule over everything. But we were in perfect agreement.

FEBRUARY 24, 1918—The Americans of Gondrecourt announce that they are soon to be reenforced by others who now arrive in France. They appear very happy, for they will find themselves less isolated. This arrival of new troops produces upon them the same effect as upon us: they fortify our confidence and increase our hope. But the Americans are joyous for another reason: the hour is at hand for encountering the Boche; they long to make him feel at last the power of their steel muscles and their vigorous temper. They say: "At last we are to know the enemy who proclaims himself so redoubtable. We will soon see which is the stronger." Preparatory to this double event, the arrival of the new brothers-in-arms and their departure for the line of fire, they make merry together and drink champagne.

MARCH 9, 1918—The old newspaper vender who sells me *Le Matin* is not contented; she complains of the Yanks. "They will kill me," she repeats.

"But why?"

"At the first note of my horn I am literally assailed by fifteen or twenty of them; they all wish to be served first."

"And which paper do they buy from you most frequently?"

"The *New York Herald*."

And I am barely a hundred meters down the Boulevard de la Rochelle when I verify the assertion of the old news-woman. Four or five Americans are seated on a bench reading with avidity a number of the *Herald*. I comprehend their daily raid on the hawk of journals. They want to have at any price the news of their country. They are so far away! Times are indeed changed. Before the war not a single American or English paper was known here. Since the arrival of our allies the London papers and American sheets printed in Paris are to be found in every little shop. They are cried at the station, they are cried at the hotels. In less than an hour, the Americans buy every copy.

MARCH 23, 1918—Shops selling fruits and groceries, bakers and pastry shops, overflow with Americans. They buy all sorts of comestibles to take to the cantons of Ligny and Gondrecourt, which are less well provisioned than Bar-le-Duc. They pay without bargaining at the "*caves espagnoles*" (Spanish wine-cellar). I have seen one of them with his pockets filled with five-franc notes of the Bank of France. These bills protruding visibly and likely to fall, I called his attention to it, but he had the air of not attributing great importance to what I said to him; negligently he rammed them into his pockets. Many times the employees of the banks have told me how little care our friends take of their money. "They return our notes in the most deplorable state," they tell me. "Our *poilus* fold them carefully in their purses, but these Americans wad them in their pockets. It seems as though they may have a different notion of riches from our compatriots." Some one told me a typical incident. An American went to the *Foyer des Alliés* to buy a piece of Gruyère cheese. The merchant no longer having any paper in which to wrap his foodstuffs, was very much embarrassed. He made it understood to his customer, who, not at all put out, drew from

his pocket a fifty-franc note, wrapped the cheese in the precious paper and went his way.

APRIL 6, 1918—Our allies are touched by the care taken of them by the French administration. The schoolmasters in the villages where the Americans are encamped show them a notice in the Bulletin of Primary Instruction which interests the Americans. It is a request to the teachers to give French lessons to the American soldiers. Already some of our teachers had comprehended that it was their duty to help allied soldiers who wished to master French.

"I can not recommend too strongly," said the inspector, "that those of my colleagues who dwell among these soldier strangers should volunteer their services without being asked. It is a kind of obligation of hospitality that we all must discharge toward these men sent by generous countries to fight on our soil. It is also a patriotic duty, for, in teaching them French, we teach them a greater love for France." For many months schoolmistresses have been teaching Americans French. Madame Champagne, teacher at St. Amand, has been particularly successful. She shows them an ordinary object and makes them name it. She performs some simple act—speaks, writes, knocks, walks, and pronounces directly the word that describes her action. At each lesson she takes care to go over the preceding lesson so that nothing is lost that has been previously acquired. With this method our friends have made notable progress and they have shown themselves most grateful to their teacher.

APRIL 21, 1918—Trains follow one another, filled with Americans. With Pierre I go to the bank of the canal which follows the railroad to form an idea of the importance of the troop movement. The soldiers are full of joy; they sing the airs of their country. Pierre waves his handkerchief; they reply with repeated gestures of their hands. The spectators close to the rails shout: "Vive les Américains! Vive l'Amérique!" Our friends no longer wear their cowboy hats, but a cap, and we regret it very much; we liked to see them as they appeared among us at first. Where are they going? They do not know. In the afternoon certain of them alight at Bar-le-Duc and spread through the city. They salute all our officers, not with an ample gesture of the hand in a semicircle as our poilus do, but with a gesture brief and concise, which brings the hand to the center of the forehead.

The officers seek for room in our vicinity. One of them applied to Madame Onbette, assistant collector of mail. "How much a room, Madame?" "Two francs." "Very well, my good Frenchwoman, my good Frenchwoman," repeats the officer. We try to make our new guests appreciate the hospitable qualities which are traditional of our race and to prevent speculation in the price of lodgings. The Americans recognize this and thank us.

MAY 5, 1918—I have occasion to chat with Monsieur Watrin, schoolmaster and secretary of the Mayor of Fains, where the American soldiers are encamped. He is astonished at the characteristics of our allies. "They are," he said, "over-scrupulously neat, sweeping the streets and picking up the smallest fragments of paper on the pavement. The officers do not hesitate to blacken their own boots when their orderlies are not disengaged; their soldiers obey them without the least murmur, with order, correctness, discipline, rapidity of execution in all they do. There you have their distinguishing characteristics," added Monsieur Watrin, and he spoke further of their administration, which presents two great advantages—absence of red tape and celerity. He illustrated with an example: An inhabitant of Fains made a complaint of the damage done to his property by an American soldier. He went to the colonel in command.

"At what do you place the damage?" asked the latter.

"At three hundred francs."

The colonel instantly assigned an officer to go and place a valuation on the depredation. The expert returned in a few moments and declared that according to his idea the damage amounted to two hundred francs. The colonel called the plaintiff, fixed upon two hundred and fifty francs to be turned over to him, wrote the figures on the stub of a check-book from which he detached a check which he gave to the claimant, saying: "Present that note to the officer over there (he pointed with his finger) and you will be paid immediately." "With such people, practical, expeditious," concluded the schoolmaster, "we are sure to win."

MAY 19, 1918—The Americans whom I see at the corner of Rue de la Gare and Boulevard de la Rochelle, propped against a tree, have in their hands a little red book which they read attentively. What is this book? A dictionary, French-English, English-French. At the crossing near the station, I have already seen this work in their hands. They apply themselves to learning our language or at least the phrases of every-day conversation. Nothing gives a better idea of their diligence than the fact that in less than a week they have bought all the lexicons from the book-sellers of our locality. When they hear a word or an expression which they do not understand, they draw the precious book from their pocket and search for the word which eludes them, aided often by the children, who press to their sides. They go through the same performance when they wish to ask something. At a certain moment there will be an arrest in the development of their idea, they ap-

pear embarrassed and impatient, but they control themselves and bring out the little books to finish the incomplete phrase. Thanks to application, they will speak French fairly well in a year, a real benefit which they will carry back from their sojourn among us.

JUNE 1, 1918—At the branch of the bank of the General Society, I read on a placard the facilities for drawing money placed at the disposal of the Americans. Many of the latter have check-books, which are very useful. Generally they are accompanied by one of their number who speaks French. One of the bank employees is in the need to talk of their operations, when I hear a whistle behind a booth. All the employees raise their heads; the public turns. Who is this who intrudes and dares to whistle in a bank? It is a soldier. He hums now that he has finished whistling. At that all of us are overcome with astonishment. For us an office is almost a sanctuary; one enters there respectfully; one chats in a low voice. No one breaks the religious silence that reigns there except to talk business in a low tone. The Americans do not follow our customs; they sit on



The school children cheered the Americans on their way to the front



French boys and girls taught our men some words of French



They soon became great chums

pear as on seats, discussing their affairs, whistling and singing as if they were at home. They are going to revolutionize our time-honored customs.

JUNE 16, 1918—Our allies become more and more numerous in our city. One runs across them at every step; many wear the cap, others the helmet that does not resemble ours. Instead of being rounded it is flattened out and presents a broad, horizontal surface. It is very difficult for us to distinguish, from a distance, the officers from the men, but our initiation goes on little by little. The soft leggings on the legs designate the soldiers; the yellow puttees the officers, for the metal emblems on the shoulders and caps are not readily distinguishable. We prefer the colored cord which encircled the cowboy hat. But in the new cap with a khaki uniform of a shade which closely approximates the color of the ground they are not so visible a target for the enemy. That is an important detail in modern warfare.

The soldiers are not our only American guests. There are also American women who belong to the Red Cross, and others who drive the camions and motors like veritable men. Two or three of the latter distinguish themselves each day in their fatiguing work. Every one stops to remark the care with which they handle their vehicles. There appears no undue familiarity between the women drivers and the soldiers whom they transport. Will our Frenchwomen imitate them and also become motor-drivers?

JULY 4, 1918—Some days ago, the Government gave instructions that the American national holiday be celebrated all over France. In the schools the masters are to

speak of the intervention of the great sister republic in favor of the Allies, and to develop this theme! It is a fact of immense significance that the United States wishes to toil at our side, as one of their war posters said, "to make the world a decent place to live in," fixed in their determination to shed their blood with ours in the struggle which it seemed that they were destined to escape.

Bar-le-Duc is flag-bedecked in honor of the occasion. A delegation of American officers and soldiers is received in the City Hall. In the foyer our young girls and boys present them with flowers. Each has a red flower in his buttonhole, and appears enchanted by the reception that is given him. A special wine is offered them; the patriotic speeches are made. The municipal offices are closed and the inhabitants are in ecstasy. It is a great day!

JULY 9, 1918—Entering the upper village after a promenade in my garden, I perceive many of my neighbors in a crowd. They discuss noisily with an American negro who does not understand in spite of gestures and signs. It is so difficult to translate his wants in a strange country of whose language he is ignorant! An idea comes to me. Suppose I speak to him in German. I question him in this language and he replies fluently. It is not the first time that I have discovered that the American negro understands German better than French. Most of them tell me that they come from Chicago. Decidedly our enemies have permeated the universe and I perceive that it is time to check them and to prevent a final submersion.

JULY 13, 1918—The negroes, still the negroes! They are, I am told, industrious Americans, but there are also among them soldiers who desire to fight. They are in general gentle, and show a great deal of affection for children. I approached one of these negroes on whose visage I read a certain friendliness. "How are you?" I said in French. To my great astonishment he replied in sufficiently good French, then engaged me in conversation. He is from Kansas and knows two languages; English and German. He wishes to study French from the beginning during the war, for he is destined to be a professor. He made an excellent résumé for me of the situation of the Allies after four years of hostilities: "You, the French, are fatigued; the English are a little fatigued; but we are not fatigued." And he was confident that France, the beautiful and brave country which he loved, would be saved. In quitting us, he offered to Pierre, in spite of his refusal, a ten-centime piece, as "a souvenir," he said. Gallant negro, may your life be spared at the front where you are going!

JULY 27, 1918—What empty streets! One thinks of Paris as it was some time ago. Americans pass through without cessation. What impresses one is the innumerable motor-cycles equipped with a little carriage at the side into which a soldier can just crowd himself; they assault the senses with a deafening noise. Never have we seen such profusion of vehicles. The Americans maneuver and direct them with the greatest dexterity. One perceives that they understand them thoroughly. Practical men that they are, they have searched for a means of transportation less fatiguing than the bicycle, less costly and less cumbersome than the automobile, and they have found it. In these motorcycles they can go up the steepest roads. After the war this is an industry that can not fail to take foothold here, from the example of what is done in America. The arrival of our allies in France has certainly contributed to our development.

AUGUST 7, 1918—The French soldier is adaptable; that quality distinguishes him. No less so the American. On the way to my office this morning, I saw some Yanks in the Rue de la Couronne making their toilet on the sidewalk, their torsos nude. The mirror was placed on a window-ledge, sponge and soap at the side. The soldiers rubbed, rubbed their faces hard, their chests, their arms. A little cramped in the house in which they were billeted, they preferred freedom of space and had established themselves along the highway, entirely unconcerned by the men and women passing by—so much the worse for their eyes! The American does not like confinement. He must have plenty of air.

AUGUST 21, 1918—I am finishing my last work in my office. It is six o'clock in the evening. Suddenly I hear a concert from a few meters distant, and I perceive the population precipitating themselves into the Place Reggio from which the music arises. Why this excitement? I

betake myself to the square and find myself in the presence of an American negro band. It is more lively and noisier than that of our soldiers. The inhabitants are delighted to hear it. The children climb about in order to see the negroes and their instruments to greater advantage. Above all the big drum is distinguishing itself in conspicuous fashion. I listen and make notes. There is less harmony than in the French music and less rest between the pieces. Our musicians rest for a good ten or fifteen minutes after each selection. The Americans do not remain inactive for more than three or four minutes. At this rate they must tire quickly. Their time is too accelerated to my mind. "La Marseillaise" and "Le Chant du Départ," lost their beauty in the too-rapid execution. The public are quite aware of these small imperfections, but they adore the musicians and wish to hear the noisy darkies again.

AUGUST 28, 1918—I received a visit from a young school-teacher on her holiday from Mauvages, not far from Gondrecourt. She tells me that the village is full of Americans. How are they there? Very well. Do they get on well with the population? Perfectly, she assures me. They admire one of them particularly. Immensely rich, he has decided to marry the daughter of a shepherd.

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Each alternately, pupil and teacher

FROM BAYONET TO KNITTING-NEEDLES

By MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

Author of "The Golden Bird," "The Melting of Molly," "The Daredevil," and other stories

ILLUSTRATION BY THOMAS FOGARTY

SOME women's husbands are just born a part of them, like their teeth; only not on the surface right away. I had an awful time cutting Budworth, but it was not entirely my fault. No woman ought to be allowed to play with a man when she is a child for fear she will injure him so seriously that it puts her under obligations to him for all of her life. Poor Budworth!

When Budworth was eight and I was three I bit him just above his left eye and came very near putting it out. It left a crescent scar that interrupted the arch of his heavy red brow, and I have always thought and tried to make him believe that the mutilation lends him distinction, but he never admits it and never will. I bit him because he was examining the way my doll's legs worked in their sockets and screwed them both off at once. I flew at him and the result was lasting both on him and me. It made me his slave and gave him the power to enforce his decisions, wishes and occupations on me at all times. I have grown up living a masculine life instead of leading a feminine existence, with the result recorded.

"Not on your life will I let you go fishing with me, Miss Snapturtle," he always answered, if he didn't want me when I begged to go to the creek with him, and he'd wriggle the scar and leave me wailing. Or if he hadn't any boy to go with him, he'd say, "Come on, Snappie, and go fishing. You ought to dig bait for me because my eyesight isn't good." And he'd lift his left brow and shut his left eye until I left my hollyhock dolls and followed him.

As we grew older it was worse and worse on me. Like most boys with shocky red hair and freckles across their noses, Budworth didn't much like girls until late in his life. If the boys were asked to bring girls to a Sunday-school picnic, and couldn't come unless they did, Bud always ordered me to go with him. If I whimpered and wanted to go with a lovely boy like Rupert Hill, or a gentle one like Eddie Sims, who really wanted me and did not ask me just to have me along, as a lemonade and sandwich and pie ticket, Budworth would look at me sternly and say:

"No girl would want to go with a boy all chewed up by a wildcat, would she?" Then he'd wink the scar at me and I'd immediately go with him and get there late. Though even at the eleventh hour he always got me the best food on the cloth spread on the ground. Yes, I have been a slave to him all my twenty years until right now, and—

It was Lieutenant Lovelace who first made me realize my chains. He was and is the most beautiful man ever created, and no wonder all the girls in Hillsboro were mad over him. He came straight from the trenches in France, stopped at Fort Oglethorpe only long enough to get his American khaki and lieutenantship and then was sent down to Hillsboro to recruit in our district. The boys all liked him as much as the girls did, and a lot of them thought of enlisting right away, only waited for Budworth, and Budworth didn't. And nobody dared say anything to him about it: Buddy is not that kind.

In fact, I must admit that Budworth Hayes is at times a fierce and terrible person, though I think Sue Henderson is extreme when she says that she enjoys dancing with him better than any man in Hillsboro because she expects him to shake the life out of her or wring her neck if she misses a step. She lives on small excitements and chocolate creams which fail to nourish much soul or brain or sympathy in her. Of course she would fail to understand Budworth and think weird things about him.

Nobody understands Budworth as I do. When Judge Hayes, his father, shot himself and Budworth made the old servant dig the grave in the night out in the little private burying-grounds back of the old Hayes mansion and was going to bury him all by himself with only old Peter, because the judge had done something about the Trust Company's money that wasn't just right, and he thought people wouldn't come to his funeral and made that terrible request in the letter he left, I took an umbrella, went in the dark in the pouring rain and crowded up just as close to Buddy as I could to keep him dry while Peter was shoveling in the dirt by the light of a lantern under another umbrella. And I said the Lord's Prayer over and over out loud until the grave was made. Then Budworth came home with me and sat on the back steps while I made him coffee, with grandfather safe up-stairs grieving over the judge and expecting to bury him next day with all honors. That's one of the reasons I'm not afraid of Budworth when his blue eyes snap and his lips set in a hard line across his big white teeth; I've been through so much with him. Most of the time his eyes twinkle like stars and his mouth smiles almost back to his ears.

"Oh, don't go away, Buddy. I am afraid something awful will happen to you," I begged him the night he left, after he had turned all of his father's property over to the Trust Company and taken just a suitcase out of the Hayes mansion to go away from Hillsboro forever, I was afraid.

"I'll see that no girl scars up my other eye, if that will please you," he answered with his insulting grin and twinkle as he shook me away from clinging to him. "I'll be back before you get grown up," he further insulted me, though I was almost eighteen at the time and had a woman's motherly solicitude for him as a wandering child.

He stayed away three months and then came back and opened a garage on Main Street instead of a lawyer's office like all of his forefathers had always had in Hillsboro. Ever since, he's been wearing overalls and mending cars that used to be taken all the way to the city. Rupert and Ed and the other boys say Budworth is getting all the money he can earn taking care of their cars and everybody else's too. I think it is noble of him and so do all the girls, and we don't at all mind the grease on him, because

honeysuckles. "I'd dare do most anything to him but that."

"Have you any idea what is holding him back?" the lieutenant asked, as we sat down on the steps where the honeysuckle-vine cast the deepest shadow. "He must not risk getting drafted into the ranks. We've just got to have men like him for officers if we are going to lick the Hun." In his anxiety he leaned very near to me and it was just at that moment I began to love him, because I felt about Budworth as I would have felt about my own son.

"HE HASN'T a single home-tie to stop him," the beautiful lieutenant continued, as he moved a fraction of an inch nearer me. "That is, unless he has—that is, some girl is holding him back. Could that be the—"

"You don't know Budworth Hayes," I answered him positively. "He likes girls, just like he does dogs and food and automobiles, and he's kind to them in just the same way, or not kind if he doesn't want to be. No girl could influence Budworth Hayes's life in any way."

"Well, it's a relief to know that," said the lieutenant, and he smiled down at me with the greatest delight and again moved a fraction of an inch nearer to me. "Though I find that the best soldier is the man who's got a wireless strung back from his bayonet to some girl's knitting-needle. Do you knit?"

At just that moment Budworth and Sue came out for moonlight and honeysuckles and it embarrassed me that the lieutenant had to retreat quickly along the step the inches he had been slowly advancing. Sue is one of my friends, but I had rather she'd stayed a few minutes longer where there is more room than there is on the veranda. And the appearance of Budworth at that exact moment made me feel my chains to him, and not exactly hug them, either. He spoke to me with his usual directness:

"Come on home, Kit; I've got to work in the morning. These other fellows can moon all night, but I'm going to take the lieutenant's roadster down to-morrow morning and put it up by ten o'clock so he can go over to Goodloets to round up more khaki kids."

"If I were Kate Condon, I wouldn't go places with you, Budworth Hayes, because you're always making her go home early, just as she—she is beginning to have a good time." Though Sue was defending me gallantly I knew that she had seen the three-inch retreat of the lieutenant and she likes him a lot too.

"That's the difference in you and Kit," Budworth answered her with a big laugh as I rose obediently to go with him.

"Well, just because she accidentally bit your eye almost out is no reason that you should spoil her young life." She flared at him, and then and there I had to stand and hear my youthful savageness recounted in a chorus by Budworth and Sue to a man in whom, five minutes before, I had been becoming seriously interested.

"Well, then, good night, old slave-driver and slave," was Sue's final fling as she settled down in my place on the steps with the lieutenant beside her while I followed Budworth out into the night to where all of the cars of the dancers were parked.

"Curl up there in the runabout for a few minutes, Kit, while I see just what made that curious knock in the lieutenant's car. I want to be sure it is not in the control, for I don't want him to drive old Sue off the cliff, and I didn't like its wabble as we followed out,"

said Budworth, with all the concern in his voice of a doctor getting ready to examine a patient with pneumonia.

"It isn't anything wrong with the control, it is just missing from a dirty spark-plug," I answered him with just as professional a tone to my voice as there had been in his. From one month after Budworth's establishment of his garage I had known just as much about car doctoring as he did. I verily believe his happiest moments are spent flat on his back under a car having me hand him greasy things and advising with him about what to do.

"Still, I had better be sure about the steering-gear," Budworth decided. Then he settled me in a corner of his car standing next to the lieutenant's, handed me his white silk coat, and disappeared under the sick roadster.

It was then that things began to happen.

I MUST have fallen asleep or been bewitched by the moon, for the first thing I heard was Sue's voice as Lieutenant Lovelace was helping her into the car under which I was sure Budworth was still screwing and tinkering. Sue's voice is the fluty kind that carries across a ballroom over the most syncopated dance-tune.

"Budworth Hayes doesn't care about anything or

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I stood on the second step between them, trembling with a delicious excitement

he's the best-looking man in Hillsboro when he washes it off for dances and things in the evenings. The boys feel about him like the girls do, only don't show it in the same way.

At first, Lieutenant Lovelace had a recruiting office in the Hillsboro Hotel, with a tent and flags in front, but he found he would do better over at Budworth's garage because everybody young enough for war is there all the time they are not busy anywhere else. Budworth never speaks to them, because he's busy bossing three greasy negroes and doing things himself, but everybody else talks and watches him work.

"That man has the making of a major-general in him," the lieutenant said to me one evening when we had tangoed past Budworth and Sue out at the Country Club. "I wish he—" and then he stopped and looked down at me in surprise. I was not sure, but I always will believe that I must have hugged his arm for being so appreciative of Budworth even though he hadn't enlisted. "If he'd sign up and go to Oglethorpe, the whole bunch would follow him. And yet I don't dare ask him," he added after we had gone on dancing.

"I don't believe you had better," I advised him as we went out into the night to breathe a little moonlight and

THE GUARDIANS OF SILVER SEEPS

By VINGIE E. ROE

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS

PART I

SWEETHEART INCANNON comes home to her father's ranch after two years in the East, to find a warm welcome from John Incannon, from old Maria, the Mexican woman who has been mother to her childhood, and from Stanley Brant, foreman of the Circle Dot, who dearly loves her, but whose love she does not return. Together she and Stan resume their rides on the plains, her horse, old Lucero, proving as swift and faithful as ever. Sweetheart hears with regret, that their old neighbor of the Double Ring Ranch has gone, and that in his place have come a crew of Texans, hard-riding, and not of the best repute, headed by a young chap named Garmand. There are reports of cattle being misbranded. There is an awkward meeting of Stan and Sweetheart with Garmand at the famous Silver Seeps, upon which the Circle Dot depends for water for its cattle in drought. Then comes the day when old Buck Inloe, one of Incannon's men, is brought home unconscious, a bullet in his side. Trouble is brewing.

PART II

IT WAS many a day before Buck came round to himself. Sweetheart converted herself into a nurse, and a tender one she made with her soft hands and her soft heart. Maria was her shadow, and what they left undone for the old cow-puncher was of slight value indeed.

In fact, he might have been better off without so much attention.

He lay in one of the deep rooms of the ranch-house, cool with its thick adobe walls, its dusk, and its water-bottles swinging in the windows where the vines grew in green luxuriance, and for a time it seemed he must die of his wound. It festered and refused to heal, and took all of John Incannon's knowledge and resources, gleaned painfully through long years of living far from medical help, to overcome it.

Of the actual shooting the Circle Dot knew little.

The bullet had entered the hip, high up, and Buck had lost much blood.

Rio had found him on the prairie that day, a sprawled heap of helplessness, his knees worn through with crawling, his gun gone and the look of death in his unconscious face. His pony had come in that night with blood on its saddle.

Life on the Circle Dot droned along with its usual happenings—the noisy meals in the big dining-room, the riders going out, their mates coming in, the shifting herds on the green carpet moving here and there, and Sweetheart putting her touch on the whole fabric.

Every few days she rode far on Lucero, sometimes with Stan on Mister, sometimes alone. She always went in the early dawn, when the blue light lay on the great wide world of the prairies and the sun had not yet come over the distant rim.

"Stan!" she cried once, in ecstasy, spreading her arms and lifting her face as if to absorb the joy of creation, "what is equal to this in all the earth!"

"Water after drought," said Stan quickly.

"Aye," said the girl, sobered; "yes—water after drought. But not this year."

The cowboy shook his head and his straight brows drew together.

"LOOKS to me as if it's goin' to be a mighty short season—mighty short. Th' grass's already beginning to yellow a bit over Wasatch way."

She turned quickly in her saddle and looked to the east.

"Wrong," she smiled; "it's green as an emerald."

"Not on the stretch beyond th' Willow Dip."

But Sweetheart refused to believe in dire prognostications. Life was full, too sweet. What with these morning plunges into space and wind and cool light on Lucero, her careful nursing of Buck, her daily tilts with half the punchers to whom her humor and her gay camaraderie had endeared her beyond measure, she had no time to worry over drought.

But one thing did cause her a deal of speculation: Who had given Buck that shot in the hip, and why?

She questioned her father, but he told her that he did not know. She worried Stan, who frankly laid it to the Double Ring. She discussed it with young Bob Callahan and Jimmy Smith, two punchers who had come recently to the Circle Dot from down beyond the line.

And then, one cool sweet morning, old Buck opened his eyes and looked at Maria putting fresh water in the vase of white windflowers on the ancient dresser.

"Señora," he said weakly, with his first conscious breath, "bring me the boss."

John Incannon went into that room on the double quick, and Sweetheart was at his heels.

"Good work, Buck!" he cried. "Good work!"

But Buck had only one thought—that thought which had been last in his beclouded mind.

"Three punchers, John," he whispered, "in Skeleton Coulee—brandin'-fire—seven calves roped an' waitin'. Rode down—rode down—"

"Yes," helped John Incannon grimly, "I know you'd ride down, all right."

"But some one clipped me from behind th' rocks on th' rim. Knocked me galley-west—never felt such—such a jar in my life—lost my gun—lost everything. It was plumb dark as I went down. When I come to, it was sundown, an' there wasn't no one in th' coulee. But th'—sign o' fire was there, John."

"Sure," said the boss; "we found it."

"An' John—they was Double Ring punchers."

"Cou'se," said John Incannon. "An' now you get well



It was a very pretty kiss, light and delicate, and infused with tenderness

fast as you can, Buck. We need you on th' Circle Dot."

On a golden day in the second week after her return, Sweetheart rode far into the illimitable land. She was alone, for Stan had gone north that morning with Chet Hadding and Curly Peters to look at a bunch of cattle beyond the Bitter Waters. These cattle were strangers, and they were entirely without a brand. Also, they were a suspicious lot, since Chet swore he had seen sign of scab among them.

This was grave business, and called for some one in authority, because, if they were infected, they must be dealt with at once. So Incannon sent his foreman to look them over.

And Sweetheart rode alone toward the south.

She went to Skeleton Coulee and sat high on the rocky rim, looking down at the dull splotch of ashes that had put Buck on the bed in that deep room.

Lucero tossed his wild old head and snorted, pawing the earth with his shining hoofs, and the girl leaned forward with her crossed arms on the pommel, thinking.

They made a sharp picture against the blue sky that met the coulee's rim, and a man riding out from a rolling dip in the plains a mile away, saw them and stopped. For a moment he sat watching them. Then he swung around from his course and swept toward them.

Long before he reached them, Sweetheart heard the roll of his pony's running feet, for all this land seemed hollow, a sounding-board, and turned to look at him. She straightened in her saddle and gazed at him steadily, so that she saw the sunlight on his yellow hair, for he carried his wide hat in his hand with boyish grace.

His horse was a good one—the same dark bay that had stood drinking from the Silver Seeps that day—and it was fast, very fast. She saw this with a thrill, for she was never insensible to a horse's fleetness.

Nothing in all her experience had ever given her the same keen joy, had ever set her heart to leaping with the same aching excitement.

When horses ran, Sweetheart was transported to a world of singing stars, of rushing winds and flowing lights.

There was nothing like it—nothing in all the universe so splendid as the beating hoofs, the outstretched bodies, the playing muscles, the flashing eyes and the manes surging like a tide.

SO NOW she watched the good bay come, and her cheeks grew pink with pleasure. Her lips were open, and she was a thing of beauty with the sparkle in her gray eyes when the man dashed up, his slim body bending with the motion of the horse.

He plowed to a stop beside her and smiled straight into her eyes.

"Howdy," he said, and his soft voice spelled Texas, as plain as day.

But Sweetheart came to herself with a jerk.

That gray splotch down in the coulee straightened her like a rod.

"Good morning," she answered coolly, and gathered up her reins to ride away.

Swiftly the man reached out a hand—a brown shapely hand—and caught the bit.

"I've done come all this here long way," he drawled, "just to look at you a minute. It won't be up till I count sixty."

And he slouched sidewise in his saddle, holding the bit.

His bright blue eyes went all over her face slowly, smilingly. They examined her forehead under the fluff of brown hair, lingered a bit on the curve of her soft cheek, and appraised her lips.

The girl, at first taken aback by his daring, flushed furiously. She jerked on the bit with all her might, only to make Lucero plunge wildly, for the man's grip held.

"Let go!" she said tensely, white as milk, as the flush receded.

"Forty-five!" he counted, still smiling.

That insolent smile suddenly set loose in her the temper of John Incannon, and she raised her quirt and cut him across the face as hard as she could hit.

If she was wild with anger she roused something to match it by her action. The smile went out of his boyish eyes on the instant and they narrowed to flaming slits.

The mark of the quirt stood up in three white weals across cheek, nose and lip. From the latter blood began to ooze.

"I wanted to look at you," he said softly, "because you're pretty and sweet. I didn't mean to insult you. I never insulted a woman in my life. They're the best and sweetest things in the world. I was only playing, anyway. We play, sometimes, in Texas. But now—now—" He wound his hand in Lucero's rein and drew the horses close together.

"Now, I'm going to take payment for that stroke in the face."

And he reached out his free arm and drew her, fighting like a wildcat, against his breast.

The strength in that arm was an amazing thing. It crushed her to him as one would still the struggles of a baby, and held her there.

For a long time he looked straight into her face, frightened and held far from his, so far that the sombrero fell from her head and a hairpin hurt the back of her neck.

"Yes," he said at last, "you are sweet."

And pulling her deftly to one side, so that her head lay on his shoulder, he bent and kissed her flat on the lips.

It was a very pretty kiss, light and delicate, and infused with tenderness, as if it were given to willing lips in some moonlit solitude.

Sweetheart gasped, and tried to claw his face, but he held her a moment longer. Then, quick as light, to escape her furious hands, he loosed her and kicked Lucero from him. He swung out of his saddle and picked up her hat.

"Here—" he said, but the girl was gone, out over the level plain.

She leaned on Lucero's neck and beat him with her quirt—an unprecedented thing. She did not know that she beat him, for the world was black, and she sobbed with rage, but Lucero knew it, and his wild heart went hot as hers.

He gathered his wonderful feet beneath him and leaped out like a flame.

His teeth clamped on the bit, and in all her days Sweetheart had never ridden as she rode now, for the wild old horse ran in fury.

But even above the thunder of his drumming hoofs she caught a sound—the unmistakable sound of pursuing feet that were almost as swift.

SHE glanced once over her shoulder and saw the good bay coming, a level streak in the light, its rider swinging her own sombrero in his hand.

And then Lucero's left forefoot sank just a trifle in a soft spot—not enough to throw him, even in his headlong flight—but enough to make him break his rhythm of wondrous speed and motion, so that he floundered a bit and lost headway. In that moment the bay drew alongside, and with a quick sweep the owner of the Double Ring set the hat firmly on her head and swerved away.

When Stan came in that night from beyond Blue Buzzard, he reported twenty unbranded cattle—badly infected with scab—shot on the spot.

"We'll drive everything from up in there an' burn that range just as soon as it gets a little dryer," he told the boss.

"Which won't be long," the latter replied, "or I miss my guess. Stan, where do you think those cattle brutes come from?"

"Been driven in from a long ways off. They ain't been here long, either."

"H'm," said John Incannon grimly.

As he had predicted, it wasn't long before the range was dry enough to burn. The sweet winds that came out of the south turned to blasts from a furnace in a day. The sky grew high; remote. A blue heat-haze settled over all the cattle country. The vines at the ranch-house windows drooped, even though the tiny trickles from the spring in the edge of the cottonwoods were led along their roots.

The cottonwoods themselves, forever gossiping with their thousand silver tongues, became silent and mysterious, as if something impended beyond their ken. Out on the prairies huge washes of palest yellow began to overlay the green. The heat sank down upon the land like a blanket.

At the earliest moment the entire force of the Circle Dot went north and burned over a great area where they had found those strange cattle.

Old Buck was up and about, though it would be long before he sat a horse again, and Sweetheart was freed of her tasks.

She spent a deal of her time in the barrel-stave hammock at the eastern side of the house. She liked the cool shadow of the thick trees, the murmur of the little waters at her feet, the great open view of the southern range that spread away to the horizon.

She swayed and dreamed and read the books that she had brought with her from the outside world—that world which seemed now so remote, so unreal, as if it had been but a passing show of mummery—and here Stan came sometimes to look down upon her, always in his eyes a wistful tenderness.

His two big blue guns hung at his hips, and Sweetheart sometimes took them out to admire their simple and austere beauty.

"Can you still drive a nail?" she asked one day, smiling up at him with her gray eyes.

For answer, Stan took the weapon from her, and calling her attention to a single leaf shivering idly at the extreme tip of a high branch of the cottonwood above her, clipped it neatly off.

"Regular buckaroo, Stan," she said admiringly; "you're a sure-enough man."

But Stan knew that this praise was only the admiration of a loyal, friendly heart, and he sighed unconsciously.

He picked up the fallen leaf and fixed it in the coils of her brown hair. The operation took a needlessly long time, and the wistful look in his eyes had deepened tenfold.

That brown hair was soft as spun silk and it tangled itself hopelessly about his heart.

As he swung away toward the corrals, his spurs rattling on the stone flags, the girl looked after him with an odd expression.

The drought that Stan had predicted came hurrying upon them.

In a week the whole wide sweep of the range lost its sweet green freshness and turned to palest gold.

The heat seemed to strike the earth like a tangible thing and rebound from it. The spots of alkali began to show up, giving off white clouds if a cattle-brute shambled across them. The spring in the cottonwoods' edge sank two inches in its flow.

The boys of the Circle Dot became tremendously busy. A most careful watch was kept of all the herds. Every few days some one rode to each of the big springs.

And after each trip John Incannon received report of water lessening in all of them except Bitter Waters and Silver Seeps.

"John," said Rio Jack one night at table, "Jim says th' water's goin' low in all th' water-holes on th' Double Ring's range—awful low. Worse'n ours."

"Yes?" asked the boss; "that's too bad. It'll mean trouble, sure. That chuckle-headed Garmand'd do well to drift his beef down right away before El Barendra goes dry, or he'll lose a year's profit tryin' to make through without its help. There's one thing sure," he added grimly, "he'd better keep 'em off my range an' away from th' Silver Seeps, though it does seem a shame to let th' poor brutes die."

"Better a few—an' them them—than a lot, an' part of 'em oun', " drawled Chet Hadding succinctly.

AND that was the firm outlook of all the Circle Dot in a land where many a dry year took its toll of the patient cattle.

One day at dusk Stan rode in from a two days' trip. He was tired and caked with dust. His bay pony was different from its natural color, with the fine white powder that its hoofs drummed up between the bunches of drying grass.

There was a grave expression on his weathered face as he entered the yard, but it gave way at once as he caught sight of Sweetheart swinging her feet from the top rail of the corral fence where several of the boys were unsaddling.

"Hello, Stan!" she called.

"Hello—Sweetheart," he called back. "Where's John?"

"Here," said Incannon, coming into the yard behind him.

Stan turned and spoke with him in a low voice.

"Th' Double Ring's drivin' to three of the little springs on th' edge of our range," he said, "been drivin' for about a week, near as I can figure from th' state of th' ground—and a good many head. Water's nearly gone in all three—th' Star, th' Horse Shoe, and Little Hole."

John Incannon's face flamed red with the anger that rose in him.

"Take th' wagons and ten of th' boys, and go down and fence those springs!" he said, "if any of that cussed tribe show up, you throw a scare into 'em that'll last a while. Only don't shoot too near. We don't want any bloodshed on our hands, not unless we can't help it. We have never done that yet, an' we don't want to begin now. But by —, some things are a bit too much!"

So the next day Stan went back and fenced the three springs nearest the edge of what John Incannon considered his range, had always considered his range in a free-range country, according to the ancient custom of cattlemen. Never in all the long years that he had run his cattle on the broad prairies had he ever trespassed on his distant neighbor's holding, never had a brute of his drunk from a Double Ring water-hole to his knowledge. He did not take, and none should take from him.

The grass had dried on the ground as if a blast had cured it.

The pale washes of yellow had turned to dead, dull, light brown.

Here and there a water-hole had gone dry, so that the herds deserted certain portions of the range and drifted

into others where the springs were constant. Great anxiety prevailed among the men, and John Incannon was almost minded to drive his beef below to the lone little shipping station on the railroad, though it was a full two months early.

"Don't you do it, John," advised Stan, with the easy assurance of the confidential foreman of long standing. "Don't you do it now! There's grass enough in th' coulées to last 'em all through, an' we've got th' Bitter Waters an' Silver Seeps. We'll always have th' old Silver Seeps. If it comes to th' worst, we'll still have to carry over our base herds, an' you can drive out any time."

"Not any time," corrected the boss; "not after El Barendra goes dry; you know that, Stan."

"Yes, but up to then, John, up to then. We'll watch th' old Barendra like a hawk, an' start with th' first real sign. An' all those steers will put on tons of weight between now an' then, what with th' good grass in th' coulées."

So the Circle Dot waited. And the Double Ring waited. What possessed Garmand to run the risk, no one could figure out, what with his failing water-holes and all, but wait he did. Perhaps, like Stan, he wanted those extra tons of weight that would turn into money at the shipping. The bad blood between the outfits intensified. Since the shooting of Buck they had not run afoul of each other, save for that occurrence at the coulée where the gray splotch of ashes lay at the bottom; but only two people knew of that, and neither spoke.

THE memory of that day was before them both with strong effect.

When the foreman of the Double Ring thought of that blow in the face he blushed with anger, but his eyes lighted at thought of what followed it.

When the daughter of the Circle Dot recalled the kiss she blushed for the same reason, and exulted at the white veils that had scarred the face bent over hers. But each thought of that day with every sunrise, thought of it when the stars came out at night.

It annoyed Sweetheart so greatly that she became restless, and more than once she left her lazy hammock in the heated shade to wander restlessly about the house, or to sit with Maria in the darkened living-room.

She hated that man with a fierce hatred. She longed, unspeakably, to humiliate him. And more than once, also, she thought of that good bay horse that could run so well, almost as well as Lucerro. She recalled his grace that time he stretched out along the land for the coulée's rim, the thunder of his hoofs as he drummed up beside her when Lucerro stumbled.

What if Lucerro had not lost his stride—would the bay horse have caught up with him eventually? Was he as good as old Lightning? As swift and enduring? That thought in itself was unbearable.

Nothing could catch Lucerro, had ever caught him.

She would not admit the possibility. The hat she had worn that day was smashed down behind her trunk in her own room. She had never had it on since. It was hateful, too. She wondered what would happen if she should tell her father or Stan about that day. She knew well, on second thought, what would happen, and it was Stan's face that stood out before her father's in her mind's eye, Stan's face black and hard as iron.

She laughed a bit to herself—as girls will when they know that they can loose, at a word, the deeps of passion in a man—a little soft laughter of vanity and pleasure and tenderness, that is as mysterious and unexplainable as girlhood itself.

But she did not tell.

Instead she recalled minutely the look of that man from the Double Ring, his soft garments, the sunlight on his yellow head, the vital fire of blue eyes, the beauty of that shapely hand which had reached for her.

Four days later Bob Callahan came racing in at noon.

"Boss," he said, "th' fence is gone from Little Hole an' Horse Shoe! Been tore down slick as silk. Cattle comin' in scads from down Double Ring way. Trampled th' springs to mud, for they ain't got flow enough to support so many. Looks like th' herds is edgin' up toward Silver Seeps!"

At that John Incannon rose up and swore.

Not often did the old cattleman give way to temper, but

when he did, things were doing around the Circle Dot.

He went abruptly into the big living-room and sat down at his littered old desk, and there he stayed throughout the afternoon working out a plan.

At supper he parcelled out the outfit.

"If we do any business on th' Circle Dot this year," he said grimly, "we got to fight. It's comin' to us sure as hell. Twenty-five year I've lived on this range an' never been in feud. I've believed in live an' let live, but when it's kill or be killed—well, I figure on livin' as long or longer than th' other fellow."

"Nothin' is goin' to touch th' Silver Seeps. She's th' second prize beauty of th' Circle Dot, th' glory an' salvation of this whole range. I've watched an' guarded her for all these years, like I've watched Sweetheart here, an' no dirty scamp from Texas is agoing to butt in. Stan, tomorrow you send Bob an' a bunch of th' boys back to reference those three little springs—Fence timbers there, Bob?"

"Nope," said Bob; "been took clean away."

"Damn!" said John Incannon.

Timber was scarce and precious on the range.

"Take more, then. And, Stan, you send Rio with another bunch over to look at Bitter Waters. That an' Silver Seeps can't be fenced—too many cattle depending on 'em to slow up drinkin' that way. An' you go yourself to Silver Seeps. We're goin' to look sharp, because th' drought is on for fair and trouble's brewing sure."

Trouble was brewing, indeed. It was coming that way then, while Incannon sat with his men and planned to save his springs and his profit.

That was a dead-hot dusk.

The sun went down in a sea of copper glory, a deeper copper disk as big as a wagon-wheel. The hot winds of the day had scarcely lost their blistering quality in deference to the night. They swept in from the south in little acrid puffs and stirred the helpless leaves of the drooping vines at the windows. A haze of heat hung over the plains in their mantle of marvelous colors, those colors that come with sunset in the vast and open countries of the West: pink and lavender and mauve in a thousand and nameless shades. Here and there dust rose above the restless herds that traveled to El Barendra, wending its sly and treacherous way across the range. If the Barendra had been dependable there would have been no need of Bitter Waters and Silver Seeps, but the shallow stream was not. It failed always when the hot weather came, like a wanton shirking honest service.

SWEETHEART pretty and fine in soft blue ruffles, went out to the hammock under the cottonwoods. She felt grave and still, as if something were about to happen.

She swayed a while and presently sat up to call to Stan, crossing the beaten yard to the corrals.

"Stan," she said, "come here."

"Can't," the man called back; "got to rustle things for to-morrow."

"Let Bob," the girl cried petulantly; "I want you to talk to me."

So Stan found Bob and gave his commission over to him, and presently he came around the corner of the flat, white wall and flung himself down on the warm stones at the hammock's side.

He smiled up at its occupant with the faithful eyes of the one-woman lover.

"What for you so peevish?" he teased.

Sweetheart regarded him with somber eyes.

"Don't know," she said in a hushed voice, "but I do feel strange. Seems like the witches are out to-night."

"Are," said Stan, "th' witches of heat. Th' drought's come, sure as shootin'; but we got th' Silver Seeps."

"Yes—we've got the Silver Seeps. Callejo says, 'God was absent-minded when He made this range, for He plumb fergot th' water'—and if it wasn't for the springs it would sure look that way."

The girl sat in the hammock with her hands under her chin and gazed out across the lilac land.

They sat in silence for a long time. Stan played with the grass-blades springing from between the gray-white stones, while his brown eyes grew dusky beneath their lashes with a certain nameless longing.

The lilac and rose turned to thin gray veils across the

range, darkened to mysterious black shadows, finally melted into the soft night that strewed the world with starshine and romance. Stan sighed, and reaching up took one of her hands in his. He held it gently, stroking the soft fingers, and presently he laid it, palm inward, against his cheek. The little hand, so quick, so warm, so womanly, cupped itself promptly and carressed his face with a pretty, intimate touch.

At that caress the night, the romance, the sweetness of the ancient game went into his blood like flame, and he turned his head and kissed that velvet palm, kissed it, not as he had sometimes kissed Sweetheart before, in the frank, offhand manner of the elder brother, the steady foreman of her father's ranch, but with all the passion there was in him.

"Sweetheart!" he murmured. "Sweetheart!"

He could not see her face and she did not speak. He put his forehead against her knee, after the immemorial fashion of man the suppliant, and in his big and gentle heart he wished miserably that she loved him.

And as they sat thus, something came out of the dark and the distance, a sound that grew in volume as it approached, the sound of horses' hoofs—many horses—rolling along the sounding prairies.

There was the rattle of

[Continued on page 61]



"No! No! No!" screamed Sweetheart Incannon. "Don't kill him, Stan! It's true! It's true!"

MISS GLAFFY'S GETAWAY

BY EUGENE WOOD

Illustrations by
H. L. DRUCKLIEB

IT WOULD make a cheerful person despondent to hear for long the anguished moaning of the Eaton's Neck fog-horn. And Miss Glaphyra Barnes, jogging home to Bread-and-Cheese Hollow, to the Three Oaks Poultry Farm, G. L. Barnes, Proprietor, was not cheerful. Half the mail she had driven to the village for began, "Dear Friend," in imitation typewriting, and the other half, "Dear Sir." Not a human letter in the lot.

Even the New York newspaper was disheartening in its gaiety. The vivid life was going on, full blast, only forty miles away. Might as well be forty million miles as far as soul-feed was concerned.

"Living in a jail!" she scolded, and slapped the lines on the horse's back. "Go on, John! I haven't even got a Ford. Oh, dear! I wish that I could make my getaway," she said, recalling a word out of a just-read account of an escape from prison.

Life, looked back upon, seemed to have been all jail. Twice before she had made, as she hoped, a getaway, and it had turned out to be but breaking into another kind of jail. Ticonderoga is immortal in the school histories as the place where Colonel Ethan Allen said: "Surrender in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" or "Come out of that, ye darned old rat!" whichever version one prefers. It had its one moment of vivid life—but as the locus for continuing vivid life, it appeared to Glaffy Barnes to be the far end of a pole stuck out over the jumping-off place.

So, just as soon as she had learned the trade of teaching school, she bade farewell to "Ti," to her mother, to her father, Squire Barnes, in his little wooden box of a law-office on the Main Street frontage of the house-lot, and got a position on Long Island. Not that she was crazy



She flashed the light in on the black dark

another situation. Mr. Morgan's slowness and imperfect memory might not have shut him out of many jobs, but he was an ailurophobe. He could not stand it to be where there was a cat, and on Long Island a house without a cat and a house without a chimney are equally frequent. Webster Morgan could be told that a cat would not harm him just as a woman can be told that a bat will not hook itself in her hair—and with the same effect.

An entourage of Ruella, the baby, Webster Morgan, a seven-pound black-and-tan dog, Spider, hating cats even more fiercely than Webster, but not afraid of the most battle-scarred old Tom that ever made a March night sleepless, old John and the chickens were not much in the way of soul-feed. It was jail to Miss Glaffy.

"Go on, John!" she fumed. Old John turned his ears backward as much as to inquire: "Huh? Was you speakin' to me?" and went right on thinking, thinking, the way old horses do.

"If I could ever get ahead enough, I'd buy a car," Miss Glaffy grumbled. "Any kind of an old tea-kettle, I wouldn't care what, if it would only move a little faster than old John. Aw, go on, you!" She clucked at him, she made kissing noises with her lips, but old John just jogged along, thinking, thinking.

"Oh, I wish that I could make my getaway!" Miss Glaffy moaned in tune with the fog-horn.

Wish for a thing hard enough, some say, and it will come to you. In support of this it may be said that Miss Glaffy's getaway was even then started toward her.

II

AFTER dinner that evening she went out into the kitchen where Webster Morgan was eating.

"Did you clean out the cistern as I told you to?" she asked.

Among other of his characteristics was Webster Morgan's inability to attend to a new topic until what he had been thinking of was first emptied out of his mind. He looked up, brightly responsive, and answered: "Not with the tide runnin' out."

"Did you clean out the cistern?"

"Huh?"

"Did you clean out the cistern?"

"Yes, ma'am. I pumped what water there was into it, I pumped it out. And then I took the pump out and laid it down. And then I got the ladder— No, I went and got the broom 'fore I done that. Then I got the ladder. And then I went down and sloshed it all round with the broom and then—le's see—then I got the dirty water out and—" He meditated a few moments and repeated: "Not with the tide runnin' out it can't," and resumed his eating.

To manage a horse successfully you've got to think as a horse does. By thinking like Webster Morgan Miss Glaffy now knew that he had anticipated the answer to her next question: "Will it rain soon?"

The country needed rain as only Long Island can in August. It was the long drought that had given opportunity to clean out the cistern. It looked like rain; it felt like rain; the moaning of the disconsolate fog-horn told how thick it was outside; with clouds like these in "Ti" Miss Glaffy would have said it might rain any minute. But in "Ti" the natural liberty of the clouds to rain when they felt like it was not restrained by an imperious tide that would not have rain when it was on the ebb.

"Did you put everything away?"

Webster reflected.

"Broom?"

Webster nodded.

"Ladder?"

Webster nodded.

"Did you put the cover on and the pump back in?"

"I guy!" cried the guilty Webster and started up.

"Let it go till morning now," Miss Glaffy grunted, "but don't forget it

they have no ends. Poultry eat and lay on Sunday as well as weekdays. In the chicken business Washington was never born or Lincoln or Patrick Henry.

If she could have got dependable help—but there! As well expect cheap grain. With prosperity rampaging up and down the land once happily filled with unemployed, the only proletarians who will stay in one place are those who can not get any other place to stay.

Her "help," if she stood over them all the time, were: indoors, Miss Ruella Sammis; outdoors, Mr. Webster Morgan. Miss Sammis's boy, eleven months old, was one reason why Miss Sammis had not



Mr. Morgan was an ailurophobe

then. Ruella, you remind him of it. The baby might fall in and—"

"Hark!" cried Webster with agitation. The little dog began to bark with fury.

"Keep still, Spider!"

Over his suppressed and tremulous whine could be heard a mighty thumping in the stable. Old John was neighing wildly.

"Go and see what is the matter."

Spider resumed his barking and would not be hushed for any sake.

"I told you not to!" bellowed Webster, bursting in the house again, bringing down his uplifted arm and pointing a forefinger at Ruella. "I told you not to and you went and done it!"

"I did not!" vowed Ruella.

"You did so! You can't fool me! I guess I know when one of them's about. Oh, my Lord! What'll I do?" Webster sank down into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. "You know 'at I can't stand 'em, and you deliberately went and got one for the baby to play with, now, didn't you?"

"I never!" asseverated guiltless Ruella.

"There's no cat about," Miss Glaffy said.

"Ain't, hey? I say there is. Don't you know, Ruella Sammis, that a cat's the very worst thing to have around a baby? They suck their breath."

"Oh, never mind about that!" cried Miss Glaffy. "What's the matter out at the barn?"

"I don't know," Webster replied distractedly. "I didn't get that fur. You bringin' a cat here on me that way, Ruella Sammis, I ain't a-goin' to stand it, so I ain't. Is so a cat about. Look at Spider. He knows. Ye betchy!"

"Take him with you then. He'll chase it. And go see what's the matter at the barn."

"Me? No, ma'am! I ain't goin' where no cat is. Indeed

no. I'm goin' to stay right here where it can't get me. You go, Miss Glaffy, won't you? I would if I was able. Honest I would, but I ain't able."

"Calls himself a man!" sneered Miss Sammis.

"Don't you go to castin' up, my lady!" snarled Webster, pale as dough and sweating visibly, "you and your—"

"Behave yourselves, both of you!" reproved Miss Glaffy, exercising discipline. "I'll go myself. Hand me that electric torch. Come on, Spider."

When she opened the stable door, the horse's eyeballs gleamed with terror in the light she flashed.

"There! There!" she soothed, and rubbed his nose and behind his ears. "There! There! Nothing shall harm old John while Missy's about. See?" she asked him, "there's nothing here," and swept the light about. And then she asked herself, "What do you suppose frightened the old fool?" And, "Where is Spider?"

A spasm of shrill barking and such snarling as comes out of a dog's throat when his upper lip curls back announced that Spider was over by B chicken-house. No mere wandering cat was adequate for such a fuss. Something made her seize the buggy whip and run toward him.

The dog, seemingly bouncing up and down by the power of his own barkings, was before the open door of B chicken-house. The open door! Some more of Webster's carelessness. She flashed the light in on the black dark. Two gleaming spots came back to her.

"Get out of that!" she scolded. "Home with you!"

It looked like a big black dog.

"I'll bet you'll jump if I get at you once!" she cried, and started in, the whip swishing through the air. As it struck firm there was a loud "Fffff!" like escaping steam, and a sonorous rattle from the chicken wire which screened the drowsy poultry from the passageway. A queer kind of dog to claw up high!

"Home with you!" and she struck it with the whip as hard as she could fetch across the nose. The creature yelled and leaped toward the door. Spider, who had been yapping his head off, gave a wild shriek and scuttled. There was a heavy thump, a terrifying clawing and scratching, and then another thump, a hollow resounding thump, booming, cistern-like. Then silence but for the mourning of the little dog at the kitchen door.

"Are you all right, Spider?" she called out, walking toward him. He pattered toward her, and suddenly began again his spasmodic barking. A hoarse snarl answered with a booming resonance.

The flashlight showed the dog bouncing around a black spot in the ground, which was the mouth of the uncovered cistern. Approaching cautiously, Miss Glaffy let the light shine down into it. Within was a black beast bounding against the walls and slipping back, enraged because its claws would not sink into concrete, because it could not leap straight up ten feet and gain its natural liberty. Satisfied that it could not get to her, Miss Glaffy allowed herself a studious look. It might be five feet long from nose to tail-tip. Black? No. More like brocade with black roses. Not a friend of hers, at any rate.

What should she do with it? Kill
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A big moving-van with two whole men on the front seat halted in the road

about teaching school, but what else could she do to be independent?

It was either teach or get married. In selecting some one to Summer and Winter with for, say, thirty years, a person really ought to shop around some, and look over a large selection. There was but a small assortment in Ticonderoga at best and after that fellow—oh, what was his name?—went away there was nobody that interested her at all. In the Long Island village to which Miss Glaffy made her first getaway, although it was a law-book publishing place, with many lawyers in it, some young and rising ones, some old and setting ones, she hadn't found the one that suited her.

They say a woman never gets over her first beau. He that had struck a dart right through her had not even been a beau. This tall, slender, serious-looking, black-haired young man from Fort Edward had started in to read law in her father's office while she was at Geneva, studying to be a teacher. She had not said "Good morning!" to him half a dozen times, though she had eaten him up with her eyes from behind the shade of her front window, when lo! he was gone! Law had seemed a jail to him, and the newspaper business called to him with its vivid life. All the men she had met thereafter she measured by this wondrous being whose cometary orbit had once neared hers. None came up to what she thought he was. And the exasperating thing about it all was that she couldn't remember his name! She'd fumble in her memory for hours and not find it. And then it would flash across her mind like lightning, always when she hadn't paper or pencil with her to write it down. She made up her mind she would remember it, but she couldn't. The most exasperating thing! Clinton or Ghinden or something like that.

School-teaching, it had developed, was also jail. Young women are very fond of "molding lives." The more refractory the substance, the more it intrigues their interest. The ideal mind is one that is wax to receive and marble to retain. Next to that comes just plain marble. But the worst is to deal with the mind of the Third Grade on Long Island, which is a rubber mind. It molds, but it springs right back to what it was. About the time that her parents both died and left her a small legacy and her father's law-library, school-teaching became a jail from which she felt she had to make a getaway. So she bought a chicken business. Don't laugh!

A teacher in the public schools, although enslaved five days a week, has Saturdays and Sundays for plunges into the vivid life of New York, plays and concerts and operas and lectures and the early and late ends of the season at Coney. In the chicken business weeks are perfect circles;



You can not drive even a Ford reading such letters

HOW THE "SUFFS" WON THE VOTE

Famous Leader Tells How They Did Their Bit Helping Britain Win the War

By EMMELINE PANKHURST

IT WAS on the beach at Dinard, facing the blue waters of the Breton sea, that I heard the tocsin that called a world to war against invading Germany. For days the threat of war had hung heavily over France, but in the hearts of many there still lingered a desperate hope that the cup might pass, the dreadful calamity be averted.

That morning I had driven over from the village of St. Briac where I had been staying with friends, and while they went into the town to do some necessary shopping I went down to the beach and sat quietly, watching the strollers on the white sands, and beyond them the sparkling waters of the Gulf of St. Malo. Presently an elderly Frenchwoman sat down beside me and almost at once said in a low and anxious voice: "Madame, do you think there is going to be war?"

"Yes," I replied, "I fear it." We spoke of the dark days of the Franco-Prussian War, which we both remembered as schoolgirls, and she exclaimed: "Ah, but this time it will be worse! It will be terrible!"

At that moment the sound of a horn, blown long and harshly, reached our ears, and we rose to our feet. Immediately I saw the people hurrying from the beach toward the town. I saw shopkeepers, leaving their little *boutiques*, hatless, with their white aprons fluttering in the Summer breeze. I moved after the crowd, standing on the stone steps above the beach, and here my friend, Mrs. Tuke, who had accompanied me to France, found me.

"What can it mean?" she whispered, although she must have guessed.

"It can mean only one thing," I answered: "mobilization. The war has come."

Since the preceding morning we had known that war was inevitable.

When we went to the railroad station at Granville to buy our tickets for St. Malo, the nearest station to Dinard, I had offered in payment a bank-note of one hundred francs. To my astonishment it was refused. The ticket salesman could give no change, I was told.

"But why?" I asked.

"Because there is going to be war," was the reply.

It occurred to me to go and get some luncheon, and in this way get my hundred francs changed, but at the restaurant they would part with no French silver or small notes. How was I to pay for our luncheon?

"If you won't take your own money," I said, "it would be useless, no doubt, to offer you an English gold piece."

"Not at all," said the waiter. "If there is going to be a war we shall be glad to get gold."

So I paid with an English sovereign, and went back to the station with change enough to buy our tickets. But first I found a way to change that hundred francs. I went to the post-office, and sent a telegram to a friend at Dinard that we were on our way and to meet us at St. Malo. The post-office, being a governmental institution, could not refuse its own legal tender and was obliged to accept my bank-note. I tell this to illustrate the difficulties with which we were faced even before mobilization.

The circumstances of my being in France at this time may be told briefly. About ten days before France entered the war I was released on a three days' license from Holloway Prison, where the authorities were trying to force me to serve three years' sentence of penal servitude. I had served a number of terms averaging from three to five days each. As usual, I was taken from prison to a nursing-home to recover from the inevitable hunger-and-thirst strike, but this time I did not remain long in the nursing-home. That same night I was carried out of the house and, without detection by the watching police, was motored to a country house and put to bed.

EVEN there I could not rest. I wanted to go to Paris. I felt that I must see my daughter Christabel, and before the three days' license was up I was on my way, through the Channel Islands, to the Brittany coast. With me went Mrs. Tuke, and our first stop was in the town of Granville. From there, as I have related, we went to St. Briac, a mere hamlet with one hotel and a famous golf-links, for the patrons of which the hotel mainly exists. Here I meant to rest a few days before joining Christabel in Paris. It was Saturday, August first, when the mobilization order thrilled through all France. I had telegraphed Christabel that I would reach Paris on Sunday.

On our way back to St. Briac I stopped at the Dinard station and asked if Paris trains were still running. There would be a train Sunday morning at six o'clock, I learned. After that—who could tell? I quickly resolved to take that train, and reaching St. Briac I went to bed early in preparation for my journey.

About eleven o'clock that night I was aroused by a knocking at my door. I got up, opened the door, and to my amazement saw Christabel, the dust of travel on her garments, her little brown pet Pom under her arm.

At eight that morning her maid had come in in great

excitement, exclaiming: "Mademoiselle, it is war!" Instantly my daughter made up her mind to go to me. Before eleven o'clock she and the maid had packed three or four trunks, had closed the flat, and a few minutes after eleven Christabel was on her way to Brittany.

We did not go to Paris. In a day or two we were joined by

ham Palace Road, meeting no one I knew or who knew me. I spoke to a policeman, asking him the best bus to take me to Notting Hill Gate. He looked at me with a slightly puzzled gaze, but he gave me the direction, and I proceeded to the nursing-home to which I had so often been carried from Holloway Prison. My friends there were astonished to see me, but they gave me a joyful reception.

Within a few days I was settled in a flat in Westminster, where I was joined by Christabel. Our recruiting work began at once with a series of meetings, at the first of which our policy for the future was outlined and plans of action adopted.

We did not intend to limit our work to recruiting, important as this work was at the time. We had always claimed that women, with or without a vote, had a right to participate in all activities of citizenship. Our nation being at war, we claimed the right to say how, in our opinion, the war should be conducted. It seemed to us that, in this crisis, the country had need of the special intelligence of women, their genius for details, for looking ahead, for seeing the human side of great enterprises.

For example, it did not require more than ordinary feminine common sense to perceive many of the serious internal problems with which England was soon to be faced. The new army was to be a voluntary body, and recruits were being taken without much regard for the future of industry, of skilled trades or of agriculture. Patriotic men of all classes were rushing to enlist, and nobody in authority appeared to be asking himself or his colleagues, "Who is to manufacture munitions, and who is to feed and clothe the armies?"

To us the answer to that question seemed simple. Women must take the places of men lost to industry and

to the soil. Women must be recruited, and the Government must furnish the necessary training just as men were being recruited and trained. It seems perfectly obvious now, yet very few people outside our organization saw it then. Few recognized either the need of women or their capacity to do what used to be called "men's work."

We sent a deputation to the Board of Agriculture to point out the certainty of a food shortage due to the removal from country districts of large numbers of farmers and farm laborers. We were received politely, but when we urged that the board take immediate steps to train women to take the places of men on farms, we were told that such a step would be useless, that women could not plow! To-day there are hundreds of women driving tractors, tens of thousands of women doing all kinds of agricultural work, skilled and unskilled. Last year, thanks to these women, Great Britain produced more food than in any previous year in many generations.

BEFORE 1914 this would have been deemed an impossibility. The value of women, their ability to do, within the limits of their physical strength, any work that men can do, had not been discovered. We believed in the ability of women, but visits to the War Office, to various ministries, to members of Parliament and others, revealed quite clearly that our theories were not yet popular.

We kept on preaching them, nevertheless, against the indifference of the Government, the prejudices of the employing classes, the hesitation of parents, the bitter hostility of the trade-unions, against almost everybody except the women themselves. Their response was swift and strong. Work for their country? Yes, any work, no matter how hard, how dangerous, how unfamiliar. Only give their hands work. So eager were the women to serve that when a call was issued for a national registry of men, and when we, through *The Suffragette*, demanded that women between the ages of nineteen and sixty be included in the registry, we were showered with letters from elderly women protesting against limiting the age of service to sixty.

The time came when the demands of the women were answered. That time came when Mr. Lloyd George, the Minister of Munitions, faced a situation so critical that he was obliged to admit that only the labor of women, trained in mechanical trades, could save the day for Great Britain and the Allies. He outlined a plan for the dilution of skilled labor by admitting non-union and woman labor into factories where war work was being done.

Of course Mr. Lloyd George's program was stoutly opposed by the trade-unionists. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, two hundred thousand

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Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the famous English suffrage leader

Christabel's faithful *bonne*, and went to housekeeping in a quaint little apartment on the city wall of St. Malo. From our windows we looked out over the fortifications to the Vauban Islands, strong fortresses scattered among the perilous rocks and shoals of the harbor. There we spent several terribly anxious days, waiting, dreading, hoping for the entrance of Great Britain into the war.

In the event of war we knew what we should do. Perfectly in accord in all vital matters, my daughter and I had agreed that while the empire was in danger, while the life of civilization was threatened by Germany, our quarrel with the British Government must be set aside. We were threatened by a greater adversary now. If Germany won in the terrific struggle just begun, not only votes for women, but liberty for all Britons, men and women alike, would be lost. For us and for all our people, once involved, there could be only one ambition, one ideal—to win the war.

The very hour the great news came that we were in, that to the honor and faith of Belgium and France were joined the honor and faith of Great Britain, we sent a telegram to the London headquarters of the Women's Social and Political Union, giving definite instructions that all militancy must be suspended.

I remained in France until the end of August. There was much to be done, important plans to be outlined, grave decisions to be made. Our whole strength henceforth was to be given to war work, and the question was, what kind of war work first? It seemed to us that the first task of the Government was to build an army, and that our duty was to cooperate in that tremendous task.

It must be remembered that Britain in 1914 was as little militaristic as was the United States. A strong navy we had, and by strange good fortune it happened to be in a good strategic position. But our standing army was small, and it was largely scattered in different parts of the empire. Only about one hundred thousand troops were available for France, and the gigantic task ahead of the Government was the recruiting of the forces known as Kitchener's Army. Thus it came about that one day near the end of that fateful month of August, 1914, I, for nine years an active rebel against the Government, said to my daughter: "I shall take the steamer back this afternoon, and offer my services as recruiting agent."

I went back to England without any guarantee of immunity from further arrest or imprisonment. We had declared a truce, and the Government knew that our pledged word was always good. They had shown their confidence in us by releasing, within a short time, all the suffragettes remaining in prison.

I went to a hotel for the night, and the next morning walked up Bucking-



Miss Christabel Pankhurst

A CALL TO ARMS

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

By John McCrae

THREE great poems came out of the Great War. None was so popular as that known as "In Flanders Fields" or "We Shall Not Sleep." All over America this wonderful call to arms has been copied and quoted. It undoubtedly wielded an enormous influence in recruiting men for the tragic adventure overseas. Many poets have tried to answer the poem; but while a number of pleasing verses have resulted, none have had the divine spark that appears in the original poem.

The reason for this probably is that none of them were written under the stress under which McCrae wrote. None of their authors knew life as this young physician knew it. Out of his great sorrow and his great knowledge came the great poem. This is the story of John McCrae's supreme sacrifice as well as of other knights of the knife and bandage.

JOHN McCRAE was a lieutenant-colonel in the Canadian Army Medical Corps. He was a Canadian surgeon, a lecturer in McGill University and well known in our own Johns Hopkins, a man of high skill in his profession. In 1914 he offered his services to Canada and was appointed surgeon to the First Brigade of Canadian Artillery. With his brigade he went to France and then, except by his relatives and friends, he was forgotten in the tremendous tragedy that swept over the world.

In 1918, American newspapers began to copy, one from another, a poem called "In Flanders Fields," by one John McCrae. Magazines followed suit. Liberty-Loan orators quoted it. In different American cities shops made great window displays illustrating the verses beautifully and vividly. Only two other poems in the English tongue had come out of the war that so appealed to the popular mind. One was by an American, Alan Seeger, who wrote from the trenches in 1915 a lovely thing called "I Have a Rendezvous with Death." This poem, too, was widely quoted and copied.

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes round with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air.
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear.
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

There was a deeply moving appeal to the lines because young Seeger, like McCrae, gave his life to the great cause.

The other poem was by Rupert Brooke, a young English soldier, who was killed in Gallipoli. His lines were perhaps the most perfect of all, though their sentiment was not as universally stirring as McCrae's.

The first verse follows:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

The same papers and people who had extolled Brooke and Seeger now asked, "And who is John McCrae?"

John McCrae was this same Canadian doctor mentioned above, who left McGill University to go to France in 1914. He gave his life to the great war, January 18, 1918. He was a distinguished pathologist and lecturer. His heroism on the western front was very great. His services in the hospitals of France were most important, but, such are the curious workings of fate, he owes his fame not to these facts but to "In Flanders Fields."

No one who knew him ever thought of Doctor McCrae as a poet. His friends all knew that he made verses, just as they knew that he was an indefatigable practical joker and wag. No one was so surprised and overwhelmed as the relatives and close friends of McCrae when the world acclaimed him one of the few real poets of the war.

Doctor McCrae was with the guns along the Ypres sector for fourteen continuous months and was in the thick of the engagements in which the Canadian forces made a glorious name for valor. His brigade was behind the area where the first gas attack took place and had fought throughout the battle.

His dressing-station—a dugout—was at the back of the bank of the canal and behind it many of the men were buried. During the seventeen days that they were in action at the one spot, the number of crosses just behind them increased in number each day. The poem took form during this fearful battle.



Lieut.-Col. John McCrae

Canadian medical officer and author of the poem "We Shall Not Sleep," who gave his life to make the world a decent place to live in

McCrae gave himself so completely to his work that his health was gradually undermined. He gave no heed to this and it was only after the urgent appeals of his friends that he finally consented to accept a post in a base hospital. It was here that he was stricken with what seemed to be a light attack of pneumonia. But meningitis developed on the third day and on the fifth he died.

One who knew him well when he was lecturing in Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore says that even more to be remembered than his brilliancy as a scientist was the extraordinary charm of the man himself. He was whimsical, tender, with a sense of humor that never failed. It was not his ability as a maker of verses that his intimates recall. It is that wonderful gift for merriment, that droll smile, the never-failing fund of jokes and humorous stories and the contagious laugh that helped many a nurse and patient to endure the midnight of weariness and despair.

But for the world he lives and shall live, not for his medical skill, not for his laughter, but for the marvelous call to arms that he wrote when he had weltered for seventeen days in the young blood of Canada and Great Britain.

There have been many responses to the poem, "In Flanders Fields." None, we believe, more beautiful than that made by Mr. Louis Mora in the painting on the opposite page. No more poignant or inspiring thought has come from the last four years of world tragedy than that, from their lonely graves on the battle-front, three young men should have sent messages that shall live as long as the memory of this war lives in the hearts of men.

Some day some one will write a story that will do some sort of justice to the knights of the knife and the bandage. And in that story will be stressed not so much the marvelous skill of these men as the largeness and the sweetness of their humanity. One thinks of an army surgeon as a person who is hard toward the ordinary frailties of people. Yet tucked away in a highly technical British medical journal is to be found a long letter from a surgeon in which he mourns the way the soldiers suffer from homesickness. This doctor says that in censoring letters for the soldiers he comes across thoughts and phrases that wring his heart and he instances among them the following from Sergeant Coulson:

Mayhap I shall not walk again
Down Dorset way, down Devon way,
Nor pick a posey in a lane
Down Somerset and Sussex way.
But though my bones unshriven rot
In some far-distant alien spot,
What soul I have shall rest from care—
It knows the meadows still are fair
Down Dorset way, down Devon way.

Did your doctor go to war? You didn't think of him as a hero, did you? It didn't seem, when he closed up his office, changed into khaki and went off to France, that he was doing a particularly brave thing. A doctor isn't a fighting man, in the popular sense of the word.

So Great Britain and France thought when they sent their physicians and surgeons out to take care of the wounded, during the first months of the war. They accepted volunteer doctors as they came and sent them to the hospitals and the dressing-stations. The fury of the war increased and the call came for more and more doctors. Came the second and third years of the hell on the western front, in the Dardanelles, in Italy and the Balkans and in Mesopotamia. More doctors and still more doctors were called.

Then, some one said, "It is getting hard to find doctors! Where are they all?"

Where were they? Well, they were dead—dead in "no man's land," where they crawled out to give aid to men too badly wounded to be moved; dead in the dressing-stations where German shells had exploded, and dead in the hospitals where pneumonia or meningitis had overtaken them. Dead by the thousands, these unsung heroes of the knife and bandage.

So little has been said of these men that only the most careful research reveals the extent of their heroism and sacrifice. But in the medical journals of the past four years are lists of citations for military honors that tell a very moving story.

IN FLANDERS fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Dr. Thomas Swan Ewes was awarded a bar to the Distinguished Service Order he already had won for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He was in charge of an advanced dressing-station which was being heavily shelled by the enemy. He personally and thoroughly carried out a complete change of organization. Later, he was superintending the loading of ambulance cars near a railway bridge which was a special target for the enemy's guns and, though twice thrown over and wounded by bursting enemy shells, he stuck to his post until all the wounded had been dressed and evacuated.

Dr. John Powell met almost impossible demands on his unit during battle. On one occasion, hearing some wounded had been left behind, he went himself under heavy and continuous shelling and machine-gun fire with three ambulances and brought them in. His conduct was beyond all praise.

Dr. Thomas Poole, hearing that a large number of wounded were unattended, proceeded at once to the area which was subjected to a sustained bombardment and organized stretcher parties. It was owing to his fine courage that upward of three hundred casualties were not left unattended.

Dr. Frederick N. Stewart collected and attended cases under the most intense shell fire, and on two occasions, by remaining behind after the order to withdraw had been given, succeeded in evacuating all the stretcher cases. He was wounded in the face and thigh.

Dr. Charles H. Stringer showed conspicuous gallantry when in charge of an advanced dressing-station. Owing to the retirement of the whole force, the collection and evacuation of a large number of wounded, lying in a thick wood, was a task of extreme difficulty in face of the rapid advance of the enemy. Although subjected to heavy fire, he remained behind until the enemy were almost up to his position. His magnificent courage and devotion saved many wounded from falling into the enemy's hands.

Dr. H. B. Dixon remained behind in "no man's land" and dressed three officers under extremely heavy machine-gun fire and helped to carry a wounded man more than two miles to a place of safety. Later he continued to dress all wounded though practically surrounded by the enemy. His cheerfulness and disregard of personal danger inspired all ranks.

On and on and on these lists of medical men go by the hundreds, by the thousands—the citation of great acts to which the medical world itself has given little heed in the almost universal heroism of these great days. But a few years of deeds like this and it came about that when America entered the war, hers was the only great reservoir of medical men left in the world. Her allies had made no plans for a continued supply from the medical schools. The graduates were killed. The schools were depleted and the army as well as civilians were actually suffering from the fact.

In an army of three million men, ten per cent. belongs to the medical department. Of this three hundred thousand, twenty-five thousand must be qualified physicians and surgeons. There are in America about one hundred and eighty thousand duly qualified physicians. It was the duty of Surgeon-General Gorgas to see to it that a proper percentage of these men were drawn upon so that the army might be well cared for, that civilians should not be too greatly neglected and that the medical schools should be kept up to standard.

In no place in the world is the medical profession more highly organized than in America. General Gorgas notified every County Medical Association in the country that a certain percentage of its doctors would be expected to report for army work. The county association in turn notified its members and the volunteers came forward. The thing was done, and our doctor soldiers began their pilgrimage overseas.

When some of the stories of what science has done in this war are told, high in the list of achievements will be the names of American doctors who developed new methods of reviving the victims of gas and shell shock and of treating the wounded. But invaluable as their work may be, it can not overshadow, in the minds of those who know, the nobility of those unsung doctor heroes who laid down their lives for their patients.

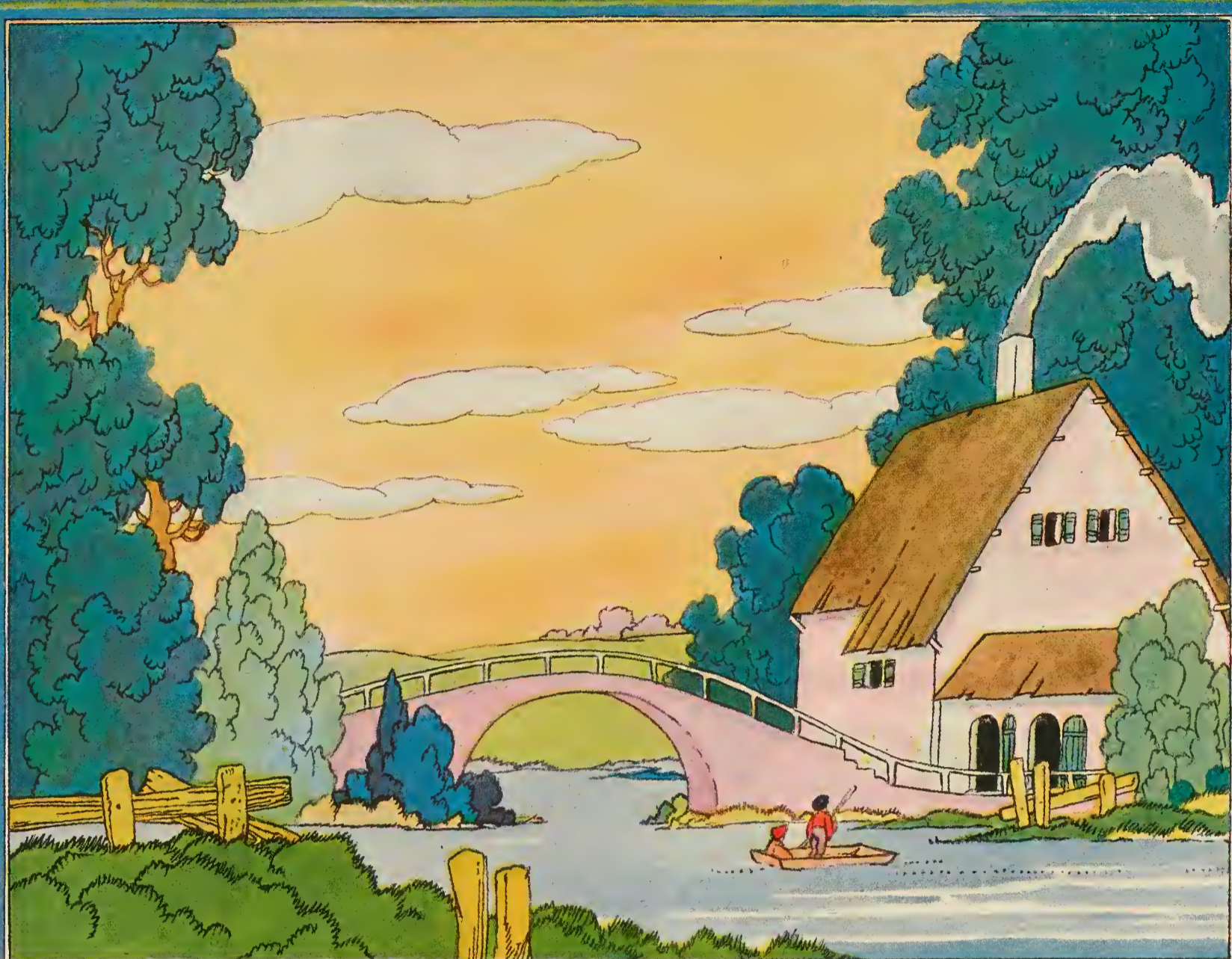
AMERICA'S RESPONSE

*Painted for The Delineator
by F. LUIS MORA*

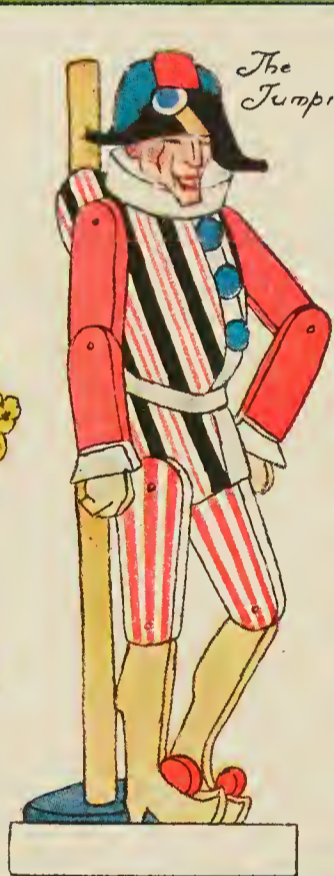


F. Luis Mora

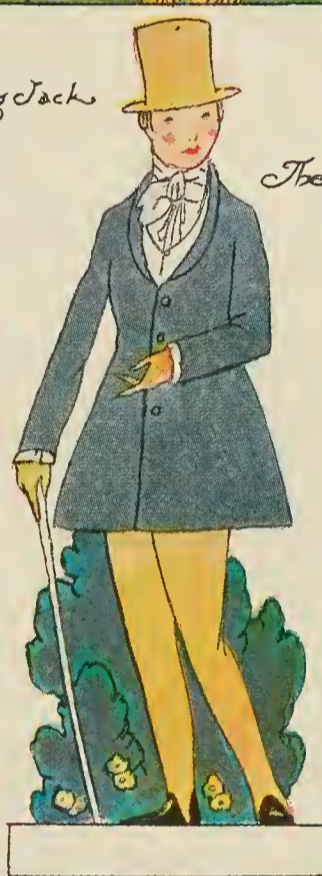
THE DELINEATOR CHILDREN'S THEATER



A Valentine Romance
Scenery by
McQUINN



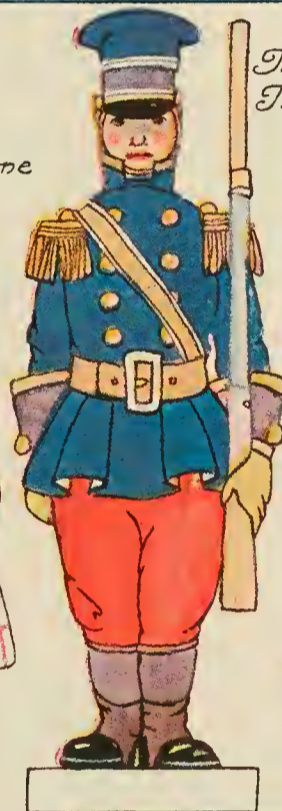
The Jumping Jacks



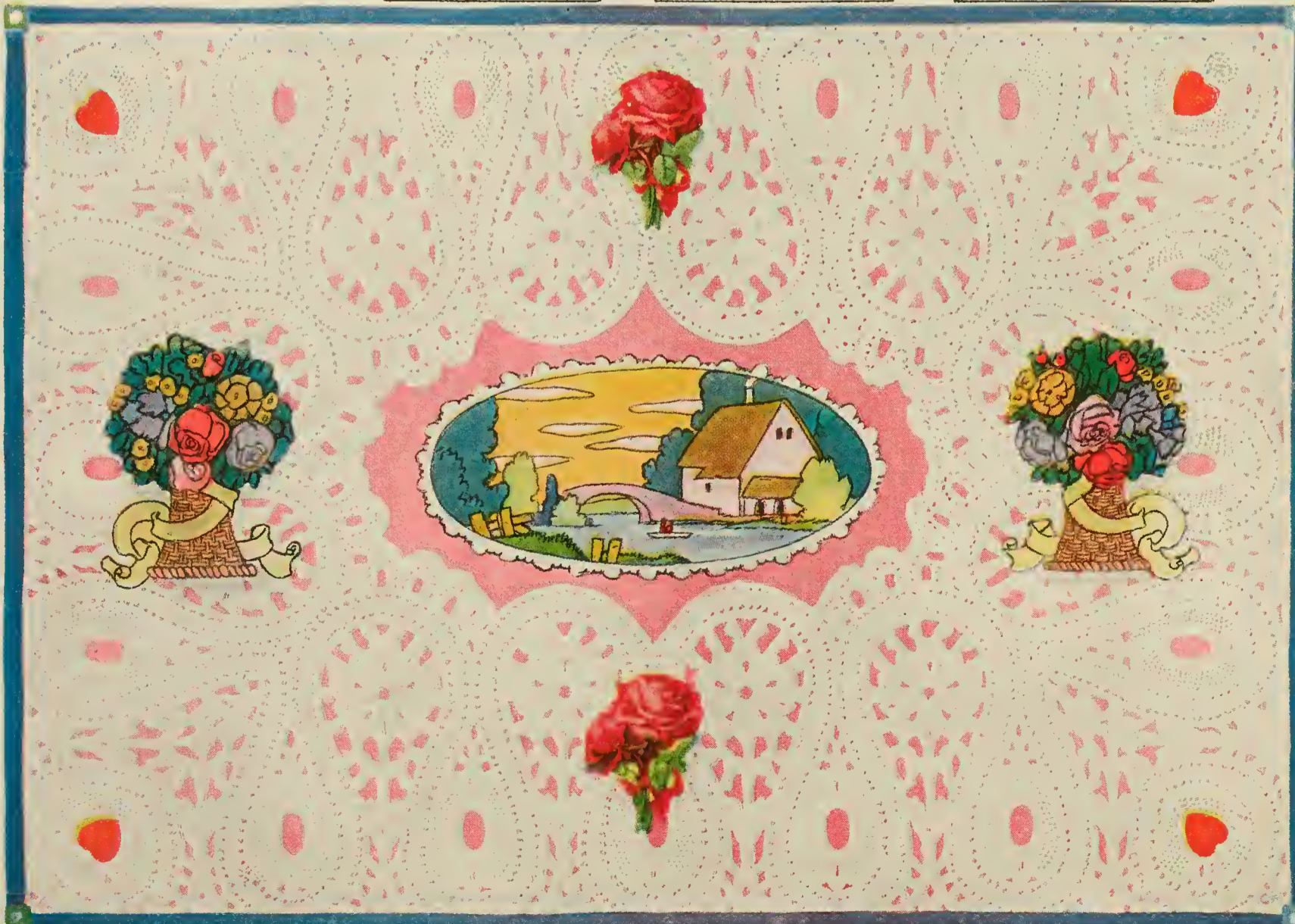
The Hero



The Heroine



The Tin Soldier



Left Wing

Right Wing

SUNRISE FROM THE HILLTOP

By BEATRICE BARMBY

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD GILES

WHAT HAS BEEN TOLD—A plain, sensitive girl, Margaret of Meadowmere blooms into lovely womanhood at nineteen. All her affections center upon her home. Sir Mark Haselton, a bachelor her father's age, is encouraged by her mother to propose to Margaret, who, thinking of all it will mean to remain near Meadowmere, of the good she can do with his wealth, of her mother's displeasure should she refuse, accepts him.

Edward Boynton, a young American, visits Sir Mark. He and Margaret fall in love, but Margaret refuses to hurt Sir Mark or leave home. Boynton departs, and to Margaret the future seems to hold nothing. Her brother Tom forges his father's name. She learns that Tom is only her stepbrother and she should be the heir to Meadowmere. She delays marrying Sir Mark, and a letter from Boynton asks if the delay means hope for him. She answers "Yes." Her parents refuse to consent, so she runs away to London and marries Boynton, and they come to America.

New York is a new world of strange people and queer customs. In spite of her husband's love, adjustment to the new life is difficult.

PART V

HOW far money went I had not the slightest idea. That I was not at first extravagant in the matter of clothes was simply due to my limited idea of their importance; but the housekeeping, which had all the interest of a new thing, was so much in my mind that I was always buying things which would do, without regard to necessity, ordering anything and everything to eat which came into my mind, and never thinking of cost nor season. I was a little alarmed at the extent of the bills. "Eddie," I said one night, "am I spending too much money? I couldn't have believed that two people would cost so much to feed. I'm afraid it's because I can't remember when things are 'luxuries' and when they are just 'food.'"

But he answered casually, "Oh, you are doing fine. I'll soon be making more money, too."

He adopted the same attitude toward my clothes. After my experience with "Madam" I went to the stores for the next things I wanted, but even then I was astounded at the prices. I was sure that even my mother's dresses, which Sunnydale considered unusually smart and lavish, did not cost anything like what I paid for two or three simple little things. But when I told Eddie what I had spent, he laughed. "Don't you worry too much about cost; you know I want you to look real smart," and aided and abetted by Maisie's notions, I soon let price subside into the background.

It perhaps did not matter to Maisie's husband that she was extravagant. He was on the Stock Exchange and Eddie told me he was making pots of money; certainly Maisie ran him a close second in the matter of spending. He was nice and young and alert looking, curiously like my husband in general appearance, though he was some years older—tall, slim, fair and immaculately dressed. I confessed later that his appearance was so perfect I had thought he must have something to do with "clothes."

Whenever he and Eddie met, their whole conversation seemed to be about the state of the market, and so much depended on this vague and illusive thing that I called it "Eddie's barometer." When I learned a little more about it, I realized that a good many of his investments were in the nature of speculations and that he set great store by the tips which came from Jack Whiting. Further, that a good deal of the day when he should have been at the office was spent with Whiting on the Stock Exchange and that in consequence he often had to work late at his legitimate business.

"Eddie," I said, when we had been in New York about a month, "I've met a lot of people at your mother's flat, and a lot of other people at the houses of their friends, and every one's been awfully hospitable and included me in their invites to Maisie, even if I'd only just met them—isn't it time we did some entertaining?"

"Go ahead and fix a party. I'm on!"

"Let's have a dinner-party on Christmas Eve! I'll ask your mother and father, and Maisie and her husband and—"

"The Martins, and Anna and Clarry, then there's the Stones, and—"

"Wait! How many do you think we can dine in our large domain?" I said, laughing. "The others will have to come in after for music and bridge or something."

"All right—suits me!"

I still felt rather shy and "countrified" among the smart girls and young matrons I met at the bridge-parties and chic little luncheons and dinners and suppers, and so I was very anxious that our first party should be a great success, and plunged into the catering with a lavish hand. As my maid was a very good cook, I knew she would do her part well—as I said to Eddie when I first learned her wages, "she ought to do well at such a price!"

SHE was so entirely competent and self-reliant that I was timid about suggesting things to her, and perhaps it was this which paved the way for what happened, but on the very morning of my party there was a clash!—a command on my part—an irate expression of opinion on hers, an answering temper on mine, and I was left breathless and indignant, facing a slammed door. She had gone!

And eight people were coming to dinner—and—and I did not know how to cook! I cursed my expensive edu-



I watched the strong clean lines of his head and his determined mouth

cation which had neglected this important detail. The two facts revolved in my mind, till in a panic I phoned to Eddie.

"I don't know how it happened," I said breathlessly, "or what terrible thing I said to her, but—but Hannah has gone—walked out in a rage!"

He whistled. "Phew! And the dinner-party to-night!"

"Yes—whatever shall I do?"

"I'll ask mother to give you a helping hand—she's a fine cook and she'll do it like a good 'un."

I hated to expose my ignorance to Eddie's mother, but there was no time to go out and look for any one else, even if I had known where to go. When Mrs. Boynton arrived, smiling and good-natured, "Well, well," she said, "so Hannah's gone. Gee, she's the limit, goin' just when you want her, ain't she? We'll have to look lively to get things fixed in time. First you do the dessert, while I fix the trimmings for the roast."

I had chosen the dessert out of the cookery book—it had an elaborate name and a still more elaborate mixture. What would happen to it, if I meddled with these unknown quantities? There was nothing else to do. "I may as well confess at once I don't know how to cook," I said defiantly.

She looked at me for a moment in amazement, then with her ready smile, "Well, that's a nice pancake. Still, we'll have to do. Perhaps you'll fix the table?"

"Oh, yes, I'll do that."

"Fine, get about it then."

AS I passed in and out of the tiny kitchen—like a box compared to the huge room at home with its rows of shining pans and gleaming fire-irons and a great range—I saw Mrs. Boynton getting hotter and more flushed as the cooking progressed, but always good-natured, always ready with a joke. I felt ashamed of my secret criticism of her effusive and rather vulgar manners. Here she was, doing the cooking I ought to have been able to do, and apparently not even resenting it. I felt humbled.

It seemed to me that the party would be a hopeless failure, and my spirits sank lower and lower. There would be no one to wait upon us, and everything would be in a muddle. But when the guests arrived they apparently looked upon the calamity as a joke—every one was willing to help. It was more like a picnic than a dinner-party, but the food was deliciously cooked and it was eaten amid much laughter and congratulations for the cook. My heart went out to these people who could be so jolly and informal and make the best of things and still seem to enjoy themselves. I felt more friendly than I had ever been before.

When they had gone and I had thanked Mrs. Boynton for her help, Eddie seized my hands, and as we shut the front door pumped them up and down and said with his boyish laugh, "Well, lady, that was some party—many more like it—but say, what about breakfast?"

"Oh," I answered, "I can cook breakfast."

"You relieve an anxiety I have felt the whole evening," and we burst out laughing, feeling as happy as two children playing at keeping house.

Suddenly a clock struck one. "Why, Eddie," I said soberly at the remembrance, "it's Christmas Day already."

"Our first Christmas together," he said softly. "Hope they'll all be as happy."

Bright sunshine awoke me early in the morning and I lay and thought of Meadowmere. It was the first Christmas since I could remember when I had not hung up my stockings, and the lapse of this childish habit which Tom had long ago refused to countenance gave me a feeling of half-tender regret for my old home. "No bulging stocking to inspect Christmas morning; you're grown up at last!" I thought.

As my eyes roamed round the room, they caught sight of something which made me spring from bed. Yes, it

was my stocking hanging at the foot of the bed, with a bulging toe! Out of the bulge I drew a little packet, on which was written in the strong writing I loved, "For my wife," and as I opened it, I caught my breath, for on a dark velvet bed lay an adorable pearl ring, white and soft and glowing like love as I had dreamed. Oh! how dear he was!

"Eddie," I whispered in his ear, "wake up, wake up, I want to thank you!"

He grunted sleepily, "What's the matter? House on fire?"

"No—I—oh, thank you!" though I could not find words, he could read my feelings in my face and voice.

"Like it?" he asked with that soft smile which thrilled me because it only came for me.

"I love it!" I answered, and bending down I put my face against his rumpled hair.

The memory of those early morning hours was with me all through the day, which we spent at the Boyntons', making me happier than I had ever thought I could have been on this first Christmas Day away from Sunnydale.

Next day came the Christmas mail from England. There were letters and packets from home. Sir Mark sent photographs of Sunnydale taken in the snow; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Haselton had remembered to send us greeting, much to my surprise, and there was a letter from Tom. He was getting on famously, had started with navy work for a big building contractor, then had gone into the

office, now he wrote hopefully of being made works' manager. He had paid the first instalment of his debt to Sir Mark and hoped to go straight on with the others until he was free. "How splendid!" I murmured, then I smiled half sadly as I thought of the lordly Tom taking pleasure in hand work—after all, what had happened was turning out to be for the best, and it made me very happy to think he was atoning for the past.

THE last thing I opened was a report about my cottages from Sir Mark's bailiff. They were all let and every one was delighted with them.

For a while the present faded and I was back at Sunnydale, eating up the news about it, reading Sir Mark's cheery, friendly letter again and again. He had gone back to the old friendship of my schooldays when he wrote me nice long letters and sent me chocolates on my birthday.

As the weeks lengthened into months, I began to realize that two entirely new factors were thrust forward out of the old perspective—money and clothes! Of course there had been bad times in Sunnydale, and then from the Hall, or the vicar, or wealthy old Mrs. Dale, rescue came, and coal or baskets of food were sent to the villagers to tide over the distress. In our own circle people lived comfortably, seeming able to buy everything which was needed, and the fact that there was no apparent luxury was merely a matter of taste.

Money as an important factor had been out of sight. We did not consciously think about people being rich or poor—their status was more important than their wealth. The vicar happened to be rich, but a poor man would have been regarded in exactly the same way—he was the vicar, he had a definite social standing. The doctor and his family happened to be poor, but that made no difference to the regard in which they were held; if they had been rich, they would still have been the doctor's family. If Sir Mark had lost his wealth, and dwelt in poverty at the Hall, the feeling in which he was held would not have altered. If my mother or I had appeared in a new dress at each garden or tennis or dinner party, it would not have made an atom of difference in the regard of our neighbors—yes, I am wrong, it would have affected their regard adversely, for they would have considered us wasteful and unnecessarily extravagant. What matter if my dress were of cotton or silk, of to-day's fashion or made over from last Summer, every one knew me as the daughter of Squire Miller. And if Nancy had been decked out by Worth or Paquin, would she still not have been the daughter of the gardener?

BUT in this panorama, one rubbed shoulders with millionaires' wives and shopgirls, with old families and families of the latest minute. I suppose if I, as Edward's wife, wore a dress which was out of the fashion, or made of cotton when it should have been of silk, up would go eyebrows, and "business bad" would be the whisper. People seemed to squander money with a recklessness which to me was staggering—they spent sums on an evening's pleasure, or a new dress, or a sudden whim which would have kept a villager's family at home for many weeks. Their wallets seemed to be over-wide, ready to disgorge their bulging contents. Was it because money was the only thing to represent the height to which they had climbed in the wave of success? If they spent much, they were successful and counted. If a thing cost a lot it must be valuable—that was their creed.

I realized with dismay how important money and success—and especially success—were to Eddie one day after a bridge-party at Maisie's, where I met a woman who really loved the country! I don't know what she was doing amid the flutter-brained crowd Maisie gathered around!

[Continued on page 43]

THOSE WE CALL FEEBLE-MINDED

A New Understanding of the Mentally Unfit

SHE was a girl of twelve when the scientists began to study her sad case. She came to them with a reputation of being incurably feeble-minded, and an appearance that closely accorded with this reputation. Her clothes were of expensive material and well made, yet she could hardly have looked more slovenly. Not a gleam of intelligence illumined her sullen face; her mouth was vacuously open. Tested by the methods of the modern psychological clinic, her mentality did not equal that of a child of six. Her father's statement seemed to leave no doubt that the proper place for her was an institution for the hopelessly defective.

"We have given our child every advantage that money could procure for her," he told the examining psychologist. "She has had excellent governesses, carefully chosen attendants. But she has learned nothing, not even how to behave. Her temper, I am sorry to say, is rather uncertain. She is, in fact, a difficult child to manage. She must have her own way in everything or she is almost uncontrollable."

From other sources additional details were gleaned of the life-history of unfortunate little Ethel. Pieced together, they left the psychologist distinctly more hopeful as to the possibility of redeeming her from her deplorable mental state. The child, it appeared, had been "delicate," and because of this weakness of health the beginnings of her education had been unduly postponed. Also she had not been required to learn to do anything for herself. Parents, nurses, governesses had waited on her throughout childhood. Even now she did not know what it was to dress herself. She could not so much as button her shoes. Servants did everything for her, danced attendance on her the day through. Small wonder that her mental powers were almost nil. Her mind had never really had a chance to grow. Promptly the psychologist decided that, late to make a start though it was, mental development might yet be possible. Tactfully it was suggested to her parents that they allow her to leave home for a time and enter a special school for the education of backward children.

Behold the working of a miracle! Only a few months and all the sullenness was gone from this "feeble-minded" girl's expression, the slovenly slouch from her posture, the imbecile look from her face. Now she could dress herself like any normal girl, now control her temper, now behave like any well-mannered girl of her age, now profit from the books which she eagerly studied. No longer was there talk of her requiring custodial care. All who saw and spoke with her realized that the fetters had been definitely struck from her mind—fetters that had been imposed by ignorant parental mismanagement.

Compare with this the case of Margaret Smith, at thirteen not merely a sad dullard but seemingly an incorrigible thief. "A moral imbecile," was her teacher's verdict, and her picture drawn by her parents only deepened the impression that here was a girl who could by no means be made a useful, or even safe, member of society. "We have argued with her and punished her," the parents lamented, "but nothing is of any use. She will not learn her lessons, and she will run the streets. There must be something the matter with her mind." And, indeed, according to the evidence of psychological tests, Margaret indubitably belonged to the ranks of the feeble-minded.

But, making more intimate personal inquiry, a more hopeful view was deemed possible. That she should prefer the streets to her home was, after all, not surprising in view of the nature of her home. Squalor and dirt were its outstanding characteristics. Moreover, the parental attitude toward the girl was one of constant repression and antagonism. There was no attempt to understand her, no effort to satisfy her natural cravings for affection, joy, and real companionship. At school she had the further misfortune of being in the charge of a thoroughly unsympathetic teacher. "Let us see what will happen," reflected the psychologist, "if we modify this child's environment a bit."

Margaret, accordingly, was transferred to another class. Membership was found for her in a girls' club having the honor system as a fundamental feature. The aid of a social worker was invoked to effect an improvement in the home surroundings. Within two months it became apparent that Margaret had markedly changed for the better in every way, physically, mentally and morally. No longer were accusations of theft brought against her, she no longer regarded the street as her proper habitat, and she proved that she actually did possess a mind which could be applied to good purpose in the classroom. Again it was evident that training of a sort hitherto lacking had been the one thing needed to overcome mental clouding—and that the chief cause of the clouding had been mismanagement in the home.

But consider now a third case, that of Joe, at eleven years of age only a third-grade pupil, and in that grade "more by grace than by merit." Dull, inattentive, stubborn, irritable, pugnacious, Joe seemed to most of his teach-

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

ers to be without one redeeming trait and constitutionally incapable of learning anything. But the special teacher to whom he now was entrusted did not take his feeble-mindedness for granted. Instead, she studied Joe as a doctor would study a puzzling patient. And presently, by observation and some simple experiments, she made certain interesting and important discoveries.

She discovered for one thing that Joe was poorly nourished and was in a chronic state of physical and mental fatigue. She discovered that this was at least partly attributable to the condition of his mouth, in which she found crooked and decayed teeth, enlarged tonsils, and abundant evidence of adenoid growths in the passage back of the nose. Also this most capable special teacher discovered that Joe was somewhat deaf and more than somewhat nearsighted. At once the possibility presented itself that all the stupidity and intractability of which the other teachers had complained might be due to this amazing collection of remediable physical defects, not to any irremediable brain weakness. At all events, it was the teacher's duty to see that the boy received the medical attention he so obviously needed.

But first she had to gain the consent, not simply of Joe himself, but, a more difficult matter, of Joe's parents. The latter were utterly unbelieving when told of his physical plight. He had never been strong, they admitted, but he would "come round all right." Certainly they had no intention of allowing him to be "experimented on." Infinite coaxing was necessary to get the boy into the hands of the surgeon, the ear specialist, the oculist, and the dentist. Thereafter, for two months, life was a martyrdom for Joe. But he bore all the pain with unexpected fortitude. Summer having now arrived, he was sent to the country in care of a fresh-air organization. When he came back to school in the Fall he was so improved, mentally and physically, that his playmates scarcely knew him.

"The remnants of his defects, especially his decreasing deafness and his eye defects," says Doctor Arthur Holmes, to whom I am indebted for my knowledge of the story of Joe, "kept him for a little time in the special class. There he rounded out his deficiencies rapidly, learned quickly to spell and to read and to do arithmetic sufficiently to return to his grade, entering the fourth grade at the end of the first half-year. His school progress from that time on

was very fast. He not only kept up, but made some advance, and though he finished the eighth grade a year behind the usual age, he went out into the world well equipped with a strong body and a good mind, and since then has done well in a printing office where his father secured him a position. Without doubt he will rise to a self-supporting and worthy man, and possibly he will be heard from in the world."

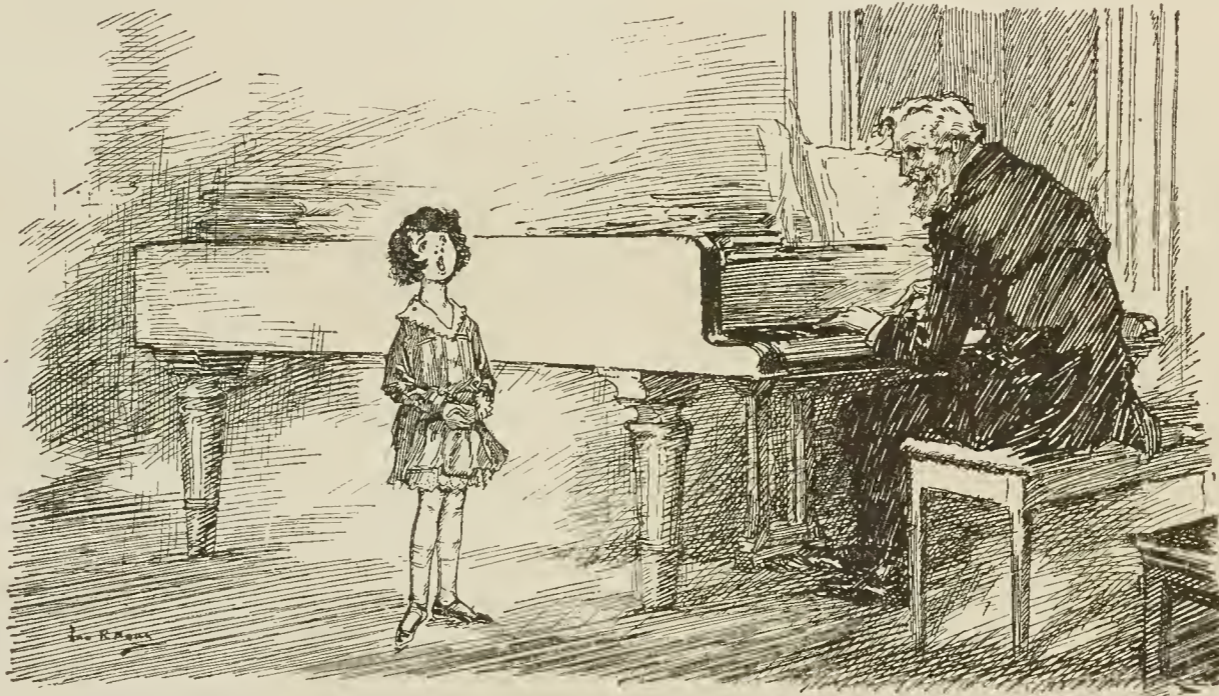
I ask you, if these remediable causes of mental dulness and moral weakness had not been discovered in Ethel, Margaret and Joe, what would have been their ultimate fate? Undoubtedly they would have been obliged to go through life bearing the stigma of feeble-mindedness, hopelessly inefficient, perhaps exceedingly dangerous to others. That they have been saved to useful and happy lives—as many another unfortunate child is nowadays being saved—is a fact of great significance to society. It means that in the methods of modern medical and educational psychology we possess an invaluable agency for raising the general level of intelligence by developing latent brain power, even in those who seemingly lack brain power to be developed. And, what is of particular importance with reference to race conservation, it implies that the occurrence of true feeble-mindedness—that is, of feeble-mindedness due to structural and incurable stunting of the brain—is of far less frequency than is commonly supposed.

That the social problem presented by the so-called feeble-minded has become one of real urgency is not open to question. Recent research has shown that it is closely linked with the increasingly serious problems of vice, vagabondage, pauperism, and crime, some authorities insisting that as high as fifty per cent. of all criminals are feeble-minded. In Massachusetts, Dr. A. Warren Stearns and other psychopathologists found evidences of feeble-mindedness in fifteen per cent. of the inmates of the reformatory for men, twenty-four per cent. of the unfortunates confined in the reformatory for women, twenty-three per cent. of the criminals in the Charlestown state prison and over fifty per cent. of a large group of immoral women. About twenty-five per cent. of a thousand delinquent Ohio boys and girls were found by Dr. Thomas H. Haines to be feeble-minded. Dr. Bernard Glueck, director of the psychiatric clinic at Sing Sing prison, in a mental survey of six hundred consecutive admissions to the prison, discovered that no less than twenty-eight per cent. of the convicts examined had a mentality inferior to that of the average twelve-year-old child. Dr. Henry H. Goddard, testing the mentality of one hundred children brought on various charges before the juvenile court of Newark, New Jersey, found sixty-six per cent. "distinctly feeble-minded." The same investigator, studying the relationship between alcoholism and feeble-mindedness, was led to the conclusion that at least twenty-five per cent. of drunkards are drunkards "because they are feeble-minded and unable to control their appetites."

Figures like these—and they are typical samples of the statistical findings of the past few years as regards the prevalence of feeble-mindedness among the vicious and the criminal—naturally suggested that mental deficiency might also be prevalent to an alarming extent in the general population. Inquiries to determine this point brought astonishing results. Applying the standard mental tests to large groups of school children mental deadening was encountered so often that the investigating scientists deemed it conservative to affirm that "at least two per cent. of school children, or one in two hundred of the population, are feeble-minded." This would give the United States a feeble-minded population of more than five hundred thousand. Since true feeble-mindedness is an inheritable trait—so that a feeble-minded person is likely to have a feeble-minded child, even when mated to a person of normal mentality—the gravity of the menace thus constituted to the future of the United States is obvious, provided these statistics give an accurate index to the prevalence of feeble-mindedness through the country.

Happily their index value has become more than doubtful, thanks to the new light thrown on the problem of mental deficiency by such cases as those of Ethel, Margaret, and Joe. Each of these children would have been put in the feeble-minded class if judged solely by the results of the customary mental measurement tests. That they were not so judged is due to the fortunate chance which brought them under the observation of experts awake to a truth more and more dawning on those who make it their special business to study mental weaklings—the truth, namely, that however precisely the tests in question may determine the degree of dulness in any individual case, they can not by themselves establish the cause of that dulness. To make certain of the cause other sources of information must be also drawn upon, else the diagnosis of "true feeble-mindedness" stands open to grave suspicion. The chances, for the matter of that, are all against its being a correct diagnosis. For, as research extends, an increasing number of causes other than structural brain defect are being discovered to account for mental conditions tantamount to feeble-mindedness. In

[Continued on page 57]



ST. CECILIA'S CHOIR

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

Illustration by John R. Weil

THE little neighbor led me in, across the classroom, up the stairs,
Into that very room so long the center of my daring prayers.
For there at the piano sat he who might grant my heart's desire,
That fate who judged the voices fit to sing in St. Cecilia's choir.

To sing in St. Cecilia's choir—that meant to rise in starched state,
And sing, while all the church admired, with dignitaries forced to wait.
That meant rehearsals—lovely things, and late hours sanctioned by one's sire,
And ice-cream festivals whereat would chant the St. Cecilia's choir.

And I, who knew nor time nor key, nor when to stop, nor when to start,
The object of a brother's scorn, the anguish of a parent's heart,
I, tuneless, toneless, even I, dared through sheer longing to aspire,
To sit among those fifty mates that made the St. Cecilia's choir.

And he, that judge who held my fate, I saw him as I see him now—
The rough, white hair, the heavy form, the eyes beneath the generous brow.
I stood as any peasant might before Apollo and his lyre;
He glanced and struck a note, and I—I tried for St. Cecilia's choir.

My face was flame, my feet were ice, my heart one passionate appeal;
I tried so hard to follow him—this master of my wo or weal;
He struck another note—and frowned, then wheeled about, O portent dire,
And looked her through, this imp who dared to dream of St. Cecilia's choir.

Perhaps he only saw a child and not an image of despair,
A child with round, imploring eyes beneath her boyish, close-cropped hair.
He looked, he laughed, he laughed again, and then—I turned from ice to fire—
He nodded, waved his hand, and I—was one with St. Cecilia's choir.

Peace on his soul! I like to think he guessed that desperate request,
Who let the kindness of his heart subdue the artist in his breast;
Nor do I doubt when angels chant in his abode of song and bliss,
Some little cherub off the key will know that kindly laugh of his.

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

What War Brought to a Peaceful Village in France

EDITOR'S NOTE

THIS is part two of the story of M. Vauchelet, Schoolmaster and Secretary of Landres and St. Georges (Ardenes), a refugee at Salmagne (Meuse), France. The first part was published in the January number of THE DELINEATOR, and detailed the flight of the villagers from their home before the Huns.

A FEW days later all the men between fifteen and seventy years, some thirty in number, were brutally torn from their families and sent away into Germany, where they are still all prisoners, except a few very old men who have been sent back to France by way of Switzerland. The physician, Dr. Bernard, a man of fifty, brave, peaceful, devoted and capable, was sent along with the rest. Some poor old men, worn out by the march, fell by the roadside, were abandoned, and dragged themselves back home. All the others were imprisoned, after a dreadful Calvary, which I will describe at a later date, when I have an opportunity to obtain the details from the victims themselves.

A month later our poor doctor died in Germany. His body, almost naked, was thrown out to lie all one night in the rain until it was buried by his companions in captivity. Another of these unlucky men, who was sent back to France, died shortly afterward from injuries due to a Boche bayonet-thrust.

What an existence these unhappy prisoners have led since 1914! How they must envy those who, like myself, had the good fortune to escape the barbarians! And how I regret to-day that I did not induce those who remained behind us to make their escape as we did!

Can they be human—these German brutes who have made them suffer so? What can these monsters who commit such atrocities have in place of hearts? Will they never show a sign of regret? Well, at all odds, they will always be able to brag about the Germanic Kultur which they presume to impose on the whole world.

With these unpleasant reflections, I will lay aside the story of the village until a later date, when I shall have returned there and collected details, and incontrovertible proofs.

The Calvary of the Refugees

I WILL resume the Odyssey of the great convoy of refugees from the village; it will not be the least moving part of this story of war, as you may judge for yourself.

This great procession, which stretched out along the road for about one thousand and five hundred meters (the better part of a mile), comprised more than one hundred and ten souls. Among the men were Deputy Mayor Chenet and the chief of the municipal council, M. Day, but the greater part of the pilgrims were women and children. There were a dozen big wagons, a few carriages, thirty-five cows, forty horses, two hundred and fifty sheep, and even a goose, which one poor woman had carried away in her arms. Many others of our people had left the countryside, at random, and scatteringly.

In my capacity of school principal and secretary of the community I took the command and direction. With the aid of a map I did my best to lay our course through the tremendous rout of troops, cannon, vehicles and refugees. The roads were so clogged that two minutes of inattention would separate a mother from her child or a child from his family. Many a poor refugee have we seen, one seeking his child here, another his wife there, his father in another place or his family. Many a poor youngster was lost. Some of them have not been found by their desolated parents even to this day.

I can not possibly describe all the difficulties we had to overcome. We had to pass through armies, infantry, artillery, cavalry. Wagons stuck in the mud, or overturned. Streams must be forded. Our animals became worn out. Behind us the black and white explosions of shells, villages on fire, great clouds of smoke. We seemed to be ever pursued by some terrible cataclysm. At Minarville, first village in the Department of the Marne, we were stopped, in order to permit some delayed rear-guard to pass. Thousands of refugees were packed in the fields before the village; and the shells and rattle of musket shots came ever nearer and nearer. Our situation was critical.

By means of an innocent subterfuge I was fortunately able to get from the gendarmes who had halted us permission to make a detour through the fields. It was time, for within a few hours several thousands of unlucky



Photos by Harry B. Lachman, the American painter, for the American Committee for Devastated France, Inc.

Worker of the American Committee for Devastated France bringing news to refugees

refugees were taken by the Germans, and immediately forced to retrace their steps.

Next day we were awakened by artillery in the little village of Servon. We hastened to resume our march which from that time kept us between the French troops who were rapidly retreating and the German van which advanced with no less speed.

We passed the night of the third of September at Moiremont, a little village to the north of St. Menchould. The next morning at about eight, we were making ready to resume our march when some chasseurs passed at full gallop. Almost immediately a party of enemy cavalry sallied along cautiously, revolvers in hand. The Germans. We were prisoners. The women began to weep and lament, but our time had not come. The horsemen passed, engrossed in the pursuit. I climbed into my carriage, which was ready, and always at the head, well in advance. Everybody followed. The road was open. The French and the Germans exchanged a few shots in the fields near by; bullets whistled. I espied a road with sheltered banks, in a wood. We were safe.

That day we marched without stopping, except one halt of two hours to eat.

Whenever we stopped our live stock roamed freely about; the women, with a few stones for a fireplace, cooked meals that we devoured with splendid appetites. In these moments of repose we almost forgot the tragedy of our position. We had provisions, wine, clothing, and, above all, vehicles to carry us. Our condition was enviable compared with that of the poor people who had been forced to flee on foot, without having been able to bring anything with them.

In such fashion, by easy stages we finally reached St. Menchould, Revigny, Bar-le-Duc, away in the south of the Department of the Meuse, where we presently dispersed in search of work suited to our several capacities. Clear to Bar-le-Duc we were always followed closely by the enemy; villages burned behind us. Then, on September sixth, came the battle of the Marne;

the Germans were checked and retreated; France was saved; our forced journey was at an end.

In our flight we fortunately had not a single accident to regret. A valuable colt was lost, but he was found three months later; the Germans probably didn't have time to send him away. But if we did not suffer greatly on our trip, such was not the case with all the refugees, and in order that you may have a little idea of their Calvary, let me narrate some of the happenings of which we were witness.

Happenings by the Way

A POOR woman, scantily clad and barefooted, had four little children, two of whom, also barefooted, clung to her skirt; the third, which was sick, she pushed in a baby-carriage; the fourth, completely naked, she carried on one arm, trying to keep it warm. Poor babies! A shell fell in the night on their home, and the unfortunate woman fled in terror. Only her mother-instinct saved the children. She had saved nothing else. After a few kilometers the two children who walked barefooted on the sharp stones of the highroad dropped in the ditch, worn out, and dying of hunger and thirst, their little feet all cut and bloody. Luckily we arrived in time to give them a lift and to minister to them.

Another young woman, wild-eyed, disheveled, sought with piercing and unearthly cries a child of three which she had just lost amid the throng. We passed by. But what was the fate of the mother and of the child?

In a wood, by the side of the road, a young wife brought a baby into the world. A shell fell near her with a terrific explosion. The women who were assisting her fled to safety, carrying the newborn child. The mother lay in the wood. The enemy reached her! . . .

An old woman, hardly able to drag herself along, wheeled a narrow wagon, in which was her husband, a paralytic. The old woman fell, exhausted, dying. . . .

A peasant woman pushed at her cow, which could not go farther. In despair, her eyes streaming with tears, she abandoned the poor beast, her only possession in the world.

A young woman leading two children joined us. She described how, as she fled, a shell fell upon the wagon in which she and her babies were riding with everything she had been able to save. The two horses were killed. The wagon and its load were burned. Not a thing remained. But the saddest, most terrible, most heart-rending scene which we saw was this:

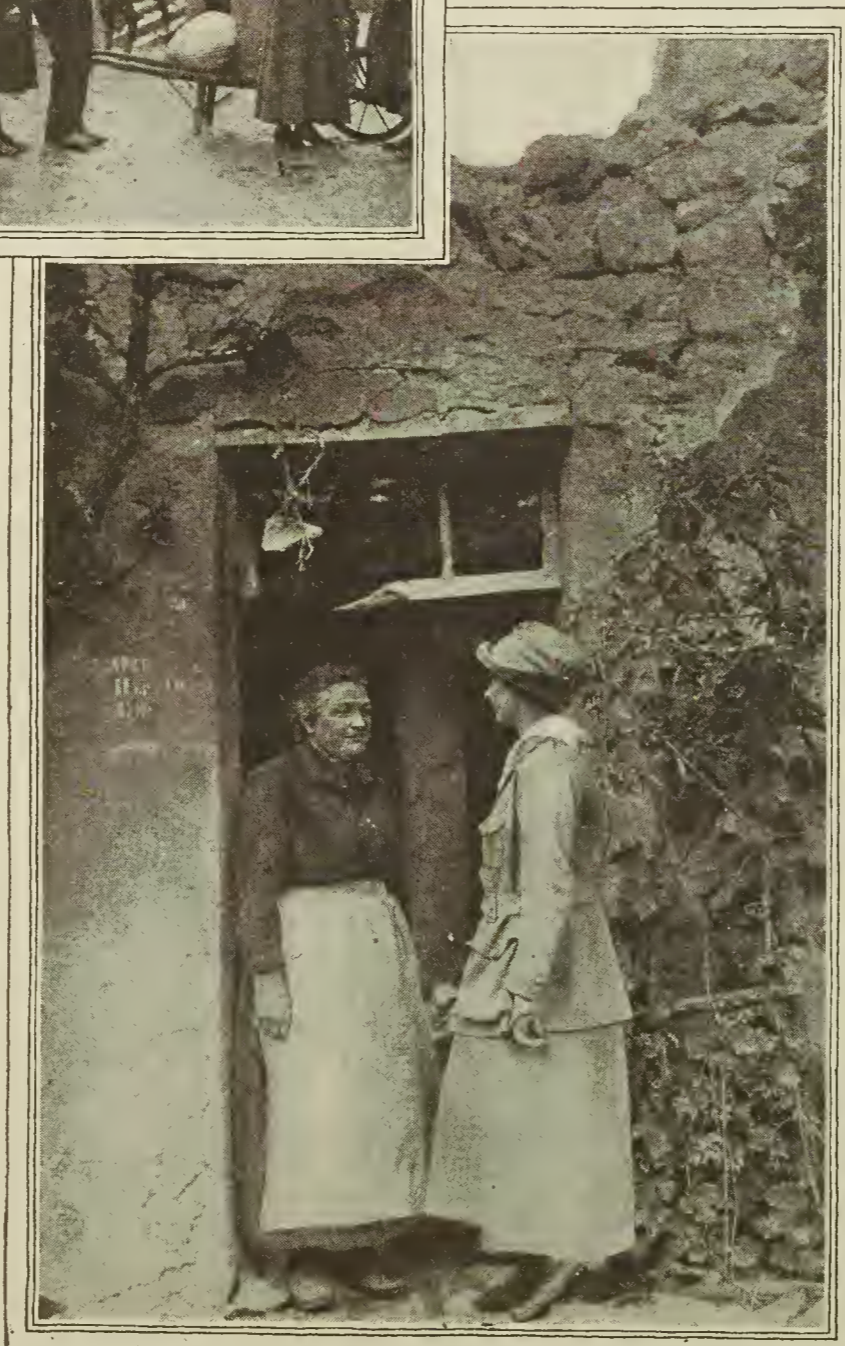
[Continued on page 56]



The American Committee ascertaining the needs of a family of mother and two daughters sorely stricken by Hun frightfulness



Refugees on the move



A battered ruin that is still "home" to this poor old soul

MY "AU REVOIR" TO BELGIUM

By BRAND WHITLOCK

WHEN VON DER LANCKEN announced Germany's intention to carry on an unrestricted submarine blockade of the coasts of Great Britain, France and Italy it caused no surprise among the neutral diplomats at Brussels.

No one there was surprised; it was a logical conclusion on the German side of the whole question raised by the sinking of the *Lusitania* and nobody who was not the dupe of his own vain illusions ever would have supposed that Germany, possessing such a weapon as the submarine, would be capable of restraining herself from using it. It was the moment that decided the fall of von Bethmann, the rise of Hindenburg and the vindication of every extravagance of von Tirpitz. Lancken in giving us copies of the documents gave us also little maps showing the lines drawn around Great Britain, Spain and Italy, those dead lines across which—credible insolence!—American ships were not to pass. Looking at them I thought I knew what America would say, and one would have been deceived and disappointed in America if she had not said what she did, and yet looking at the maps, studying them for the moment, we did not discuss that question. We looked at the narrow and tortuous lane that had been traced for the C. R. B. ships to follow, around the Orkneys and John O'Groat's and around Italy and Spain. Then Villalobar said, with his finger on the map of his own country:

"You haven't left us room enough even to go in swimming!"

I SPENT the whole of that next day, Saturday, at the Legation, waiting for word from Washington, and in the meantime sorting out and picking up papers, preparing to go. Sunday came and we waited all day at the Orangerie where it was still so peaceful, the great park all in the white solitude of the crisp snow. At tea time Villalobar arrived and even before he had spoken a word I could read in his face the news he had brought. The President had broken off diplomatic relations; he had it from Lancken, who had sent for him to tell him and had shown him the Reuter and Wolff dispatches. The Marquis had hardly spoken the words before Ruddock arrived with Gregory, just back from Holland.

"Yes," said Gregory, in his businesslike way, "the President has recalled Gerard and given Bernstorff his passports."

We sat there in what for the moment was futile discussion of the event, wondering what we should do with the *ravitaillement*.

In the days which followed, the Legation was crowded with callers every hour of the day. It was bitterly cold, and with the confusion of callers and cards, with trunks and packing-boxes everywhere, doors fanning icy blasts on one, and all the bustle of preparation to leave, the Legation was not a cheerful place. There is sadness in all parting, and there was something peculiarly saddening in this; men came to bid me good-by, tears in their eyes as they did so; and that evening when we escaped for dinner to the Allards', our good de Sincay, lifting his glass to propose my wife's health, made a touching little speech which he could not finish. Our situation had ever this unique quality, of which I fear I have not made enough in these pages: we were among friends who had grown very dear in the suffering we had shared. And now that we were going that very fact made it all the harder.

But though we said good-by we did not go, nor could we plan to go; I was waiting for instructions from Washington, and for Lancken's return from Berlin. And though there was anxiety and uncertainty, there was at least something like repose, for the news had stricken all action with a paralysis; we could only sit about and wait, while Ruddock and I wondered what to do with the cipher codes when we went, whether to burn them or to risk taking them with us.

Count Harrach called on behalf of the Governor-General who had just returned from Wiesbaden; the Governor-General was still ill and had taken to his bed at the chateau of Trois Fontaines. Count Harrach presented the Governor-General's compliments and expressed his hope that I arrange to stay in Belgium.

"His Excellency says it would be a calamity if the *ravitaillement* were to come to an end," said the Count. "He wishes very greatly that you stay, to insure its continuance. In Germany," he paused a moment, looked at me a moment, and went on: "In Germany, we have hardly enough to eat ourselves; we have none to give to the Belgians."

Through my mind there flashed the recollection of the logical arguments of all those theorists who had spoken so wisely on the Hague conventions and the duty of the occupant to nourish the population.

I had never had any illusions as to that euphemism, the rupture of diplomatic relations; it meant war, soon or late, and I had felt from the beginning that it would be impossible for the Americans long to remain in Belgium; they could not safely continue their work in the enemy country. But for me there was another complication. Diplomatically my position was simple enough. I had only to leave Belgium and proceed to Havre, where the Belgian Government was; but I could not go and leave the men of the C. R. B. behind. I had thought of that, too, in the watches of the night, and decided what I should do. Thus, while Harrach sat there, and after he had gone, I was turning the old problem over in my mind; the feeding of the Belgians must go on, the brave little nation must be kept alive—and the men of the C. R. B. must be got out of Belgium.

I HAD not known, even in Belgium, such days of black care and anxiety.

The question of my own unpleasant position aside, I was almost desperately concerned over the fate of the *ravitaillement* and weighed by the responsibility of those forty or fifty men in the C. R. B. I had asked for written assurances that they could leave the country at any time without molestation, and while these were promised they were not forthcoming; oral assurances had been given, it is true, at the *Politische Abteilung* and at the *Vermittlungstelle* but—with the Germans one never knew; from every interview with them, even when the most express and formal understanding and agreement had been reached, one came away with an uncomfortable feeling of uncertainty, wondering if, after all—

And yet, all things and all problems one day are settled,

and finally there came a telegram saying that the Queen of Belgium and the King of Spain had exchanged messages the result of which was an accord by which they would continue the *ravitaillement*. The Dutch Government had already selected the delegates who were to represent Holland in Belgium; it only remained for Spain to do the same.

I URGED that the Spanish and Dutch understudies for the delegates of the C. R. B. be brought immediately into Belgium and asked Villalobar to secure the promised assurances in writing from the Germans as to the immunity of our men, and Villalobar said he would procure them. The skies were beginning to clear.

The Spaniards and the Dutchmen arrived at last and on the twenty-second of March, Gregory began to install them in place of the Americans. He made the first changes in the north of France, where there were seven of our men, and these were to be sent at once by the Germans to Baden Baden to be quarantined for a fortnight; we had induced the Germans to shorten the period of cleansing to that length of time. Mr. Prentiss Gray had volunteered to remain as director for a while to instruct the new men in their duties after Mr. Gregory's departure, if Mr. Gregory ever got away, which sometimes we doubted. The news that crept in between the shining wires at the frontier was to the effect that all America was in the vast excitement of the honeymoon of war, so long ago experienced and forgotten by us. The delegates were waiting in Brussels, confined to the limits of the city on parole, and there is little doubt that all the time when the promised guaranties of immunity were from day to day delayed the Germans intended to hold them as hostages. I had it from an excellent source, and the Germans explained their reluctance to give the assurances concerning them by alleging a fear that the Americans might mistreat Germans in America. It was with such possibilities suspended over them that they waited—and I waited.

It came at last on Sunday, the twenty-fifth of March, a telegram from the President himself, resolving all hesitations, putting an end to the delay. At tea time Villalobar came in, his face long and dark. Gregory happened to be with me. The Marquis had a telegram from his colleague at The Hague. It was this:

"THE United States Representative begs that Your Excellency transmit to the American Minister at that capital the following cablegram dated at Washington, March twenty-third, and coming from the Secretary of State:

"At the request of the President I transmit instructions to you to leave Belgium immediately, accompanied by the personnel of your Legation, by the American consular officers and by the members of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. The Department begs you to telegraph the probable date of your departure from Belgium, as well as the route which you will follow and your plans."

It was a distinct relief, and Gregory sprang up at once to send the Dutch and Spanish delegates that night into the provinces.

When I went to talk with von Moltke about our departure, there was hemming and hawing; it would be impossible to get a special train; all of us could not go at once.

"Very well," I said, "if there are several trains, I shall go on the last."

"Why?"

"Why? Because when the ship is wrecked the captain goes over the side last."

Thus, to the old uncertainties so long endured, there

MY COUNTRY. MINE!

By I. B. ROBINSON

MY COUNTRY. Mine by right of ancient hold:

Mine by right of fathers who of old

Built thee on freedom, set thy walls foursquare,

Opened thy doors to men of everywhere.

Mine in the well-loved name of brotherhood:

By the strong ties of sacrifice, and blood.

Mine by thy liberty, held high and dear:

Mine in the hope which doth not yet appear:

My Country. Mine!

My Country. Mine, who came but yesterday

From lands befogged, to seek the sun-lit way.

Mine by the right of freedom's keen desire:

Mine by the love I left to seek thy fire:

Mine by the love I give thee, Land of Choice,

And by the thrill that answers to thy voice.

By all the hope and longing, clear and dim,

For my son, his son, and those after him:

My Country. Mine!

My Country. Mine, land of my heart and home.

Swift at thy call, as loyal sons we come,

From sunny orange grove, and rock-bound coast:

From grain-clad plains; from towns that millions boast;

Where stately river sweeps by fertile shore,

Or mountain torrents through great cañons roar;

From burning sands, from forests dark and still;

We come, in peace, or war, to do thy will.

My Country. Mine!

My Country. Mine, land of my birth or choice,

God give thee ears to hearken to His voice;

Justly to walk; with charity toward all

Who heed, or hear not, brotherhood's clear call.

God keep thee free from stain of greed or pride;

With Swords of Right, and Justice gird thy side.

God give thee strength to hold thy great desire;

Ever to raise thy standard higher, higher:

My Country. Mine!

came a new uncertainty as to whether we should go out at all. I had asked for a special train in which to take the legation staff, the consuls and their families, the C. R. B., and, the Chinese Government having broken off diplomatic relations with Germany, Sven Pousette, then charged with the representation of Chinese interests, had officially renewed the request of our Chinese colleagues that I take them out, too. But as von Moltke had intimated, it was proposed that the legation go one day, the consuls a few days later, and last of all the men of the C. R. B.

Meanwhile, in the midst of all these uncertainties and the anxieties the Legation continued to be thronged with callers who came to bid us farewell, the expression of that Belgian gratitude which was so real, so overwhelming and so constantly expressed that I was often embarrassed by it. All the officials, all the notables of the city, all our friends came, and it was beautiful and touching, but no expression was more so than the call of Cardinal Mercier. He came Thursday afternoon at tea time, tall, majestic, with the simplicity of the truly great—such blue eyes of virtue and lofty courage! He was accompanied by the Reverend Père Rutten, who wore the white robe of a Dominican father, back in Belgium again after many adventures; I had crossed the sea with him on my return from America in 1915. His Eminence expressed sorrow; and showed sorrow at our going. He spoke with beautiful appreciation of America and what America had done for Belgium, and said that Belgium had lost her "stay and support"—"*L'Amérique—la force, l'autorité d'une grande nation.*" His voice was vibrant with emotion; he was still a moment, and bowed his gray head.

ON FRIDAY morning—we counted those days as a prisoner might—Gregory arrived early to say that Reith had told him that the C. R. B. could not go out until the sixth of April, a week hence. I sent Ruddock at once to tell von Moltke that if the C. R. B. did not go on Monday I should not go; that they might do as they pleased, I would not go before the C. R. B.

Then Lancken sent to know if I could receive him at eleven o'clock; then he postponed the visit until afternoon. We had tea, and when he and my wife and I had chatted for a while he began to discuss the plans for our departure. He said that my train would be ready for Monday, but—the usual sinister "but" for which I was waiting—the C. R. B. could not go until the sixth, because Gregory had fixed that day.

"Very well," I said, "then I shall not go until the sixth."

He looked up in surprise; that would make trouble, he said; he would not be responsible for the military; they might do anything.

"Very well, let them do anything," I replied. "I will not go first, but last."

He said that it would be very difficult to change the arrangements and to send the C. R. B. Monday; the military might insist on their going into quarantine; there were difficulties—of all sorts.

"THAT is a grave decision," he said solemnly. "And you would accept all the consequences of it?"

"I do not know what you mean by 'the consequences,'" I said, "but let them be as grave as they will—imprison me, shoot me—so be it; I accept them. I will not leave first. With us the captain leaves the bridge only after all the others."

He promised to do all he could, and again expressed regret at seeing me go. He said he thought we should meet again soon, that the war was nearly over.

That night the seven C. R. B. men from the north of France left; that much at least was accomplished. And the next morning von Moltke telephoned that the train would be ready for Monday at six o'clock, for the C. R. B., the consuls, even for the Chinese who would go out with us.

Villalobar came to us at half-past four Monday afternoon and he and my wife and I had tea together in the sadness of those last moments. His motor, with the pretty red-and-yellow flag, the colors thenceforth to fly over the American Legation, was at the door to take us to the Gare du Nord; the motor of the Dutch Legation, with its orange flag, was there as well; and presently, bidding good-by to Gustave, and Joseph, and Golette, and Josephine, and Cécile, those servants who had been so faithful and so true during those trying days—Eugène and Marie were going with us—we drove away from the Legation amid their tears.

In the Place Rogier at the entrance to the Gare du Nord a great crowd was gathered, a crowd that filled all the space within the station. There had been, of course, no public announcement of our going, the hour was not known, yet the word had gone about in Brussels. And there, outside, and more inside, the crowd stood in silence. As we left the motors to enter the station the men gravely uncovered, and the women were in tears. It was very still; now and then a child was held out to me, its little hands outstretched, and low voices beside said:

"*Au revoir—et bientôt.*"

The crowd was massed inside the station, and the words were repeated over and over in that most affecting of farewells:

"*Au revoir—et bientôt.*"

Then the long farewells and the banalities with which the last moments are filled; finally, the men of the C. R. B., the consuls, the Chinese got aboard, the masses of flowers were carried into the coach. Then some one said that Josse Allard was there; that he could not get through the stile. I ran back, caught his eager face in the crowd, waved to him, and the crowd cheered. It was the only sound they had made, and, for their sakes, fearing a demonstration, I hastily withdrew and ran back to the carriage. I bade Lambert and then, the last, Villalobar, good-by. He presented my wife with a bouquet of forget-me-nots, and handed her into the train. The Baron von Falkenhäusen mounted the steps; von Moltke, who had been so kind, who had so admirably made all the perfect arrangements, stood at the salute. I climbed aboard. The train was moving.

As we drew out of the city I looked out of the window of our coach. Far across the expanse of rails, a great crowd was gathered, and above the mass of faces, blurred by the distance, there burst a white cloud of fluttered handkerchiefs. I went into the compartment alone and shut the door.



"I'm free to declare this health-giving fare
Is a most economical buy.
I strongly advise—as a word to the wise—
That you order an ample supply."



"Let me send you a dozen or more"

When your grocer says this, he speaks not merely for his own interest but for *yours*.

It is good advice from every point of view—health, economy, the pleasure and satisfaction of your family and, last but not least, to help carry out national conservation. For every reason it pays you to order a dozen or more at a time when you buy

Campbell's Tomato Soup

You get high food-value for your money. You avoid extra deliveries and you have this tempting nourishment right at hand just when you crave it and need it most.

Your entire meal is more inviting and more nutritious when it begins with this appetizing soup. For it is not only nourishing in itself but it also stimulates digestion and the other body processes which create strength

and energy, so that all your food does you more good.

Every can gives you two cans of wholesome soup. You save fuel—the soup is already cooked. You save labor and time and you have *no waste*—nothing to throw away. The United States Food Administration says "The crime of crimes is food thrown away!"

Order this invigorating soup by the dozen or the case. Serve it as a Cream of Tomato. And serve it *piping hot*.

21 kinds 12c a can

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon

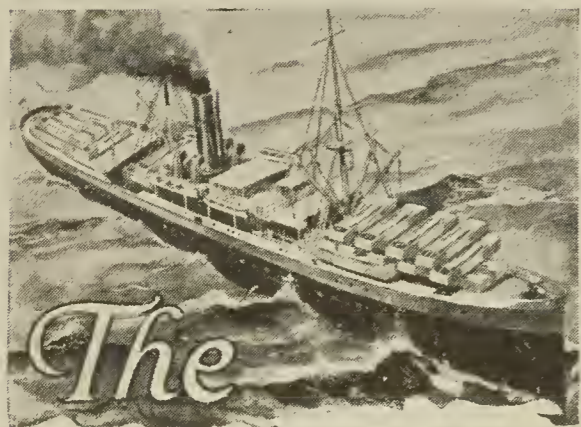
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail

Pea
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR BABIES

Maternal Nursing the First Line of Defense

By CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM, R. V.

Illustrated by FLORENCE McNALLY

DURING the war it was six times safer to be a soldier in the trenches in Europe than to be a baby in a cradle in the United States. The mother who sent her boy off to war was more likely to see him march back than the mother who watches over her baby in the cradle is to see her boy live through his first year.

If this makes you gasp a little, be prepared for another gasp. For it is that same loving mother watching over the cradle who, more than all other influences put together, is responsible for making the life of her baby such a dangerous adventure. Her baby has a precarious job on hand just to be a baby. In fact, being a baby may be called the most hazardous of all undertakings. And mostly because of his food.

He looks so safe and protected all tucked up in his bassinet it is hard to realize that he is fighting a big fight at much longer odds than his uncle or big brother over there on the fringeline. But he is. This bit of humanity, aged perhaps one day, is not only struggling to keep on being a live baby, but he is working overtime in starting to build the most wonderful structure known—a fine, strong, well body.

When you first take that lovely thing, your new baby, in your arms, he is not quite new, for his little body is really nine months old. He has spent nine months under ideal and perfect conditions for his life and growth and development. He has been kept warm, he has had exactly the right kind of nourishment, and, moreover, it has contained its various constituents in exactly the proper proportions, and they have been in the form which he could absorb with the least effort and waste. Suddenly after such an idyllic experience he makes the most complete and abrupt change in the entire span of his existence. He stands in this queer big world a separate entity, an isolated individual, suddenly forced, without taking it by easy stages, to tackle the biggest job ever undertaken by mere man.

As you hold him and he looks at you so inquiringly, he is saying, "I am here, mother, and I have a large order on my hands, but you have given me a good start and if you'll stand by me now, I'll make good. You have all of the materials that I need. What you give me now is of more importance than what all the rest of the people in the world can do. If you'll just stand by and help, I'll accomplish something that will do credit to us both. I'll have a good strong body; I don't mean only as a baby, but as a man helping to carry my share of things. I'll have fine straight limbs to bear me on my way, a good brain to help me take my place with the leaders of men, a well-poised nervous system that will make everything work together as it should—and even good teeth I'll have. Just help me, mother, to your limit, for your help matters most of all, and I'll put into real substance the splendid thing I am dreaming of." And you look back at this courageous little mite—look him straight in the eye and pledge yourself to stand by and do your share.

IN DOING your part, bear in mind one thing, first, last and for all time: you must nurse your baby if it is possible. Doctor Holt tells us that "mother's milk is the ideal infant food." Remember that—the ideal food. And so the biggest part in keeping your pledge to your little partner in this big undertaking is giving him maternal nursing if you can. Like most important facts, the reasons are very simple after they are boiled down. Your milk, if normal, is the food and building material that nature has provided for your baby, and nature does not make mistakes. As your baby told you when he looked at you so straight, it isn't only to keep him a well baby that he needs proper food, but he needs it to build that temple that is going to be a man some day, and that he wants to inhabit for threescore years and ten.

He must not only live from day to day, and have the materials used for heat, energy and waste that are normal to the mere act of living, but he has to have food for the brain and bone and teeth and muscles that will serve him fifty years from now.

He must have this food in exactly the right amount, at exactly the proper time and intervals; it must contain exactly the materials that he needs in exactly the right proportions. Not only that, but they must be given to him in the form that he can digest most easily. You know, of course, but I'll say it over again to remind you, that your baby, like you and me, needs nourishment containing the five food principles—fat, sugar, protein, water and mineral salts. But his little digestive tract is so delicately organized that things go well with him only if these are given to him in the amount and proportion in which they exist in normal mother's milk. He must also have the vitamins, those mysterious substances without which he can not develop normally. They also are found in mother's milk.

These food principles all work together in building the body and supplying its needs, but each has its own part to play. The fat produces heat and is used in building the bones, nerves and fat. The sugar produces heat and energy and makes fat; while protein builds the muscles, blood and organs of the body. The salts are particularly necessary in the development of the framework and hard parts of the body, such as the bones and teeth. The water holds the other constituents in a solution which the baby can digest and is important in carrying off body waste.

But, in spite of the fact that nature has provided a perfect food for babies, there are times when the maternal nursing is downright injurious to the individual baby and others when the mother simply can not nurse her child.

We will talk at length about all this later. But in general, remember that any substitute for maternal milk will have to be somewhat modified. Cow's milk, for example, which is next best to mother's milk, has too much protein and salt for your baby, and prepared foods usually too much sugar, so each must be modified accordingly. Keep your mind's eye fixed on what nature has decreed to be the proper baby food and imitate it as closely as you can, for besides living twenty-four hours a day and creating the strong enduring body which he needs to use, your baby has still another job on his hands, or a fight, perhaps I should say.

He has to resist the attacks of armies of troublesome little germs that are all about, and capable of undoing his work at the beginning. He wants to ward off the diseases of the digestive tract and respiratory organs, such as diarrhea and pneumonia, which are caused by germs. And he also wants to avoid rickets and scurvy, caused by unsuitable food. He has a big chance of doing this, if you will help him to build up a strong resisting army against these foes in the shape of his own body cells properly nourished, and also if you will keep all the germs you possibly can out of his lungs and intestines.

Remember that in building up this resistance many foods that are temporarily valuable are permanently injurious if used alone or for too

alcohol taken by the parent means a drop of stupidity for the child."

BUT the condition of your nerves is the most important factor of all in determining your success or failure as a nursing mother. The value of a perfectly ordered life as to diet, rest, etc., will be seriously impaired by such disturbances as anxiety, worry, anger, grief, fright or excitement. These emotions create actual poisons. The composition of the milk is changed and the baby is sometimes seriously affected. It may be necessary in such circumstances to temporarily discontinue breast feeding and substitute bottle feeding until your milk is normal. It is important for you to nurse your baby in a quiet room where you will not be disturbed nor interrupted; to nurse him with clocklike regularity and for the length of time prescribed, usually ten to twenty minutes. It is also important that neither you nor the baby should sleep during nursing, though he should pause about every five minutes so as not to nurse too rapidly. Give your nipples most scrupulous care. This means after first washing your hands thoroughly, to bathe them before and after each nursing with boric-acid solution and dry with a clean towel. Keep the baby very quiet after feeding. Rocking him, dancing him up and down, patting him, etc., are downright injurious.

If the supply of your milk is adequate, it is usually better to nurse your baby from only one breast at a feeding, being sure to alternate. If necessary, however, he may nurse from both breasts at each feeding. And don't forget the water. Your baby needs more water in proportion to his size than you do. During early infancy he needs in each twenty-four hours an amount of fluid equaling one-fifth his body weight. Give him cooled (not cold) boiled water between feedings. Do not sweeten it or add anything to it. Simply give pure water. Use a medicine dropper at first, dropping the water slowly into his mouth until he can use a spoon.

As to the time for nursing your baby, it is well to begin by putting him to the breast first when he is about six hours old. After that, every six hours during the first day, and on the second day, every four hours. Of course, he gets very little nourishment at first and what he does get is quite different in character from the milk that comes later. But these early feedings supply a definite need, get him into the habit of nursing, and stimulate the secretion of your milk. By the time his little stomach is ready, which is about the third day, you will, under average conditions, have all of the kind of milk that he needs. Should the supply be inadequate, however, or the quality poor for the first few days, supplementary bottle feedings may be necessary, but the breast feedings should be continued at the regular hours. This supplementary feeding must always be prescribed by a doctor.

After the third day, until the baby is three months old, he will normally thrive on seven feedings in the course of twenty-four hours. These should be given at three-hour intervals during the day, with one feeding at two A.M. From the third to the sixth month, give six feedings at three-hour intervals, with no night feeding, and after six months, five feedings at three-hour intervals with none at night.

But bear constantly in mind that though this applies to the rank and file of babies, no one rule can be laid down for all the babies in the land; and so the duration and intervals of your baby's feedings must be fitted to his particular needs by the doctor who is watching his development.

The needs of different babies vary widely. A very vigorous baby burns up more fuel, and requires more food than one which is quiet and lethargic.

His weight is the best indicator that you have. The average baby weighs from seven to seven and a half pounds at birth. He loses four to eight ounces during the first week. After this he usually gains four to eight ounces a week till the sixth month; from the sixth to the twelfth month he gains two to four ounces a week. He doubles his weight during the first five or six months and triples it by the end of a year. You should weigh your baby every week, and keep his weight chart carefully.

If he is being properly nourished he will not only gain in weight. He will seem satisfied and fall asleep at the breast or be content after ten to twenty minutes' nursing.

He will have two or three normal bowel movements daily. His color will be good. He will sleep two or three hours after nursing, and while awake, except for the normal amount of crying that is part of his exercise, he will be quiet, generally good-natured, and apparently comfortable.

If his nourishment is not just right in quantity or quality there will not be the steady gain, and there may even be a loss of weight. He may be restless and fretful, sleep poorly and seem to have very little energy and playfulness. He will demand frequent nursing, and want to remain long at the breast. He may cry, vomit or have colic after he finishes.

Do not make the mistake of asking your neighbors or relatives for advice about the care and feeding, particularly the feeding, of your baby. Talk to your doctor. He is the only one qualified to give advice which you are safe in following. Your job in the partnership is to keep a well baby well, and, like Alice in Wonderland, you've got to run very fast to stay where you are.

See a doctor once a week during the first three months, and after that once a month until your baby is a year old. His first year is the most critical time.



Breast feeding at regular hours is most important

long a time. But your good friend, Nature, saw to it that your milk contained such growth-producing substances as are found in no other form of infant food; that it was free from germs; that it would give your baby greater resistance against disease than any other food; that it contained the necessary constituents in proper form and in right proportion, and that it contained the all-important vitamins, the absence of which produces definite grave symptoms. Moreover, breast milk is always ready and never sour, and it does not have to be prepared or measured.

But of course to supply this ideal food to your baby, you yourself must be in good condition. And to be in good condition, you must live a simple, normal life, with plenty of rest; at least eight hours' sleep out of every twenty-four. Moderate exercise out-of-doors, always kept within the limit of fatigue. You need a generous, simple diet, with a large quantity of milk or gruels made with milk, and plenty of the common fruits and vegetables.

Strong tea and coffee must be avoided, as well as all highly seasoned foods and salads—the latter, because of upsetting your own digestion, rather than because of any direct effect they have upon your baby. The use of alcohol in any form by a nursing mother is generally condemned by those who have studied this question carefully. Dr. D. D. Bezzola, of Switzerland, goes so far as to say, "The time may come when we shall see that every drop of

THE following DELINEATOR Health Leaflets may be had for the asking if you will send a stamped, addressed envelope to THE DELINEATOR:

1. Outline for talk on the care of babies' eyes.
2. Directions for the care of your baby's eyes.
3. Suggestions for organizing local work to prevent blindness among babies.
4. Weight chart for baby's first year.
5. Daily schedule for the feeding and care of your baby during first year.
6. Rules for the nursing mother.

Pro-phy-lac-tic
to
the
Boys
Has
Gone

**A Clean
Tooth
Never
Decays**

Our soldiers over seas needed these Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes, our Government wanted them, and though it may mean that there will be a scarcity of Pro-phy-lac-tics in American stores until next summer, we are sending the brushes across.

Don't lose or mislay the brush you now own.

In youth's and children's sizes the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush will still be on sale, but practically every machine that makes a man's size brush is now making it for a soldier.

Florence Manufacturing Co.
33 Pine Street
Florence, Mass.

APPLES

Their Place in the Winter Menu

By MARIA LINCOLN PALMER

BY EATING apples freely you are carrying out the food-conservation program, to say nothing of improving your health. One medium-sized apple equals in food value one tablespoon of sugar; but it contains water, cellulose, mineral matter and vitamins, all invaluable as body regulators.

The delicate flavor of the apple is like concentrated sunshine; you know it belongs to the rose family. Apples help to neutralize the excess acid produced in the body by too much protein. The juices of the apple stimulate the flow of digestive secretion.

Buy apples for home use in the Fall and store in a cool dry place. Pick them over occasionally and remove those which are imperfect. Apples wrapped in paper, and packed in boxes, retain their original freshness longer. American Army cooks are instructed to use apples freely. We are sending hundreds of bushels to hospitals for recuperating soldiers. An invalid, however, should not be given uncooked apples because of the starch and cellulose they contain. Baked they are more easily digested than in any other form. It is a good plan for most people to eat at least one raw apple, skin and all, a day, preferably before breakfast.

Apples may be cooked in such a variety of ways that they fit in almost any part of the menu. Dishes made from the following recipes have been found unusually tempting and palatable.

Danish Apple Cake

1 cup scalded milk 1 yeast cake
4 tablespoons butter 2 eggs
substitute Barley and rye flour
4 tablespoons brown 1 tablespoon melted
sugar butter substitute
¼ teaspoon salt 6 tart apples

PREPARE the apples by removing the cores and cutting in thin slices lengthwise. Combine the milk, butter substitute, sugar and salt. When cooled to a lukewarm temperature, add the yeast cake, unbeaten eggs and enough well-sifted rye and barley flour to make a stiff dough. Cover, allow to rise until double in bulk, and cut down with a knife. Let rise again, roll out into a sheet of dough one inch thick, and place in a well-oiled large rectangular bread-pan. Spread a tablespoon of melted substitute and arrange thin slices of apples over the top. Press the edges of slices into the dough so that they will not slip off.

Sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon. Cover the pan with a clean cloth and let rise. Bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cut into three-inch squares and serve with whipped cream while hot. The cake also may be served plain and cold.

Apple Pudding

2 cups rye flour 4 apples cut in eighths
4 teaspoons baking- ¼ teaspoon salt
powder ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 tablespoon brown 2 tablespoons butter
sugar substitute
¾ cup milk

MIX and sift dry ingredients; work in the butter substitute; add milk gradually, mixing with a knife or spatula. Turn on floured board and roll out; place apples on middle of dough; sprinkle with the brown sugar mixed with salt and nutmeg. Fold dough around apples, and carefully place in a well-oiled mold. If preferred, apples may be scattered over paste, and a roll made.

Cover closely, steam one hour and twenty minutes, and serve with vanilla sauce. Eight apples may be cooked until soft in granite kettle on top of range, then sprinkled with sugar and covered with the dough rolled out size to fit in kettle, covered tightly, and steamed fifteen minutes. When turned on dish for serving, apples will be on top.

Sugarless Apple Pie

4 or 5 sour apples 1 teaspoon butter
½ cup corn-sirup substitute
½ teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon lemon-
juice
3 whole cloves or ¼
teaspoon cinnamon

LINE pie-pan with paste. Pare, core and slice apples. Put pieces of apples around plate, in regular order, not too close to edge, then in center, where pile slightly. Mix corn-sirup, salt, lemon-juice, and spice and pour over apples. Dot with butter substitute, cover with paste, and bake.

Escalloped Apples

8 sliced apples Juice of one lemon
¼ cup brown sugar 1 cup of well-oiled
¼ teaspoon grated bread-crums
nutmeg

COMBINE the ingredients in the order given, placing apples as a first layer in a well-oiled baking-dish. Sprinkle with nutmeg and sugar; add some of the lemon-juice and a portion of the bread-crums. Continue with other layers until all ingredients are used. Bake until apples are tender. Serve hot.

Baked Apples with Rice

6 apples ½ cup dates
1½ cup corn-sirup ¼ cup nuts
2½ cups cooked rice

PARE and core the apples, and cut into eighths. Place in baking-dish covered with the corn-sirup, and cook slowly until the apples are tender. Add the cold rice, dates and nuts. Mix thoroughly; cook until all ingredients are heated through.

Baked Apples

6 apples 6 tablespoons light-
2-3 cup boiling water brown sugar

SELECT smooth apples of uniform size, wash, core and place in shallow pan. Fill the centers with sugar, pour water about them and bake till tender, twenty to forty minutes, according to size and variety of apples. Taste while baking. A little lemon-juice or cinnamon may be added for flavor.

Chopped nuts or raisins may be mixed with sugar for filling apples.

Baked Apple Sauce

3 cups tart apples, 1 tablespoon lemon-
washed, cored and juice
quartered 1 stick cinnamon
1½ cup water 2 cups of corn-sirup

PLACE the ingredients in a well-oiled baking-dish, and bake slowly in a moderate oven for two hours.

Apple Dumpling

1 cup rice flour ¼ cup brown sugar
1 cup rye flour 1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon salt 2-3 cup liquid
2 tablespoons short- 4 teaspoons baking-
ening powder
6 good-sized apples

SIFT flour, baking-powder and salt into mixing-bowl. Add shortening, using two knives for blending. Then gradually add liquid. Care must be used in this mixing, more or less liquid being required by different flours. The dough should be stiff enough to roll, but not sticky or crumbly. Divide into six equal portions and roll evenly into circular pieces half an inch thick. Pare and core apples, and place one on each piece of dough, folding neatly to enclose. Bake or steam until apples are tender. Apples may be cut in sections, if desired. Serve with sauce or cream.

Apalota

2 cups cooked rolled ½ cup bread-crums
oats 1 tablespoon butter
1 large apple substitute
½ cup brown sugar

PARE and slice apple. Spread half the cooked rolled oats in an oiled baking-dish. Add half each of the apple and sugar. Repeat layer, using the remaining materials. Cover with bread-crums and fat blended. Bake in a moderate oven until apples are tender.

Apple-Sauce Cake

1-3 cup butter sub- 1½ cups raisins
stitute 1 teaspoon soda
1 cup brown sugar 2 tablespoons warm
¼ teaspoon cloves water
1 teaspoon cinnamon 1 cup apple sauce
¼ teaspoon nutmeg 2 cups rye flour
1 cup rice flour

CREAM the shortening and sugar and add spices and raisins. Dissolve soda in warm water, stir into apple sauce, and add to first mixture. Beat thoroughly, and lastly add the well-sifted flour. Pour loaf-pan three-fourths full, and bake forty-five minutes in a slow oven.

Apple Tapioca

¾ cup pearl tapioca ½ teaspoon salt
3½ pints cold water 1½ cup corn-sirup
7 apples

CORE, pare and slice apples. Soak tapioca one hour. Add to other ingredients and bring to boiling-point. Place in fireless cooker one and one-half hours, or cook slowly on back of range.

Apple Omelet

MAKE a plain omelet and when ready to fold over, pour over it one cupful of thick apple sauce. Fold over carefully and serve.

Old Virginia Fried Apples

5 thin slices of bacon 6 large apples
1 cup of light molasses

FRY bacon till crisp, and place on a hot platter. To the hot fat left in the frying-pan, add apples that have been cored and cut in thin slices. Fry about twenty minutes or until soft and golden brown in color, stirring constantly. Add the molasses and cook twenty minutes longer. Garnish the bacon with the fried apples.

Apple Pudding with Sweet Potatoes

5 small sweet potatoes ½ cup maple-sirup
½ cup water 5 small apples
4 tablespoons short- ½ teaspoon salt
ening

WASH the potatoes and boil for ten minutes with jackets on. Remove the skins and cut potatoes in small pieces. Pare and chop the apples and place with alternate layers of sweet potatoes in a well-oiled baking-dish, seasoning each layer with salt and shortening. Continue the layers until all the ingredients are used. Pour over the pudding water and maple-sirup and place in oven, cooking slowly until the apples are soft.

Sugarless Apple Pudding

½ cup corn-meal ¾ cup molasses
4 cups milk 2¼ cups apples, thin-
ly sliced
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger

SCALD the milk in a double boiler, add corn-meal, and cook forty minutes; then add the salt, ginger and molasses. Pour into baking-dish and bake for one hour, stirring frequently. Add the apples and bake one hour longer without stirring. Serve with cream.

Apple and Rice Flour Pudding

1¼ cup milk 2 tablespoons cold
2 tablespoons rice water
flour 3 tart apples
3 tablespoons maple- 1 tablespoon butter
sirup substitute
½ teaspoon vanilla

SCALD the milk. Mix the two tablespoons of water with the flour, pour into hot milk, and cook until smooth and thick. Core and slice the apples, and place in a well-oiled baking-dish. Add maple-sirup, butter substitute and vanilla. Make alternate layers of the thick sauce and the apples with seasoning, covering the top with sauce. Bake the

pudding for one and one-quarter hours in a moderate oven.

Potato Apple Pudding

½ cup raisins 4 medium-sized
½ cup corn-sirup apples
½ pound boiled and 2 eggs
mashed potatoes 1 small stick cinnamon
1 tablespoon lemon- Small amount grated
juice lemon-rind
2 tablespoons butter 2 tablespoons rice
substitute flour

WASH, pare and slice the apples. Cook in the sirup until tender. Put through a strainer. Rice the potatoes and mix with the apples; add the melted butter substitute, the well-beaten eggs, flour, spices and lemon-juice. Put the mixture into a well-oiled baking-dish, and bake forty minutes. The pudding may be varied by adding the yolks only to the mixture, baking until firm, and piling up roughly on the top stiffly beaten whites mixed with two tablespoons of maple-sirup, then drying off and browning it in the oven.

Conservation Baked Apples

6 apples ¼ cup hot water
1 cup sirup ½ cup raisins.

WASH and core the apples, fill the centers with raisins and place in a baking-pan. Mix the sirup and water and pour half of it over the apples. Bake in a hot oven until fruit is soft, basting with the remainder of the sirup. If the sirup hardens around the apples while cooking, hot water may be added. When baking is finished, there should be about a cupful of sirup.

Sauté Apples and Onions

5 medium-sized apples ½ cup water
4 medium-sized onions 2 tablespoons short-
½ teaspoon salt ening

PUT the shortening in a frying-pan and heat. Add the onions cut in small slices. Cook until golden brown, then add the apples that have been cored and cut in thin slices and lastly the water and salt. Cook until apples are tender. Best results are obtained if this is done in a covered vessel, removing the cover five minutes before serving and allowing the apples and onions to turn a golden brown.

Conservation Apple Pudding

WASH, pare, core and quarter nine juicy apples. Place in a covered saucepan and add one and one-half cupful of hot water. Set on the back of the range or over a low fire and allow to cook slowly for twelve or fifteen minutes. Then add one and one-half cupful of molasses. Make a soft biscuit dough using half rye and half rye flour. Make the dough as soft as possible. Pat to one-inch thickness and cover the apples closely with the sheet of dough. Continue cooking over the stove for twenty minutes. Then place the pan in oven, and bake slowly until the crust is a golden brown. Serve with any pudding sauce.

Plain Apple-Pudding Sauce

1 cup apple-juice 2 tablespoons butter
1 cup brown sugar substitute
2 tablespoons corn- 1 tablespoon lemon-
starch juice
1 cup boiling water

MIX sugar and corn-starch in saucepan. Pour in boiling water, and cook from five to ten minutes, till thick and nearly clear, stirring constantly. Add butter substitute, apple-juice and lemon-juice and strain. The yolk of an egg may be blended with sauce just before straining, and the white beaten stiffly folded in after.

Apple Pie

4 or 5 sour apples ½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon lemon-juice ½ cup corn-sirup
3 whole cloves or ¼ 1 teaspoon butter
teaspoon cinnamon substitute

LINE pie-pan with paste. Pare, core and slice apples. Put pieces of apples around plate, in regular order, not too close to edge, and work toward center until pan is filled. Pile slightly in center. Mix corn-sirup, lemon-juice, cinnamon (if used), and sprinkle over apples. Dot with butter substitute. Cover with upper crust. Use wheatless pie-crust.

Wheatless Pie-Crust

1½ cup rye flour Ice-water
½ cup rice flour ½ teaspoon salt
7½ tablespoons shortening

RUB shortening into sifted flour and salt; add the ice-water gradually, just sufficient to form dough. Toss on a lightly floured board, roll to a thin sheet. Above quantities will make two small double crusts. For tarts, cut with a large-sized biscuit-cutter and line the molds of a well-oiled muffin-tin. Bake twelve minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Apple Snow

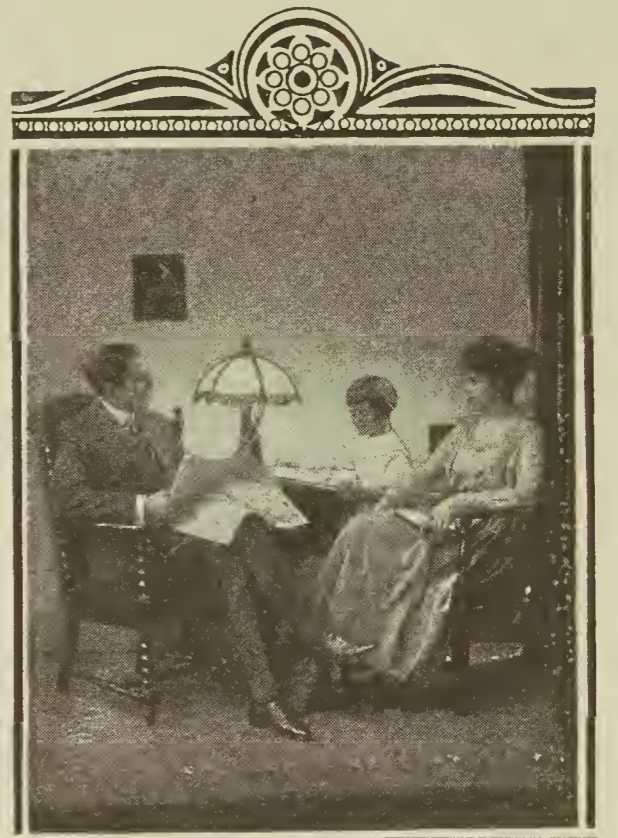
4 sour apples 2 egg-whites
1 tablespoon lemon- ¼ cup brown sugar
juice

STEAM the apples until very soft, force them through a colander; add lemon-juice and sugar and cool. Then add the unbeaten whites of eggs and beat with a wire whisk until the mixture is stiff and white. Pile it up lightly in the center of a glass dish, and pour soft custard around it.

Apple-Batter Pudding

7 medium-sized apples ½ teaspoon salt
½ cup maple-sirup 4½ teaspoons baking-
½ teaspoon cinnamon powder
2½ cups barley flour ¾ cup milk

PARE and chop apples; place in a pan and pour over sirup and cinnamon. Sift flour, salt and baking-powder together, and add the milk. Pour batter over apples, and bake until fruit is soft. Serve with lemon sauce.



"I wonder, Mary, if coffee really harms one as much as some folks think?"

"Well, John, you wouldn't give coffee to little Jack, would you? You know well enough that coffee harms children, and it must be relatively harmful to adults."

"Yes, I've been told that if I want to get rid of my indigestion and nervousness I'll have to quit coffee. But what is a fellow to drink with meals?"

Instant Postum

answers this question perfectly. Made of cereals, it is free from caffeine, and mighty delicious! There's no loss, but much gain, in using this pure drink, with its coffee-like flavor.

Instant Postum is made in the cup, at table, in a moment. Very convenient and economical. Needs but little sugar.

Remember! When you serve Postum, the children—"little Jack" and all the rest—may have their hot cup with safety and keen enjoyment.

"There's a Reason" for
POSTUM



Wheat Bubbles In a Bowl of Milk For Any Hungry Hour

Puffed Grains are the most enticing grain foods in existence.

They are bubble-like grains, airy, thin and flaky, puffed to eight times normal size.

They are crisp and toasted, fragile and flimsy, almond-like in flavor.

Millions know that nothing else adds such attractions to a bowl of milk.

But Remember This:

Puffed Grains are also ideal foods from scientific standpoints.

The Puffed Grain process was invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson, formerly of Columbia University. And the purpose is to fit whole grains for easy, complete digestion.

After applying a fearful heat, the grains are steam exploded by being shot from guns.

Every food cell is blasted. More than 100 million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

Thus digestion is made easy. Puffed Grains never tax the stomach. Every atom feeds.

Such foods are more than breakfast dainties. They are ideal all-hour foods. Let children have them—all they want—whenever they are hungry.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains—Each 15c Except in Far West



Serve with cream, or melted butter, or mixed with fruit.
For luncheons or suppers float in bowls of milk.
The grains are four times as porous as bread.

Use in soups.
Use like nut meats in home candy making, or as garnish for ice cream.
Crisp and lightly butter for hungry children after school.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(2066)

A VALENTINE ROMANCE A CHILDREN'S PLAY

Adapted from the story "THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER," by Hans Christian Andersen

For use in The Delineator's Children's Theater

DIRECTIONS FOR SETTING UP THE THEATER

Make the theater out of a pasteboard box the same size as the arch. Cut the picture of the house and the river out of the arch and paste the arch on the lid of the box. Then cut out of the lid the same space the picture occupied. Paste this picture on the inside of the bottom of the box. Set the box on its side, the long way. This forms the stage, with the back drop already in place. Then place the rest of the scenery. The well and the tree are wings and should be pasted on either side of the stage, half-way in. A few inches in front of these paste the flower-boxes, or sets. This forms the setting for the second act. Cut out the valentine and stand it against the wings for the first and third acts. The characters are to be mounted on long strips of cardboard and inserted through the opening made in the side of the box, when they come in for their parts, as shown in the picture below.

ONCE upon a time in the nursery there lived a valentine, and on the valentine lived the Hero and Heroine who were very much in love with each other. Also in the nursery lived a Jumping-Jack and a Tin Soldier whom the Jumping-Jack wanted to see married to the Heroine.

Act I

Scene: The nursery.
(The HERO and the HEROINE are discovered on the stage. Enter JUMPING-JACK and TIN SOLDIER.)

JUMPING-JACK (to HEROINE): Marry the Tin Soldier and you will get a model husband. He is made of the finest quality of tin, so that he will last for a long, long time.

HEROINE: I don't want him to last for a long time! I don't want him for a husband!

JUMPING-JACK: He is a great soldier and your title as his wife will be Sergeant-Generalissimo - Director - in - Chief - Commander-Most High.

HEROINE (almost in tears): I don't want any title. I don't want to marry the Tin Soldier.

JUMPING-JACK: We'll see. Just wait. We'll see. To-night, when the children are in bed! (Exit JUMPING-JACK and TIN SOLDIER.)

HEROINE: I should like to beg you to go out with me into the wide world, for we can not remain here. I am afraid of the Jumping-Jack. He said I must marry the Tin Soldier to-night.

HERO: I'll do whatever you like. Let us start directly!

HEROINE: If we were only safely out of the nursery! I shall not be happy until we are out in the wide world.

HERO: Have you really courage to go into the wide world with me? Have you considered how wide the world is and that we can never come back here?

HEROINE: I have.
HERO: Then let us start at once. We will go to the little house with the river running by. Look, you can see it on the valentine. And there is a real well where we can draw our water. Come! (Exit HERO and HEROINE.)

Act II

Scene: The big, wide world.
(Enter HERO and HEROINE.)

HEROINE (tearfully): This is too much, I can not bear it. The world is too large! If I were only back on the valentine in the nursery. I shall never be happy until I am there again. Now I have followed you out into the wide world, you may accompany me back again if you really love me.

HERO: I will take you back, but I am afraid that the Jumping-Jack will be very angry and will make you marry the Tin Soldier at once.

HEROINE: Perhaps he has missed us and will forgive us both and let us marry each other.

(Exit HERO and HEROINE.)

Act III

Scene: The nursery again.
(The TIN SOLDIER is on the stage when the HERO and HEROINE enter. The HEROINE is very glad to be back and looks eagerly about.)

HEROINE: But where is the Jumping-Jack?

TIN SOLDIER: He was broken when he was pursuing you when you wickedly ran away from the nursery.

HEROINE (wringing her hands): Oh, that is terrible! The Jumping-Jack has fallen to pieces and it is all our fault. (To HERO.) What shall we do? I shall never survive it.

TIN SOLDIER (moved at the grief of the HEROINE): He can be mended. Don't be so violent. They are glueing him now.

(Enter JUMPING-JACK.)
JUMPING-JACK: Well, you see, you are back again. You might have saved yourself the trouble of running away. Now I hope you are ready to marry the Tin Soldier.

HEROINE (weeping): Oh, please, Jumping-Jack, don't make me do that. I am very, very sorry I made you get broken, and I will do anything else you say, anything!

HERO: We will be very good, Jumping-Jack, if you will consent to our marriage. We will never run away from the nursery again.

JUMPING-JACK (relenting): Well, perhaps—yes, I think you can be married.

HERO and HEROINE (together): Thank you, thank you! We will be grateful to you forever.

(The HERO and HEROINE were married and lived happily together on the valentine without a thought for the big wide world.)



Fig. 1

The Hero and the Heroine in Act I, leaving the nursery for a journey into the big world

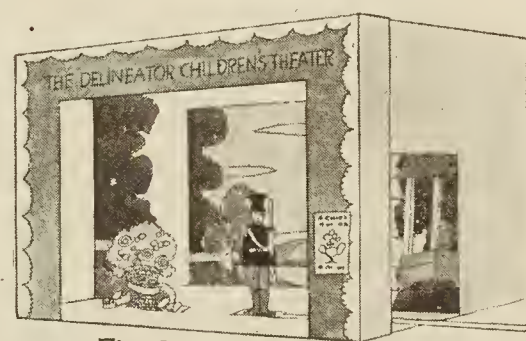


Fig. 2

The big world, which the Hero and Heroine found in Act II

FEBRUARY FESTIVITIES

FEBRUARY is the month for festivities, perhaps because it holds three holidays—Saint Valentine's Day, Lincoln's Birthday, and Washington's Birthday. There will be dinners, dances, luncheons and parties of every sort, and in planning yours you will undoubtedly want help. Write to Grace Lee Davison, telling her the kind of party you wish to give and the approximate age of the guests you will entertain. She will gladly give you suggestions to make your party a really festive one. Address Grace Lee Davison, The Delineator Service Department, Butterick Building, New York, accompanying your request with a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

DELINEATOR VALENTINES

A CHARMING page of nine dainty valentines which may be cut out and used for place-cards or slipped in an envelope and mailed to little folks' little friends, will be sent upon receipt of request addressed to The Delineator Service Department and accompanied by two three-cent stamps for postage.

UPON receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope we shall be glad to forward you any of the following recipes: Peanut-Butter Cutlets; Peanut Roast; Peanut Cookies; Peanut-Butter and Fruit for Sandwiches; Cottage-Cheese and Peanut Loaf; Peanut-Butter Loaf. Address: Home Economics Editor, The Delineator Service Department, Butterick Building, New York.

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Modern music on a modern instrument—that is the Columbia keynote. The Columbia Record Catalog is musically as up-to-date as the newest Grafonola. No true lover of music, and least of all no Grafonola owner, can afford to be without this complete encyclopedia of the world's best music, new and old. Every page is full of fascinating suggestion and all the joy of anticipation. This book has a big message for music lovers. It says to you just this—"all the music of all the world is yours on the Columbia Grafonola." Get your copy and see if it isn't so. Any Columbia dealer will gladly send or give you a complimentary copy.

Columbia Grafonolas—Standard Models up to \$300. Period Designs up to \$2100.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY NEW YORK





BAKER'S COCONUT

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THE FRANKLIN BAKER CO.
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EAT PEANUTS AND SAVE MEAT

By ELIZABETH BOHN

THIS is one of our important food-saving slogans, and will readily find favor in most American households, for, as a nation, from small boy to grandfather, we have usually a weakness for the palatable "goober." During the war this already popular Yankee groundnut came into great demand, and the time is fast approaching when the peanut-consuming elephant must forego his much-coveted refreshment, and it will no longer be necessary for the circus manager to post the reproofing sign: "Do Not Feed Peanuts to the Elephant."

The modern food chemist, from the dark recesses of his mysterious laboratory, has announced that this apparently inconsequential legume contains protein and fat comparable with flesh food; also a high percentage of starch. For this reason peanuts should be thoroughly roasted or cooked before eating. The large quantity of protein found in peanuts requires that they be cooked slowly, as is recommended for any protein food.

Peanuts are too concentrated a food to use between meals or as a food accessory. In nutritious value they compare with meat and other protein foods, so they can be used as a true meat substitute.

Owing to their lack of mineral matter and vitamins, peanuts should be combined with foods containing them. Meat not only grows more costly daily, but also scarcer. On the other hand, peanuts are inexpensive and plentiful. The acreage in the United States increased from one million in 1914 to three million in 1917; and the nutritious "goober" crop brought seventy-five million dollars last year.

Long before the war, chefs found that the common peanut could be used to dress up such plain and tasteless food as boiled rice; so let us follow in the footsteps of these culinary artists and see if we can not use more peanuts in the home.

The recipes that follow have been prepared to encourage the use of peanuts as a meat substitute. When using them in your home do not serve peanut cutlets and sirloin steak at the same meal, but keep in mind that peanuts contain more protein than the same amount of steak.

Peanut Butter

PURCHASE well-roasted peanuts in the shell. Hull and remove imperfect ones. Put peanuts through food-chopper twice, using finest blade, or mash with a potato-masher. Season to taste with salt and, if desired, salad oil or salad dressing. Store in sealed glass jars in cool place.

Peanut Croquettes

2 cups cooked rice $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick white sauce 1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt $\frac{1}{4}$ cup ground peanuts

PREPARE thick white sauce with one tablespoon butter substitute, two tablespoons flour, one-half cup of milk, salt and pepper seasoning. Allow to cool.

Mix rice, ground peanuts, white sauce, well-beaten egg and seasoning. Shape into small rectangles and sauté until brown in iron frying-pan well oiled with vegetable fat.

Peanut Scraple

1 cup yellow corn-meal $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 1 quart boiling water $\frac{3}{4}$ cup hominy-grits
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped peanuts 1 quart hot milk

COMBINE hot milk and boiling water, bring to boil, and add corn-meal, hominy-grits and seasoning. Stir constantly, until the liquid is thickened by the cereal. Cook one hour and fifteen minutes, stirring frequently to prevent sticking and burning at bottom. Just before the last ten minutes of cooking add the chopped peanuts and cheese.

Remove scraple from pan, place in rectangular deep bread-pan and allow to cool. When ready to use, cut in small slices and fry in vegetable fat until brown, or place in a well-oiled baking-pan, sprinkle with grated cheese, and bake until the cheese forms a hard crust and gives the appearance of oven-baked cornmeal mush.

Peanut and Carrot Loaf

1 cup chopped carrots 1 cup strained tomatocs
 1 cup crums matocs
 1 cup coarse ground peanuts 2 eggs
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon butter Salt to taste
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper 1 teaspoon chopped parsley

CHOP separately, carrots and peanuts, until very fine, or put them through the food-chopper, using coarse knife. Put tomatoes through a strainer. Mix the ingredients and form into loaf. Place in a well-oiled individual pan and bake one hour and fifteen minutes in moderate oven.

Baked Macaroni and Peanuts

2 cups cooked macaroni 1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup well-oiled bread-crumbs $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika

COVER with boiling water two cups macaroni broken in small pieces, strain and boil twenty minutes. Place cooked macaroni in well-oiled baking-dish. Prepare white sauce with the butter substitute, flour, milk, seasoning, and add peanut butter. The last five minutes of cooking, pour sauce over macaroni, sprinkle top with bread-crumbs, cover and bake in a slow oven forty-five minutes. Sprinkle with crums, after removing cover, before last fifteen minutes of baking.

Baked Peanuts

COVER two cups of shelled raw peanuts with cold water and soak overnight. In the morning place over fire and boil ten minutes. Then remove the water. Add two tablespoonfuls of salt pork cut in small pieces, place mixture in well-oiled baking-dish and bake until thoroughly cooked and well browned.

If extra seasoning is desired, a small quantity of catsup, salt, molasses and mustard may be added during the baking, as for baked beans.

Baked Rice and Peanuts

3 cups cold boiled rice 1 teaspoon salt
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup shelled peanuts 2-3 cup milk
 2 tablespoons butter 1 teaspoon Worcester-substitute
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika shire sauce

PLACE a layer of cold boiled rice in a well-oiled baking-dish. Cover with a layer of peanuts, ground in the food-chopper and mixed with salt, Worcestershire sauce and paprika. Continue making layers after this manner until all ingredients are used. Melt the butter substitute in milk and pour over layers. Bake twenty-five minutes in moderate oven.

Meat Substitute

1 small can Lima beans 1 teaspoon salt
 1 cup well-roasted shelled peanuts 1 egg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika 2 cups well-seasoned mashed potatoes
 1 teaspoon onion-juice $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk

GRIND the peanuts, using the finest blade of the food-chopper. Into a well-oiled baking-dish place a layer of potatoes, a layer of beans, and a layer of peanuts. Continue making layers until all the ingredients are used. Blend milk with well-beaten egg and seasoning, and pour over the top. Bake in a moderate oven until brown.

Peanut Chops

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices rye bread
 6 tablespoons top-milk 1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika
 Cracker-crumbs

CUT crust from bread and divide in lengthwise strips. Spread peanut butter on both sides of each strip. Add top-milk and seasoning to the egg and beat the mixture thoroughly. Dip strips of bread into mixture, remove, drain and dip into sifted cracker-crumbs. Put in a well-oiled bread-pan and bake in a hot oven until golden brown.

Sweet Potatoes and Peanut Balls

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked sweet potatoes 1 cup peanut butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika

MASH sweet potatoes until smooth. Add peanut butter and seasoning. Shape in balls. Roll in sifted war bread-crumbs and dip in beaten-egg mixture, then bread-crumbs again. Sauté in a small amount of vegetable fat.

Peanut Sweet Potatoes Glazed

WASH and boil four medium-sized sweet potatoes. Cook until tender in boiling water to which a small amount of salt has been added. Drain potatoes, cut in lengthwise pieces, place in well-oiled pan and pour over them one-third cup of maple-sirup in which four tablespoonfuls of peanut butter have been blended. Cook until brown, basting frequently.

Peanut Soufflé

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter 1 cup scalded milk
 4 tablespoons rice flour 1 teaspoon salt
 1 tablespoon butter Few drops of lemon-substitute
 2 eggs juice

MELT the shortening and add rice flour, peanut butter and seasoning. Cook for three minutes, stirring constantly. Add scalded milk and continue cooking until the mixture reaches the boiling-point. Remove from the fire, pour the hot mixture over the well-beaten yolks. Cool, and fold in the egg-whites that have been beaten until stiff and dry. When the egg-whites are thoroughly combined with the other ingredients place in a shallow baking-dish and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven. Serve immediately.

Peanut Rarebit

2 tablespoons rice flour 1 cup scalded milk
 1 tablespoon butter 1 egg
 substitute 1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese

MELT the shortening and add flour, peanut butter and seasoning. Cook three minutes and add scalded milk. Cook until mixture thickens, remove from fire, and pour over well-beaten egg. Beat until thoroughly combined. Serve with war bread, toast or crackers.

Cream-of-Peanut Soup

4 cups milk 2 tablespoons flour
 1 tablespoon chopped onions $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon butter 1 teaspoon salt
 substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika

SCALD milk in a double boiler. Melt butter substitute, add chopped onion, seasoning and flour, and bring to boiling-point. Add the peanut butter and scalded milk, stir until smooth and cook twenty minutes.

Peanut Crisp

2 dozen small war crackers $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese
 Dash of Cayenne

SPREAD crackers with mixture of peanut butter and grated cheese to which the seasoning has been added. Place in a hot oven three or four minutes to brown.



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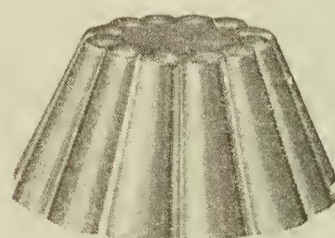
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 2 tablespoons melted butter substitute
 1 cup Dromedary Cocoanut
 Mix in given order. Cook on well-greased hot waffle irons. Serve hot with honey or sirup.

WINTER SALADS

Appetizing Dishes for Luncheon and Supper

By MARIA LINCOLN PALMER

SALADS furnish relief in the diet from the monotonous Winter menu. Too long the word salad has been associated with the word luxury, and many housewives have felt that the minute this type of food is put into the home dietary it meant that the food budget would begin to increase in leaps and bounds.

They, however, are beginning to learn from their French sisters that almost anything can be put into salad, even left-overs, and these apparently useless bits of food can be dressed with mayonnaise or French dressing and made into most palatable and appetizing dishes.

A Winter substitute for lettuce as the base of a salad is cabbage. A French chef once said that the salad has the superiority over every production of culinary art, because it is the one dish which can have the personal touch of the maker given to it.

Salads may be composed of all kinds of delicate meats and fish, egg, nuts, fruits, cheese, vegetables cooked and uncooked, but there are two indispensable ingredients to every palatable salad—the base or foundation, and the dressing. Salads may be dressed with vegetable oil, condiments, honey or sugar, or a sweet-fruit dressing. Indeed the dressing of the salad is entirely a matter of individual taste. Since the great war the price of olive-oil is triple and many housewives have found it too expensive to use for salad dressing. There are several excellent vegetable salad oils that have been put on the market that lend themselves quite as well as olive-oil to the making of salad dressing.

Essentials for good salad:

1. Everything that goes into the salad should be *ice cold*.
2. Green vegetables should be perfectly clean and crisp and washed before serving.
3. Canned fruit and vegetables should be removed from their containers and aerated and chilled several hours.
4. Good dressing is essential.
5. Ingredients should be well mixed and combined just before serving.

Potato Salad—I

2 cups freshly boiled potatoes
 1 teaspoon salt
 Few drops onion-juice
 1 tablespoon vinegar
 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
 About 3 tablespoons vegetable oil

CUT potatoes in half-inch cubes. Add seasoning, then vegetable oil, using only what the potatoes will absorb, then add vinegar and mix carefully until it is absorbed. Mound on a bed of lettuce in a shallow dish. Egg-yolks make an attractive garnish if put through a ricer.

Potato Salad—II

ADD boiled dressing to cold diced potatoes. Diced hard-boiled eggs and sliced cucumbers may be added to potatoes. Serve on bed of lettuce and garnish with parsley and minced egg. Thick cream may be stirred in. Diced beets may be used as a garnish.

Cabbage, Date, Pineapple and Hickory-Nut Salad

WASH and steam for five minutes one pound of dates. Remove the dates from the vessel in which they have been steamed and place in the oven to dry. Then cut them into five lengthwise pieces. This operation will of course remove the seeds. Chop one cup of hickory-nut meats into quarters. Chop into small cubes four slices of canned pineapple. Marinate the mixture with French dressing. Serve on leaves of hearts of lettuce. Garnish over the tops with mayonnaise dressing.

Tomato Jelly and Boston-Baked-Bean Salad

COOK twenty minutes two and one-half cups of home-canned tomatoes, one small slice of onion, two tablespoons of minced parsley, five cloves, five peppercorns, a saltspoon of salt and a dash of paprika. Strain the mixture. Then prepare the tomato jelly from the following ingredients: two tablespoons of granulated gelatin, moistened in four tablespoons of cold water for fifteen minutes. Add the dissolved gelatin to the tomato mixture. Place in individual tea-cups. Allow the mixture to partially set and add two cups of cold Boston baked beans, three tablespoons of vegetable salad oil, one tablespoon of vinegar, juice of half of a lemon, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon paprika, one-eighth teaspoon onion salt, and one teaspoon celery salt. Allow to cool until the gelatin sets. Serve on a bed of shredded cabbage to which a small amount of thick mayonnaise has been added.

Cottage-Cheese Salad Dressing—I

8 tablespoons milk
 1 egg
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup whipped sour cream
 1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika
 4 tablespoons vinegar
 1 cup cottage-cheese
 1 teaspoon butter substitute
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon mustard
 2 teaspoons rice flour

SIFT the dry ingredients; add to the sour cream in which the butter substitute has been put; heat the milk and add to it the creamy mixture; heat the vinegar, add it slowly to the other ingredients, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire and cool. Pour the mixture slowly over the well-beaten egg. Cream the cottage-cheese, remove the lumps, if necessary put through a coarse wire sieve. Add it to the salad dressing, stirring constantly. If the mixture is too thick, add a small amount of whipped cream.

Cottage-Cheese Salad Dressing—II

$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon mustard
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon corn-starch
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 1 tablespoon brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika

5 tablespoons cottage-cheese
 Yolk of 1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar
 Pinch of soda
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon butter substitute
 Juice of one lemon

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine with the egg-yolk, which you must have beaten until it is of a clear lemon color. Add the melted butter substitute, milk, lemon-juice and hot vinegar. Stir until stiff and light and add the cottage-cheese and pinch of soda. Remove the cooked ingredients from the fire. Cool slightly and pour slowly over the white-egg mixture. Cool.

Combination Fruit and Nut Salad

1 cup Malaga grapes
 1 cup chopped pine-apple
 1 cup chopped apples
 1 cup chopped Brazil nuts

TOSS the ingredients together lightly. Mix with mayonnaise dressing and serve on a cabbage leaf.

Holiday Salad

2 large grapefruits
 1 cup chopped celery
 1 cup chopped tart apples
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hickory-nut meats

PEEL the grapefruits and remove the partitions. Separate the sections and cut in halves. Drain off the juice, add celery, apples and nuts. Toss lightly together, moisten with mayonnaise, place in a salad bowl which has been lined with small leaves of cabbage. Heap four or five tablespoons of thick mayonnaise over the top of the salad. Garnish with canned pimientos, cut round to represent holly berries, add small pieces of green pepper cut in the shape of holly leaves.

French Fruit Salad

3 oranges
 3 bananas
 3 slices of pineapple
 1 cup Malaga grapes
 1 cup nuts, locally grown

REMOVE the skin from the oranges, separate each section of the pulp and cut in halves. Peel the bananas, cut into small cubes. Remove the seeds from the grapes after they have been cut in half. Mix these ingredients with the chopped nut-meats. Serve with French dressing on a leaf of lettuce.

Celery, Cabbage and Nut Salad

SELECT a solid head of cabbage. Remove sufficient leaves to make three cups of finely shredded cabbage. Chop sufficient celery stalks to make one and one-half cup of the chopped vegetables. Place the shredded cabbage and the chopped celery in a pint of cold water to which one tablespoon of lemon-juice and the rind of one lemon have been added. Let stand for one hour. Dry off on a piece of cheese-cloth. Add one and one-half cup of chopped peanuts. Toss lightly together. Moisten with boiled dressing; serve on a cabbage leaf.

Mayonnaise Dressing

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard
 Speck Cayenne
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad oil
 1 tablespoon lemon-juice
 1 tablespoon vinegar
 1 egg-yolk slightly beaten
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup olive-oil

ADD oil to egg, drop by drop at first, beating with wooden spoon or fork till thick. Mix rest of ingredients. A Dover egg-beater may be used after several teaspoons of oil have been added. When mixture becomes too thick to beat well, add a little vinegar then more oil, and so on, till all the ingredients are used. Never add enough vinegar at one time to thin the mixture, or else it is apt to curdle. Should it curdle, take another egg-yolk and slowly add curdled mixture to it. Have ingredients cold. Dressing should be of the consistency of stiffly beaten cream, thick enough to keep its shape. As it soon liquefies when mixed with meat or vegetables, it should not be added until just before serving. Half a cup of whipped cream may be folded into dressing, when ready to serve. Mayonnaise may be colored if desired.

Tomato Jelly

1 tablespoon gelatin
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 1 cup stewed and strained tomatoes
 Other seasoning (if desired)

SOAK gelatin in cold water till softened, add hot tomato and seasoning. Pour into small molds and chill thoroughly. When ready to serve, turn out on lettuce leaves. Garnish with capers, olives, hard-cooked eggs, or pickles; or baked beans or meats may be added for luncheon salad. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

French Dressing

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
 1 to 3 tablespoons vinegar or lemon-juice
 3 tablespoons olive or any vegetable salad oil
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

PAPRIKA or Cayenne may be added, if desired, also a few drops of onion-juice, or bowl may be rubbed with slice of onion, clove or garlic, one-quarter teaspoon mustard may be mixed with other dry ingredients.

Mix dry ingredients, add oil and stir till thoroughly mixed, then add vinegar, a few drops at a time, and beat till emulsion is formed. Or, ingredients may all be placed in a bottle and shaken vigorously together to form emulsion.

Pour over prepared material and toss together until dressing has all been absorbed.

Boiled Dressing

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon mustard
 Speck Cayenne
 2 tablespoons rice flour
 2 egg-yolks or 1 egg
 2 tablespoons melted butter substitute
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk or cream
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar

MELT butter substitute in saucpan, add rice flour and cook till frothy, but not

brown; add vinegar and cook till mixture thickens, then remove from fire. Mix other dry ingredients and sift into vinegar sauce gradually. Beat till very smooth and well blended. Cook eggs and milk together in double boiler, like soft mustard; when thickened remove double boiler and combine the custard with vinegar sauce, very gradually. Beat with Dover beater till perfectly smooth, and then strain.

Asparagus and Pimienta

USE cooked or canned asparagus in pieces about three inches in length. Garnish with diamond or other fancy-shaped pieces of pimienta, or serve in ring of pimienta. Use any dressing desired.

Pear and Almond

BLANCH almonds by pouring boiling water over them and then rubbing off brown coat. Use fresh or canned pear. Stick almonds, pointed end down, into pear. Any other fruit may be so used. Use French or boiled cream dressing.

Beans and Cheese

USE canned or cooked, wax or green beans. Cut into inch pieces. Celery, onion, green pepper or pimienta may be added. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Serve with French dressing.

Cauliflower and Beet

USE the flowcette of cold cooked cauliflower. Slice beet, then cut in cubes, diamond or other figures, using cutter, if available. Use beet as garnish over cauliflower, or beet may be chopped fine and combined with it. Use French or mayonnaise dressing.

Macédoine Salad

USE cooked carrot, turnip, beet and potato. Arrange in small mounds on lettuce, each vegetable by itself. Use any dressing desired.

Grapefruit Salad

SECTIONS of grapefruit may be served with dressing in grapefruit shell or on lettuce. Use French dressing. Pimienta, nut, celery or onion may be combined with it.

Rabbit Salad

CUT cold baked rabbit into cubes and marinate, that is, add French dressing and allow to stand an hour or more to develop flavor. Add an equal quantity of clean crisp celery, cut into small cubes. Just before serving mix with mayonnaise and place some on top. Nuts may be added, if desired. Garnish with hard-cooked eggs, curled celery, capers or pickles.

Shrimp Salad

REMOVE the shrimp from the can and cover with very cold water and let stand for half an hour. Remove intestinal veins, then break into small pieces, reserving a few for garnish. Combine with shredded lettuce or diced celery. Mix with a small quantity of mayonnaise dressing. Put a spoonful of dressing on each serving and garnish with a whole shrimp, and capers, olives or pickles. A dash of paprika sprinkled over dressing adds flavor and attractiveness.

Fish and Lobster Salad

BREAK fish into small pieces, marinate with French dressing; that is, add French dressing and allow to stand an hour or more to develop flavor. It may be combined with diced celery, or with shredded lettuce. Mix with a little mayonnaise, serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise on top and garnish with lemon and parsley. Sliced hard-boiled eggs, peas, nuts or green peppers may be combined with fish. Boiled dressing may be used in place of mayonnaise.

Cheese and Nut Salad

1 cup cheese
 1 tablespoon melted butter substitute
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet cream sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped pimienta
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped olives
MASH the cheese, moisten with cream and melted butter substitute, season with salt and Cayenne, add chopped nuts, pimienta and olives, press into a mold and let stand two hours. Cut in slices and serve on leaves with mayonnaise dressing.

Cottage-Cheese Salad

SHAPE cottage-cheese into balls and serve on cabbage leaves with boiled dressing.

Sour-Cream Dressing

1 cup sour cream
 1 tablespoon brown sugar
 1 tablespoon vinegar
 1 lemon-juice
 Seasoning

MIX and heat till foamy.

Thousand-Island Dressing

1 cup mayonnaise
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped olives, pickles, parsley, capers and onions

TO THE chopped olives, pickles, and parsley capers and onions add the mayonnaise and mix thoroughly.

Prune Salad

$1\frac{1}{2}$ dozen medium-size prunes
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped hickory-nuts
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cup cottage-cheese
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 1 pinch paprika

WASH and remove the pits from the prunes and soak overnight in a closed vessel. Mix the remaining ingredients (cottage-cheese, nut-meats and seasoning). Stuff the prunes with this mixture. For each individual salad dish, allow three prunes and place them on a small leaf of cabbage. Serve with French dressing.

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Corticelli Yarn Book No. 8. Fascinating new models in women's sweaters, slip-ons, etc. Adorable knitted and crocheted things for children and babies. Every model illustrated—explicit directions—Price 15c, by mail 18c.

No Canadian or foreign orders accepted

Charming Marilyn Miller selects a new dinner frock

THE bewitching little star of the Follies sometimes stops dancing to dine. And in the atelier of Henri Bendel this delightful dinner frock was especially designed for Miss Miller in soft, gleaming Corticelli "Satin Patria."

Only the most lustrous, pliant satin could be used for so simple and exquisite a frock, and naturally Corticelli "Satin Patria" was chosen.

Its superior quality and the wide variety of shades make "Satin Patria" available for the most practical day frocks also. Ask for it at your own store. Ask, too, for Corticelli "Satin Militaire" which is equally lovely but lighter in weight. The Corticelli Taffetas come in every desirable shade, in the lightest "Thistledown" weave and the heavier "Service" quality.

If your store cannot show you a wide variety of the newest Corticelli Dress Silks, please write us. Address Corticelli Silk Mills, 22 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass.

CORTICELLI DRESS SILKS

Also makers of Corticelli Yarns, Cottons, and Silk Thread

TYPES! TYPES! TYPES!

And Which--for Beauty--is Yours?

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

DOZENS and dozens and dozens of letters come in and sit on our desk. And even before we open them we hear the cry that comes out of them right through their envelopes, many-toned, "How can I find what type I am, and when I've found it what do I do to it?"

And so here we are sitting up, before the smallest typewriter known, with the tears squeezing out of our eyes because our most favorite dog in all the world died last night, here we are ready and burning to tell you how to find your type. Because always in life-and-death-and war-times-and-peace the world will be more comfortable if you know your type and live it.

Think of the clatter a square peg makes trying to fit into a round hole! Yes-sirce, it is like that when a nice boy-type puts on ruffles and is coy. Or a born old maid wears pink. She may be married and have eight offspring; matrimony, remember, out or in, never makes or unmake an old maid; she's born. Or a large, fat, friendly person wears orchids and uses Mary Garden perfume.

Luddy! And so here's how! Go way inside yourself and pull down the curtains and lock the doors so that you can be honest-for-sure honest and know that no one else will be the wiser. Then peer at yourself. What kind of a person are you inside? What is your instinctive mental attitude about things and people? Are you conventional or primal; reticent or impulsive; sly or open (you know whether you're sly or not; fess up if you are, you're after the truth just now); dignified or rompish; joyous or a bit gloomy; fastidious or a "good mixer"; gentle or slam-bang; evasive or blunt; easy-going and tolerant or rigid, bringing the world up by the hand; wilful or naturally obedient; shy and modest or dashing and confident?

What kind of things do you like best to do? In what walk of life (even if you are only fifteen, you've walked a little way, you know, and have found out some things)—in what walk have you seemed to get the best results—in work, for instance, or your intercourse with people, or at school and in college? What came easiest? What makes you happiest?

What seems to be your general effect on people? Do they come to you for comfort, to play with, to be strengthened or to be flattered and petted up generally? For solid advice or for inspiration? Because you're a straightforward, level-headed person to be banked upon or because you're "fun"? Because you're concrete and definite or because you're abstract and visioned?

Which attracts you more, brains or emotions? And do you like to stand in the wings of life and learn things, or do you like to jump in, ping! and learn by getting bumped and slashed and skidded and poked? And what do you do when you get bumped? Pop up, and start in again, or is something deep within you so disillusioned and hurt that you begin hunting around for something better than occupying the middle of the stage, something whose main point is to be instead of to do, give instead of take? Do you whine over the bump? If you whine, we have nothing to say to you. You're out. We'll stand murderers and failures and "Luddywhys" and pikers, but we won't stand whiners. No-sirce! That isn't cricket.

Hunt yourself down to the last ditch, on the inside. Remember, you don't have to tell anybody, not even THE DELINEATOR, unless of course you want to; but if you really want to find your type and do something with it and so add to the joy of nations, you've got to begin 'way in there. For no matter what you do, or how clever you are in method of hiding, the inside of you is going to show on the outside of you so sure as you are a human. You can hide it for a while, and you'll probably think you're hiding it much longer, but whether you know it or not, the inside of you shows!

All charm, all real beauty, comes from the inside; even if you cold-cream and massage and dye and bleach and pay eighteen dollars for your pumps and go to The School for Acting for your responsiveness, the real inside of you is going to look right smack out of your face and trickle right smack out of your voice and slide right smack out of your walk. You may fool yourself and a few lightweights, but you'll never fool the people you really want to know! Or dogs! Or babies!

And that's the truth. Well, then, after you've lined yourself up inside, and said, "I seem to be shy, because when any one begins to talk to me about personal things, instead of keeping my head steady and my wits at the end of my tongue and fixing my vis-a-vis firmly in the eye, I want to crawl under the rug and shout out, 'Go on, go on, I'm dying to hear but I'm so excited when I sit out where you can see me!'"

"I'm shy. And I'm a coward because I don't stop it. And I'm eager as quicksilver about life and haven't the courage to go after it. And I'm sensitive and finicky and glad

and despairing and free in my heart but scared in my brain; and big, strong colors stun and music moves me so that I'm afraid some time I shall suddenly burst from my seat and go running out of the place, crying, 'I can't bear it, I can't bear it, but don't stop, because I couldn't bear that either,' only of course I'll never do it because that would be a scene, and I'm not brave enough ever to make a scene.

"And I want to be savage and tender and free and wonderful when it comes to love, but I'll probably be only inarticulate. And I'm gullible; I always believe until I can't. And I never really succeed at anything, I'm a phwfu-u—start out radiantly and end wandering.

"And I want to be, oh, I want to be a beautiful, radiant, shining thing that carries joy along with me like a perfume so that everything seizes a lute and begins to dance along in my wake; a free, sweet, joyous procession right up to the stars. But as a matter of fact I walk as demurely as a nun."

Now suppose you have found the inside of you to be some such thing as that, or whatever you've found in there, get up some morning when you feel perfectly like yourself and stand in front of a mirror, full-length if you have one, and with your whatever-you-wore-for-the-night on, and look at yourself. We want you like that, because more natural beauty and individuality are hidden by clothes and bad-hair arrangement than by any other outward thing. Now look at yourself, and think.

Does the outside of you harmonize with the inside? Do you seem to express anything to yourself—besides just a sleepy, night-clad human? Are you like a Madonna? Or a nymph? Or a cheerful, energetic, capable person? Or a mysterious siren-thing, with eyes that say, "You can not read me, you can not read me!" Or an open, joyous, clean-souled thing with a wild delight inside you at just being alive? That's a nice kind, isn't it? And there are those, we see them every now and then, and we go up on our tiptoes and throw up our bonnet and whoop for joy—inside of us, of course.

Or perhaps you're very plain. Don't you care! Face it! The most fascinating women in the world are the ugly ones with wit enough to face it and make their ugliness distinguished—make it serve them. That's possible to every plain woman on earth. If you're plain, find out what you are inside, what quality you have that could make that ugliness serve you, make it triumph instead of cringe!

Perhaps you are very, very ugly, and very sensitive to beauty. Oh dear, I hope not, but forget your outside except to pull your loose hair at this angle and that angle until you find the way it most befriends your face. Then arrange it that way. And take beautiful care of it and your skin and your hands, be so exacting about your grooming that it doesn't dare be a pin's width off perfection.

And then go right inside yourself and find the nicest qualities you have in there, and encourage them and bring them out, and when, by chance, you catch sight of your face in the glass, and the joy and sureness flee out of you at the sight of yourself, just put up your chin and fling a smile straight at that reflection, and say, "Poor old thing; never you mind. Help is on the way! We're going to be so nice and so real and so keen about the inside of everything and everybody and so glad about all the beauty in the world, that you're going to shine up and be just a glass yourself for the eager, grateful soul that lives back of you, true as steel because it doesn't fluff round with mere outsides, and clean as a whistle of vanity because it hasn't any chance to be vain—just a glass for it to look through!"

And before very long you'll hear somebody whisper as you pass, "She's an awfully attractive woman, isn't she!" Believe me, Miss Plain-Face, if beauty-loving you will face your plainness and top it like that, you'll get more out of life than twenty pretty girls of the usual run. Honest!

Well, now, do you see what I mean by finding your type? Study the inside of you and find the dominant note there, or maybe two, or eight, decided notes. And then study the outside of you and see if it corresponds. Study it as hard as ever you studied arithmetic—and if you strike just one harmonious note, your way is simple. But if the inside of you and the outside seem to be always on the point of "having words" with each other, and you can't make up your mind what kind you really are, call, "Help!" and we'll come running.

And because this is the end of the space given to the little typewriter and me, we can't tell you what to do to the type after you've found it, until the next article, and probably a lot more articles, because we expect to be talking about types when we're ninety and wheezing around in a wheel-chair. We believe in 'em!

And we believe, too—don't you?—that anything as true and wonderful as dogs don't just stop—they go right on, like other people.

BEAUTY, HEALTH AND CHARM

YOU who would be beautiful must first be healthy. The truly charming woman who impresses you at sight has learned how to sit and stand correctly and how to walk gracefully. Inattention to posture, insufficient exercise and fresh air are to blame for many a woman's mental depression and unattractiveness. There is a charm and fascination in robust health that cannot be excelled. Are you the erect, healthy, fine, upstanding woman God intended you to be? Think about it.

The simple, scientific directions in THE DELINEATOR booklet "Beauty and Health through Exercise" will be of inestimable help to every woman who desires to claim her birthright—beauty, health and charm. This booklet will be sent to you upon request to THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York, accompanied by eight three-cent stamps.



BEFORE shampooing, rub the scalp thoroughly with the tips of the fingers (not the finger nails). Do not let the fingers slip along the scalp, but make the scalp itself move in little circles. This not only stimulates the blood that feeds the roots of the hair, but loosens the dead cells and particles of dust and dandruff that clog up the pores

Now dip the hair in warm water, separate it into small parts and scrub the scalp with a tooth-brush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub the lather in well and then rinse it out thoroughly



NEXT apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and leave it on for two or three minutes



CLEAR off with fresh, warm water. Wash all the soap out carefully and finish by rinsing in tepid water



DRY very thoroughly. To make the hair fluff out prettily around the face, dry it hanging over the face instead of down the back

The Right Way To Shampoo

HOW THIS TREATMENT HELPS YOUR HAIR

DO you think your hair grows from the head like a plant? No, indeed. There is a fundamental difference.

For your hair does not breathe as does a plant. No vital fluid circulates through it as does the sap in the plant. Except at the very tips of its roots, hair has no more life than a silken thread.

The whole beauty and lustre of your hair depend upon your *scalp*. Here the hair forms. Here a network of blood vessels feed and nourish the roots. Here lie the color-supply pigment cells. Here thousands of tiny fat-glands supply oil to give your hair its glossy, life-like appearance.

This is why caring for the hair is, in reality, exactly the same as caring for your skin

To keep your hair lovely and abundant you must, by the proper treatment, keep your *scalp* healthy and vigorous, on the same principle as you give your skin the proper care and treatment in order to have a lovely complexion.

Which of these is your hair trouble?

Is your hair dull and lifeless? It can be made rich and lustrous.

Is it greasy, oily? or dry and brittle? You can correct the condition which

prevents the tiny oil glands from emitting just the right amount of oil to keep your hair soft and silky.

Is it constantly powdered with dandruff? Or does it come out in comb-fuls? Begin at once to keep the pores of the scalp as free and clear as you keep the pores of your face.

Keep your scalp healthy

To keep your scalp healthy and vigorous, use persistently Woodbury's Facial Soap, formulated after years of study by John H. Woodbury, the famous skin specialist.

Use the soap treatment given on this page as a regular shampoo. You will enjoy the healthy, active feeling it gives your scalp. You will soon see the improvement in your hair—how much richer and softer it is.

For ten or twelve shampoos, or for a month or six weeks of any of the famous facial treatments, you will find the 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap sufficient. Around it is wrapped the booklet of famous Woodbury skin and scalp treatments. Get a cake today. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

SEND 6 cents for a sample cake (enough for a shampoo or for a week of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you, in addition to these, a sample of Wood-

bury's Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1920 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1920 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



OUT of the SPIRIT of '49

It was gold in the hills that first drew the settlers to California, but they soon discovered the more lasting wealth of its rich soil and wonderful climate. Long before the transcontinental railway was built—when settlers were still making their way slowly across the country in prairie schooners or sailing 'round the Horn—the founders of the DEL MONTE business were already in California, canning and preserving the golden harvests of its most fertile valleys. *They were the first in the field.*

They began as pioneers—in a new land and in a comparatively new industry—with very little capital but with a big ideal—an ideal, which, backed by the determined spirit of '49, has revolutionized the canning business and given the whole world better things to eat.

That ideal was to can the finest fruits and vegetables grown, and so to perfect the processes of canning that the finished product should retain its full natural flavor and freshness:

They believed that the way to secure the finest fruits and vegetables was to locate their canneries in those sections where soil and climate combine to produce Nature's best. And they believed further, that to preserve that natural goodness at its best, the ripe fruits should be "packed where they ripen the day they are picked."

That was the principle upon which the DEL MONTE business was started nearly 60 years ago. And that is the principle upon which it has grown and developed until today the California Packing Corporation is the largest canner of fruits and vegetables in existence and DEL MONTE quality is recognized the world over as the standard of excellence in foods.

DEL MONTE represents the finest achievement of specialists in the art of canning fruits and vegetables. That is why the red DEL MONTE shield is regarded as the unfailing guide to quality and flavor by America's millions of discriminating women.

In addition to their supreme goodness, DEL MONTE Fruits and Vegetables offer the patriotic housewife innumerable ways of adding delicious variety to her conservation menu and at the same time saving wheat, meat, sugar, fats and fuel. Our new book, "DEL MONTE CONSERVATION RECIPES OF FLAVOR," will help you. Send for a free copy. Address Dept. D.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

Del Monte CALIFORNIA
CANNED FRUITS
& VEGETABLES
"The conservation foods of flavor"



CHANGING FAILURE INTO SUCCESS

By MAY BELLE BROOKS

WHEN I was a young bride I had the good fortune to live next door to a remarkable housewife, a practical, motherly soul, who without any scientific knowledge, had the knack of overcoming every handicap, and who generously shared her discoveries with younger workers. I can see her yet, testing, adding a dash of this or that, working to bring some culinary mishap into usable shape.

"It's nothing but poor management," she'd say, "when I hear a woman complaining that she didn't have good luck with her cake or pie. Foodstuffs are too high to let 'luck' enter into the mixing of them. You ought to know how your dough should feel before you go ahead and spoil it. There must be enough shortening to make a coarse powder that will require very little wetting to make it right for rolling. The less water you need, the crispier your crust. And there's no sense in allowing a fruit pie to get all soaked after it has been cut."

"You don't cook your pies long enough, child. Let them bake until the juice and flour have formed a thick sauce and bubble out into the opening. Be sure to mix your fruit with sugar and flour before putting it into the crust, instead of sprinkling it over afterward. If you do as I say, no matter how long the pie stands after being cut, it won't soak up the crust."

My cocoa always had lumps of sediment in the bottom of the cup.

"That's because you don't mix it to a paste with the sugar and a little water before cooking," she explained. "Use just enough water to keep it from burning and boil a minute or two. Then add your hot milk and note the difference."

"Icing is another thing people are always leaving to luck. Use correct measurements—one cupful of sugar and one-fourth cupful of water to one egg. Cook the sugar and water together until it threads, then pour over the beaten white of an egg. Add a lump of butter while beating and it won't be so likely to grain or harden too much. But you'd better be on the safe side, by cooking it right in the first place. Cook your icing in a pan with a smooth bottom, so it will cook evenly, you see, and never stir it after it commences to boil. See that no grains stick to the sides of the pan—wipe them down with a clean wet cloth. Neglect of these points is the reason that icing sugars. If you should happen to boil it too long and it becomes hard after beating, a few drops of lemon-juice will soften it. So will a teaspoonful of hot water."

"And don't be guilty of throwing out the whites of eggs because you have dropped some of the yolk into them. Wring out a cloth in hot water and touch it to the spots of yellow."

I was making marguerites the day she told me that, and when the icing continued to run in spite of all my beating, I started to make some more.

"Tut, tut, child!" she remonstrated. "You'll never save money for that Morris chair that way. Give me a handful of cracker-crumbs—that'll thicken it and it won't hurt the flavor at

all, as you'll see, my dear. Don't ever throw anything away, you poor little thing. If you can't use it for one thing, you can for another. If your sirup won't jell, don't spoil it by long cooking, for it will be ropy and strong, if you do. Just can it for use in Summer drinks and sauces. Here's a new use I found for it lately: substitute it for milk and sugar in making cookies, gingerbread or spice cake. It's fine, but be sure to add a pinch of soda to each cupful that you use."

"Now sometimes you'll be whipping cream and it will granulate. Then add a little milk and beat again. But if the cream does persist in going to butter, do not despair. I ate the nicest pudding once that had for a sauce butter beaten to a cream with sweet milk and sugar and flavoring. It was almost as fluffy as whipped cream and perfectly delicious."

"The Dover egg-beater has proven a friend in need many times. If my custard curdles, all I need to do is to beat it hard and there I am. Or, if my sauce or cream soup is lumpy or curdled, I do the same."

"My goodness!" I gasped. "The things I've pitched into the garbage because they curdled!"

"Uh—uh," nodded my wise woman. "Now did you know that a little moistened cornstarch would help if your mayonnaise curdled? I didn't think you did. Or, just take another egg-yolk and start all over again, adding the curdled mixture gradually. But let me tell you how to mix it so it won't curdle in the first place. Have all ingredients of the same temperature, not necessarily cold, and mix the egg with the seasonings and the vinegar first, then proceed to add the oil, a teaspoonful at a time at first, then in larger spoonfuls, until it is all taken up."

"I suppose you've thrown away a lot of food you've made too salty, too, haven't you? Most every cook has. But waste is seldom necessary. There is usually a remedy. For example, if it is soup you have spoiled, simply cook some potatoes in it and it will be all right—and so will the potatoes. If there isn't time for that, then you can stretch a cloth over the kettle, sprinkle some flour on it and let it steam. The flour will absorb some of the salt. Another quick way is to soak some bread in it and remove before serving. Sometimes a little sugar will counteract too much salt, and vice versa."

My first attempts at making whole-wheat bread were dismal failures. The stuff was so hard you would need an ax to cut it. I carried a sack of it over to my neighbor's chickens.

"Child—child!" said she. "There's just as good nutriment in that bread as any you'll ever eat. All it needs is palatability. Take it home and dry slowly in the oven, then run through the chopper, or crush with the rolling-pin. Put in glass jars, and next time you make bread you can substitute some of the crumbs for flour. You can also do this in pancakes, muffins, or anything like that. And of course you'll always need to keep a jar of crumbs ready for breading scallops, and puddings or stuffings."

The Auto Aristocrat

By H. Clifford Brokaw

Principal, West Side Y. M. C. A. Automobile School, New York City

The Tire's a gent of high degree,
Of aristocracy a scion;
Observe a due humility
Whenever you may go to buy 'em.
He'll give you wings and springs as well
And speed you over hill and dell.

YOU may think that his place in life is rather lowly for this title; that he travels in mud and mire too much to have a high character and station. But take it from me, Sir Serviceable Tire is worthy of your respect.

The modern auto tire consists of a shoe and a tube; the former to resist the hard wear of road service and the latter to give the required inflation. The two functions were combined in a single tube tire until car weights became too heavy for successful manufacture and economical use. The shoe is not elastic to more than a very slight degree, but the inner tube is. The tube confines the air which makes the cushion between bump and car occupant; the shoe, tightly distended by the tube, receives the wear and gives a firm, flexible, contact with the road.

Really a tire is a wonderful piece of work. When we consider the weight of the car, the speed of travel and the rough roads encountered, it is remarkable that tires stand up and wear as long as they do. The driver should realize this and be kind to them.

Bear in mind that a cheap tire is not always the best; nor is the most expensive always the most satisfactory. This is a matter which can be settled only by a performance record. First cost, plus repairs, and actual mileage given will tell the cost per mile, and this alone will give you accurate data for replacement.

To get the greatest mileage out of tires favor them at the time of greatest strain, in turning corners, or on rough roads. All cuts which reach into the fabric or near it should be sealed immediately with cement, or vulcanized. Even minor cuts should be examined and cemented. When moisture gets to the fabric it rots, and rubber on the outside will do no good if there is no strength back of it. Sand works into cuts and blisters form; only prompt action can save such a tire.

Tires always should be kept inflated to the pressure recommended by the manufacturer. Do not guess; use a pressure gage. Test before every long trip and regularly once a week or oftener. Also test the reserve tire.

Keep tires free from grease, which softens the rubber and makes it wear faster. Driving at a high rate of speed magnifies the bumps and rough places and there is a lateral swing which grinds the tires badly. Excessive wear of front tires often may be traced to bad alignment of the wheels, when they toe in or spread out, the effect being a sliding instead of a rolling motion and consequent grinding. A harsh clutch also slides the tires on the pavement, and whirling around the corner at high speed does the same thing in a different way.

Brakes which grip unevenly will cause one tire to slide while the other rolls, and wear the sliding tire. Tires are cut badly by sharp stones on wet days. Therefore be careful on gravel roads in wet weather.

Punctures of inner tubes may be easily patched, and you should learn to patch them as nicely as though they were Willie's pants. Cleanliness is the secret of success. Blowouts or large cuts should be vulcanized. Small vulcanizing sets cost little, but generally the professional vulcanizer is better and cheaper in the long run. You can vulcanize small cuts in the shoes, but don't try it unless you have patience.

Changing tires is not hard where an inflated extra is carried. Even if it is heavy a woman can make the change by rolling the tire on instead of lifting it. Place the wheel so that the hole for the valve-stem is about one-third from the bottom. Insert the stem and turn the wheel and the tire will roll on. A kick will put it in position to bolt fast.

Every tire-maker issues quite full instructions for the care of his brand of tire and it is wise to read them carefully; whether you believe his praise of the tire should depend upon your experience records. His advice, however, may be followed safely.

MR. BROKAW will answer any questions concerning the care of your car. Address the inquiry to **H. Clifford Brokaw, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York.**

How Soup is Made

In These Scientific Kitchens

This is how culinary experts, college trained, develop the ideal Soup. Read the facts, then compare the Soups which they create with ordinary kinds.



The Basic Soups

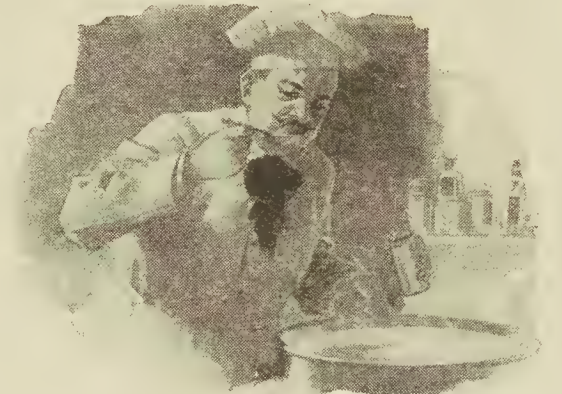
Most Van Camp Soups are based on famous Parisian recipes. They were brought to us by a noted chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris.

So we started with the finest soups which are served to French connoisseurs. Some of them won prizes in French culinary contests.

Fixed Standards

These experts also fix the standards for ingredients. Then they watch all materials, all the time, to see that they conform.

Some materials are analyzed, seeds and soils are studied. Nothing under-grade can ever get into a Van Camp Soup.



Countless Tests

Then the Van Camp experts, on each soup, test out countless blends and methods. Step by step the soup is perfected.

Years have been spent on a single soup. The tests never cease until all agree that the soup has reached the pinnacle of quality and flavor.

No Variation

The Van Camp chefs are constantly directed by these scientific cooks. Every minute detail is directed by formula. Samples are tested in our laboratories.

Thus we insure that every lot is exactly like the model soup adopted.



Then a Formula

Then every step to perfection is recorded in a formula. A single soup formula often covers pages. Every detail is minutely specified.

It deals both with quantities and qualities, with time of cooking, with degree of heat. And each covers a many-hour process.

The Finest Tables

All over America now serve these Van Camp Soups. Soups of this quality must be made in this way, and women are finding it out.

Yet these ideal soups come ready to serve, and at trifling cost. And there are 18 kinds to choose from.

VAN CAMP'S SOUPS—18 Kinds

Other Van Camp Products Include
Pork and Beans Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.
Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Pork and Beans
The finest Pork and Bean dish that science has created.



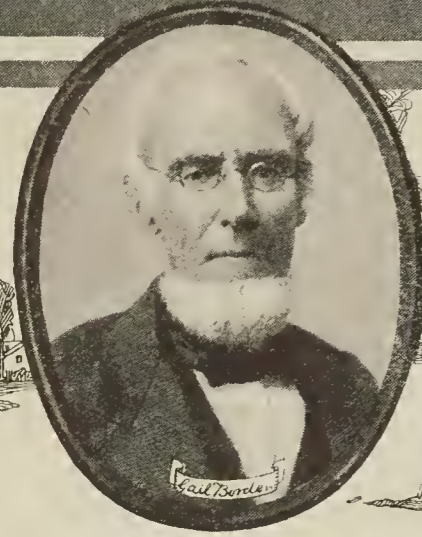
Van Camp's Spaghetti
Made from a matchless formula, valued by us at \$500,000.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter
A new-grade Peanut Butter due to scientific methods.

Borden's

THE NATION'S MILK



The Pioneer-1857

Gail Borden was the father of pure milk. His life work was to secure pure milk, preserve it in all its purity and have it reach the consumer in the same pure state.

This was a large conception—nothing less than the nation-wide distribution of milk of guaranteed purity. Gail Borden made this possible.

The same thought and guarantee is today back of every milk product which carries the name of Borden. Summer or winter—in city or country—from one end of the nation to the other—you'll find a Borden Milk Product for every use—pure, safe, dependable.

Borden's is the nation's Milk.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
Borden Building New York



Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk Borden's Unsweetened Sterilized Evaporated Milk Borden's Malted Milk

THE SEVENTH BABY—AND THE VISITING NURSE

By CHARLES E. TERRY, M.D.

YES, it had been a hectic meeting and more than one of the members left the club with but the curtest of nods to acquaintances. Small groups of women gathered among the disorder of chairs and discarded programs and talked excitedly. The rostrum was elaborately decorated with potted plants and flowers and the scent of hot-house products was heavy in the air.

It was the first Fall meeting and the new president looked tired and troubled, as she and the secretary and a quiet-looking little woman, in something soft and gray, stood talking earnestly by the desk.

"The great trouble with Mrs. Fitzhugh," the president was saying, "is that she won't permit herself to be convinced. She considers her opinion final and will listen to no argument. You see, she has run things so long in the Guild and the Music Club that she—well, I fear she's not very democratic."

It was a mild criticism and the woman in gray smiled as she recalled the very positive and intolerant speech of a large woman who had left the meeting before her tirade could be answered. She remembered quite distinctly the scornful toss of her head as she said, "No, I'll have no charity nurse coming into my house for any purpose whatsoever. I don't believe in that sort of thing."

Just what she didn't believe in was not quite clear, but her following was large and the arguments put forth by others and the dignified and convincing talk of the superintendent of the Visiting Nurses Association of a near-by city, had all failed to awaken the interest which the supporters of the movement had expected.

"Of course, I am not fully acquainted with the local situation," said the visitor. "Is Mrs. Fitzhugh quite essential to a movement of this kind?"

"Yes," said the president, "I fear she is, not that her personal efforts are needed, but, you see, she is the wife of the president of the First National, for that matter, the only bank in town, and it's going to be very hard indeed to raise the funds necessary for our demonstration. She is a liberal giver when the fancy strikes her, and she can get subscriptions from the people on the hill that it would be impossible for any one else to secure."

"It looks to me," said the secretary dejectedly, "as if nothing but Divine intervention would help just now. I have heard her make violent speeches before, but nothing like this—nothing."

"It's the same old story," the visitor said, "the confounding of charity and public service, and it's not unnatural when one considers that the so-called 'lady visitors' or charitably inclined women, without training, but with the best of intentions, preceded trained public health nurses in educational and bedside work in the homes. Nursing is the newest of all professions, and public health nursing its most recently developed specialty. People fancy that it savors of paternalism; that the work is only needed in the homes of the poor; that there is no place for it among those who are able to pay for medical and nursing service, but this is wrong, quite wrong, and contrary to the aims of the newer public health. That such service is a public function and one which should be supported by the State or municipality; that it should include within its influence every home, every mother, every child, regardless of social or economic status; that, after all, like the public schools, the libraries, lecture courses and other modern uplift movements, it forms but a part of our civilization—this schooling of the public in the tenets of health, that each unit of the whole shall be protected, as far as possible, from needless infection, sickness and death—all this must be learned anew, in each community which undertakes the work."

"But where will the money come from for our demonstration?" said the president. "The city will do nothing, so it will all have to be given by individuals."

"Well, let's not be too discouraged," said the stranger, "something may turn up yet. Suppose we look about the town a bit?"

The strains of the "Serenade" issued from the spacious windows and carried far through the trees and shrubbery of the well-kept grounds, for Mrs. Fitzhugh, whatever her shortcomings, was a finished musician. There was no doubt but that the big white house with its broad verandas, low overhanging eaves and ample grounds, spelled peace and comfort. Possibly, its mistress was, at the moment, seeking, through the medium of her instrument to absorb herself some of the contentment of the scene about her. The meeting still rankled. The "outsider," as she had styled the little woman in gray, should never have come, she felt, to tell them what Plainfield needed. They had been getting on quite well enough before. Why was it necessary "to keep well people well," and if they got sick that was their affair; and were not the doctors and the hospital waiting to take care of them?

Her fingers held the last chord and, as it finally died away, a maid who had been waiting at the door of the conservatory, spoke:

"You are wanted on the phone, Mrs. Fitzhugh. They've called twice, but I didn't like to interrupt you."

"Who is it, Maria?"

"I don't know ma'am. They wouldn't give no name, just said it was important."

With a look of irritation, Mrs. Fitzhugh

arose from her seat and went to the phone. "Well, this is Mrs. Fitzhugh," she said. "Why, yes," in response to a question, "she works for me but she didn't come to-day. I sent my son, a little while ago, to find out what was the matter."

"Diphtheria, you say, who has diphtheria, one of her children? My Heavens! I suppose Bobbie will run right into it. He has a weak throat too. And they've had no doctor? No wonder we have epidemics with such careless and ignorant people."

Again she listened, as the party at the other end spoke.

"Oh well, I'm sure that's very nice and I'm much obliged to you. It was fortunate that he didn't get into the house, as he's very fond of Sophie and would probably have hung around her and the children. I'm so glad you stopped him in time. Who did you say this was?"

But just then the phone clicked and the connection was lost.

Turning to Maria, she said, "I'm sure I don't know what we shall do to-night with a dinner-party, and Sophie not here. Do you think you can manage without her?"

"I'll do my best, ma'am."

"I suppose it can not be helped, but it's most inconvenient."

Under Mrs. Fitzhugh's watchful eye, the dinner progressed well in spite of Sophie's absence. Club matters were eschewed by her eight guests, and their hostess was equally willing to avoid the topic which had so aroused her displeasure earlier in the day.

In fact, no local matters were mentioned until coffee and cigars had brought the meal to the comforting stage of a well-completed function.

As was his custom, little Bobbie, the Fitzhugh's only child, a boy of eight, came to the table for a moment before his journey bedward. As good-nights were said and the little fellow marched away up-

stairs, his mother recounted the telephone conversation of that afternoon.

"I have no idea who it was talking," she added, "Central cut us off and she did not call again. She had a nice voice and I should like to thank her for her thoughtfulness in letting me know."

"No," she replied in answer to her husband's query, "Bobbie could throw no light on her identity. She just opened the door and told him to come home."

"Have you had any cases, Doctor Randall?" said the hostess, turning to a thoughtful looking, gray-haired man of middle age who sat on her right.

"Only one," said the physician. "It so happened that I was called to your maid's house this afternoon. Jackie has an undoubted case and I'm glad that Bobbie did not see him."

By this time, he had every one's attention, but hesitated a moment before he continued, "It's a chance we all run, this of contracting infection from unrecognized sources, but one to be expected under our present system."

"What do you mean," said Mrs. Fitzhugh, "what's wrong with our 'system,' as you say?"

"Only," replied the physician, "that we have no real system at all. Everything's wrong, as far as that's concerned. There is no protection for the children in this town against such cases of contagion."

A troubled look began to manifest itself in his hostess's face, but she made no reply, as he added, "I was about to tell you of the chance happening which secured treatment for Jackie and possibly prevented a case of diphtheria in your own home. It appears that your club invited to talk, at some meeting or other, a little woman who is superintendent of the Visiting Nurses Association in Bayville, and she and one of the club members, Mrs. Trask, the president, I believe, were going about certain sections of Plainfield this afternoon, when they happened to stop at Sophie's."

Miss Humphreys, I believe her name is, saw at once that the child was seriously ill and Mrs. Trask, at her request, suggested my name. She phoned me and outlined what she believed to be the nature of the case, so that I went prepared to give anti-toxin at once. Furthermore, she stayed there until I arrived, having first sent Mrs. Trask away, as well as several neighbors who happened in. When I arrived, she had given Jackie a cleansing bath and was showing his mother how to disinfect the bed-linen and dishes he used. In fact, some were then boiling on the stove."

The unpleasant topic was out at last and, for a moment, glances traveled between the guests and the face of their hostess. For once, however, Mrs. Fitzhugh disappointed them. Quite quietly, but with a slight flush mounting to her cheeks, she said, "I presume then that it was she, this Miss Humphreys of whom you speak, who telephoned me?"

"I presume so," said Doctor Randall. "I wish we had her in Plainfield and several others of her type. There would be fewer epidemics, less needless sickness, and we would all be protected, in great measure, from just such happenings as the one of this afternoon."

As she rose from the table, Mrs. Fitzhugh said, "Perhaps, Doctor, we might prevail upon Miss Humphreys to stay. I am sure it would not be difficult to raise the money. Do you think it would, John?" turning to her husband.

"No," he replied, "I am sure it would not. And, as events proved, it wasn't."



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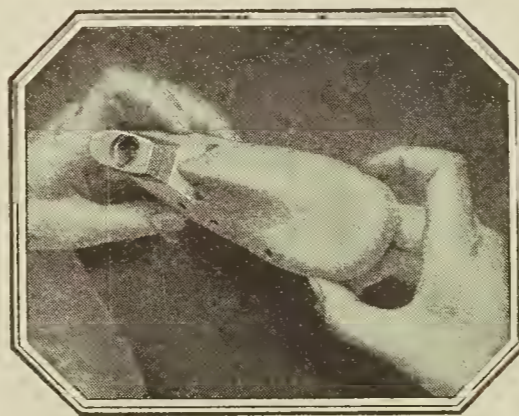
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"SEND IT, PLEASE!"

By BELLE R. KAYE

MOST of us have a decided aversion to carrying parcels. Some of us are too lazy, and some too grand to carry bundles, and retail merchants everywhere have pampered us. Why carry home bundles? Why, indeed, when Mrs. Smythe-Jones can say "Send it, please!" and presto! Bigby's fine-looking equipage, with its liveried attendants, stops in front of her house to deliver to her the fifteen cents' worth of pins which she has purchased.

To have that handsome maroon-colored motor delivery wagon roll up to her door, raises her immeasurably in her own estimation, not to speak of that of the neighbors. Somewhat the same feeling came to her that morning the tall liveried attendant swung open for her the door of Bigby's fine store. It matters not that she entered to purchase only fifteen cents' worth of pins. From the imposing doorman, who wore the gold-braided uniform with the lofty air of a general, to the bright delivery boy with his clean, smart-looking wagon, the entire establishment was at her service. And it seems quite right to her and in the natural order of things that this should be so. She takes the whole system for granted.

She has never bothered her head about it. She just says, "Send it, please!" and be it a package of pins, a paper of needles, or a set of dining-room furniture, her wish is carried out. Whether she lives within a short walk from the store or in the far suburb, miles and miles away, matters not. Her package will be delivered to her just the same.

Some department-store heads say unhesitatingly that the delivery is the most expensive service they have to offer. In many cases the cost of sending a package amounts to more than the total sales value of the article.

Let's follow this little package of pins which Mrs. Smythe-Jones has purchased, and see how it must be manipulated before it reaches her hands.

The saleswoman fills out a form with the date, name and address, description of purchase, term and price. The article goes to the inspector's desk and is wrapped; that part of the form with the customer's name and address is pasted on the wrapper. The package drops through a trap door onto a conveyor, and is sorted out by a clerk according to whether it is "paid," "charged," or "C. O. D." Every delivery route is numbered. The package is marked accordingly and dropped into the proper bin.

Still another clerk enters on a "route sheet," the name and address, and details of purchase. The package of pins gets another number that corresponds with the number on the route

sheet. Separate route sheets, or "delivery lists," as they are sometimes called, are used for C. O. D. parcels, and for parcels paid for or charged. The driver and his helper check up the packages in the bin with the route sheet, of which the driver retains a duplicate. Any discrepancy must be found before the goods leave the store. If none exists, the driver signs the list made up by the sheet writer, as a receipt for the parcels. The packages are dropped into bins on wheels, hoisted to the loading platform and emptied into the wagon.

Each vehicle has two men, large trucks three or four. The loading is done early in the morning, and takes about an hour's time.

All this expensive detail work because Mrs. Smythe-Jones wished to have her pins "sent." Why did she not carry them home, you say? Let's give her the benefit of the doubt, and charge her merely with thoughtlessness. She didn't know that it probably cost the store eighteen cents to deliver her fifteen-cent purchase.

The need of man-power in war time forced the stores to adopt the once-a-day delivery. The C. O. D. privilege has also been curtailed. This started as an accommodation to the customer, but developed into an expensive nuisance.

In every case where a parcel is refused, the delivery boy must take it back to the wagon, record the refusal on his sheet, and bring it back to the store to a special department which handles only such repudiated purchases. Then follows more bookkeeping, more checking, and more handling. After a day or two the parcel is routed out again. More gasoline and more men's time are consumed. If on this second trip the package is not accepted, the goods are returned to the store and put back in stock. Thus is completed a transaction that entailed nothing but waste from beginning to end—a wasted selling process, wasted handling of goods, wasted bookkeeping, and wasted delivery service.

The special-deliver parcel, too, with its glaring red label, marked "Special," in large type, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. A "Special" means a special wagon manned by a driver and helper, sent out expressly with that particular package. Conservatively, the cost of making such a delivery is approximately three dollars. The return privilege was at first tackled by ruling that goods held longer than seven days could not be accepted for credit. The time has now been shortened to three days.

These changes were directly due to the war. Stores will probably never return to the old, careless, generous system.

Every Woman a Handy Man

When the Pipe Gets Stopped Up

By H. C. Claudy

NO HOUSEHOLD problem needs first aid more quickly than does a stopped-up pipe. There are several varieties, but most common is the kitchen sink drain which suddenly refuses to carry off the water, the frozen water pipe, and the toilet basin into which some careless person has dropped banana peelings, or other refuse.

An appliance which you can buy for little money will often remedy the trouble without resort to tools. It consists of a heavy rubber cup on a wooden handle. If the sink drain is clogged, this rubber cup is set face down over the drain in the bottom of the sink, and the rubber cup vigorously depressed and pulled up. The edges of the rubber cup get a suction hold on the smooth bottom of the sink, and the operation of the handle exerts a powerful compression and suction force, by air, on the stoppage in the pipe. The same appliance, somewhat larger, is about the only remedy the householder can apply to the stopped-up toilet fixture, but it is effective nine times out of ten. As a plumber to take down the toilet is an expensive luxury, it is well worth while to buy the large toilet "rubber suction pump" on the chance that your stoppage is one of the nine and not the tenth.

But if the rubber suction-pump won't work on the stopped-up sink, you are by no means at the end of your resources. Under the sink is a pipe with a letter "S" bend in it, known technically as a "trap." It is literally a "trap" now, for in all probability the stoppage is in this bend. No matter how careful one is with what is poured into the kitchen sink, hot grease will sometimes get down the pipe. As there is always water standing in the "trap"—which, indeed, is why it is there, since that same water keeps sewer gas from ascending into the house—and as hot grease congeals when it strikes cold water, it is usually found that sink stoppages come from accumulations of grease in this "elbow."

At the bottom of the elbow is a circular hole, closed with a screw cap or plug. With a wrench, unscrew this cap. Remember that practically all things which screw together "screw up" to the right, and "unscrew" to the left. That is, to "screw up" anything it is turned the way the hands of a watch revolve, and to unscrew it, it must be turned the other way.

This screw-cap faces down, toward the floor. So you imagine a watch placed against it, with its face toward the floor, and then you unscrew it in the reverse direction to which the hands of the imagined watch move.

Be sure to have on an old dress or big apron when you do this, and a bucket or big pan standing directly underneath the hole, particularly if there is water in the sink. If the stoppage is beyond this hole and not between it and the sink, the contents of the sink will run out

when you take the cap off and make a mess unless you are prepared for it.

Having the screw-cap off the elbow, you can get at the cause of the difficulty from two ends at once. Your means are either a long flexible piece of wire or a long-handled bottle brush, which the household supply store keeps for just such a purpose. From this hole in the trap you can reach up toward the sink, and along, toward the outlet pipe, and, in all probability, dislodge the grease or whatever is causing the stoppage.

You will note perhaps a small rubber or leather washer-ring around the edge of the screw-cap. Be sure this is in place in replacing the cap. Don't screw it back too tightly. Most elbows under sinks are made of a lead composition which is rather soft and screwing the cap home too hard may jam it in so it can not again be dislodged, which will require, later, a new elbow a plumber and a bill not pleasant to look at!

Frozen water pipes are more easily prevented than cured; nevertheless, they can be cured. Sometimes the stoppage in a sink drain is due to water freezing in the drain pipe. This can easily occur in a house in which the sink drain passes down from a warm kitchen into an unheated cellar. If such is the case, plenty of hot water applied with old rags will usually remedy the difficulty. If the "freeze" spot is not too large, sometimes a few smart blows on the drain pipe with a hammer will dislodge the ice.

A water-supply pipe frozen is another matter. If the freeze is of any extent, the pipe will burst, because when water freezes it occupies more space solid than liquid. If that space isn't available the ice makes space for itself by bursting its container. A frozen pipe which has burst must, of course, be replaced—a plumber's job. But not all freezes burst the pipe.

First locate the probable point of freezing. Supply pipes may pass a cellar window or door. If there is a crack through which a wintry blast can hit the pipe, suspect that as the frozen spot. Pour hot water over it, or swathe it in rags wet with hot water. Or, if you can get an electric bulb in contact with the pipe at this point and wrap it and the pipe together with rags, it will in time supply enough heat to melt the ice. A kerosene lamp, held under the frozen point, will in time send up enough hot air to warm the pipe so the ice will melt. But beware of using open-flame kerosene lamps in confined situations in cellars—much better a frozen pipe than a house on fire.

No householder's tinkering problem requires more patience than the frozen pipe, but patience wins in the end. If you can't find or melt the "freeze" in an hour's time, send for a plumber. But if you expect to do it in five minutes, better save the five and send for the plumber anyway. A little patience goes a long way toward saving plumbers' bills.



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“SAVE the sugar, but have your sweets” is now made possible by raisins. In this sweet, juicy, raisin pie there is neither *wheat* nor *grocery-sugar*. And note how easy it is to make. See how inexpensive. No sweet-tooth need be denied when there is pie like this.

Have it often, and eat all you wish. It contains nothing you need save.

Conservation Raisin Pie

1 cup of Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
1 cup of water
1 tablespoon cornstarch or tapioca
1 level teaspoon salt or lemon juice (if desired)
Wash raisins, put in saucepan with cold water, bring slowly to a boil; add salt (or lemon juice) and cornstarch (or tapioca) which has been mixed with a little cold water; boil three minutes; pour into pie tin which has been lined with crust. Put strips across top.

Conservation Pie Crust—Two Pies

1 cup of rye flour 2 tablespoons shortening
½ cup rice flour ½ teaspoon baking powder
A little salt

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Use Sun-Maid Raisins because this rare fruit-food is made from California's tenderest, juiciest, thin-skinned grapes. Use Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed) or Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds). You can buy these raisins in Clusters (on the stem) to serve as dessert alone or with nuts. Raisins are plentiful and cheap. Take advantage of it. Ask your dealer for Raisin Candy. Good and good for you. Saves sugar.

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76 Per Cent Fruit-Sugar

Raisins are 76 per cent *fruit-sugar*, so this pie completely satisfies everyone's desire for sweets.

More than that, it provides sugar's fine nutrition, which is good for working men and playing children.

And it's a *digestible* sweet, because the raisin's sugar is practically *pre-digested*.

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They Wanted Jell-O

Do you remember the dreadful disappointment it used to be in the old days at home when mother brought on for dessert some baked apples or pieplant pie, or something else that was too common, and you had expected ice cream or shortcake at least?

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are made in perfection of Jell-O, and these sugarless Jell-O dishes do not require the use of eggs, cream or fats of any kind—any more than they require sugar or wheat—and they do not have to be cooked.

To give you the best possible idea of "the Jell-O way" we will send you, free, a copy of the latest Jell-O Book, which gives full information on the subject, if you will send us your name and address.

In every case of sickness or convalescence there is a period when feeding is a most important factor, and often it is found that Jell-O is the one particular dish which satisfies the craving for something refreshing and revives the weakened appetite.

Jell-O is made in six pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate. At any grocer's, 2 packages for 25 cents.

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THE SILLIPUTES

By MARIE LEE WARNER



PRIZE OFFER

THE Silliputes have come to play with little DELINEATOR readers who may try for six prizes every month. We will give \$5.00 for the best letter about what you think of the Silliputes and the games you play with them, and five \$1.00 prizes for the next best letters, judged by the ideas, the writing, and neatness of letters. Contest open to children not over twelve years old. Address, Sillipute Editor THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Bldg., N. Y.

NAMES AND GAMES

SOME days the Silliputes play the same games
That you and your playfellows do,
But often each one does the thing he likes best
Or thinks of a game that is new.

AB Sillipute likes to recite little rhymes
While others stand listening about
Until they grow tired of his gesture and pose
And all run away with a shout.

EB Sillipute stands on his head for an hour
Unless some one happens along
And gives him a push, when he stands on his hands
Till it seems that his head would grow wrong.

IB Sillipute thinks he can run very fast
And always is wanting to race,
But he never is cross if he doesn't win out
And pleasantly takes second place.

OB Sillipute liked to turn somersaults
Till one day he got a bad fall,
Then he caught his left foot in the candy bean vine
And scraped his wee nose on the wall.

UB Sillipute once had an ache in his leg
Which made him go walking quite lame,
Now sometimes he limps just to make his mates sad
If he's beaten in playing a game.

When AB, EB, and IB, with OB and with UB
Put their names all along in a row;
They want you to play making new names with them
And quickly you must tell all you know.

NOTE:—Those simple sound combinations are familiar to every child who is learning to read according to modern "Phonic methods" used in all schools. It is both fun and good training for ear and voice to go over these "word families" as they are often called, using the vowels with the various consonants. An immense family of Silliputes can be supplied with names in this way.

Being Your Own Decorator

By Harriet Baxter Sheldon

ALTHOUGH building a new house, or even "doing over" an old one is only a dream in the remote background of your mind, you probably find yourself conjuring up pictures of what those four walls are to be, and just how you are to get the best results in interior decoration—the other name for home-making.

Architectural features and woodwork play a most important part in the final decorative effect, and should not be controlled by a poorly trained builder who is merely a clever mechanic. Few of us can afford the services of the best architects, and therefore you should learn to be your own consulting architect and decorator.

The house painter is not often a person of greater discrimination than the builder, and he also needs careful direction.

Probably you long have realized the necessity for choosing the wall-paper you are to live with. But the architectural features of the interior are relatively more important, because more difficult and costly to correct if once gone wrong.

Although the last thing to be attained, interior decoration is the first thing to be considered, since really the ultimate object in having a house is to possess an attractive place to live. If in any doubt as to what you should have, study it out carefully. No one else can possibly have the interest in your house that you yourself have, so learn the why's and wherefore's.

The first thing affecting interior decoration is the floor plan, or arrangement of rooms. Fitness, the first essential in good taste, must be the first thought in the floor plan, as in other things. Fitness in orientation is of great importance, for it will affect not only the family spirits, but possibly the family health. See that your living-room has a southern exposure, so that it will be cheerful and inviting. Do not allow your plan to be controlled by the side of the street on which your lot happens to front. In this, we should learn something from the Japanese, who invariably face their living-rooms south, adjusting the other rooms to this as seems best.

Let the arrangement be such as to give an effect of spaciousness, and provide vistas through appropriate archways. Halls, reception, drawing, dining and living rooms may be thrown together by archways or double doors without violating the principles of good taste. Colonnades have no proper place in any but large mansions.

Where a chamber must adjoin living or dining room, do not sacrifice privacy for vistas. Let the opening be a doorway, and keep it closed. Provision for privacy in sleeping-rooms is a requisite of good taste in the home; the intimate furnishings of the bedroom should never be exposed to view through an archway. Be sure to have the bathroom adjoin, or immediately accessible from the chambers; and see that it does not adjoin, and is not entered through the living or dining room as is sometimes the case in poorly planned houses.

The next thing for consideration as affect-

ing interior decoration is the placement of window and door openings. These control the spaces available for such furniture as should set against the walls; and our windows determine our exterior views, so should not be placed haphazard.

A good architect not only considers the appearance and strength of his building, but its purpose, having the foresight to think of what will go into it. He takes care not to break up his wall spaces in such a manner as to hamper a suitable and convenient arrangement of the furniture proper for each room.

It is by no means a bad plan first to choose the furniture you will have, and build your house around it, to make sure of adequate accommodation, for good taste demands there be no overcrowding. Eliminate all but indispensable furnishings if you can not spread out the roof-tree.

No opportunity for a fine view should be lost, nor should any objectionable outlook be permitted. Concessions should be made in order to place windows favorably, for the former, while translucent glass is an excellent solution for the latter. Stained glass is far better omitted if not of just the right kind as to color and design, the selection of which requires an expert decorator.

The comfort and convenience of steam heat are no argument against retaining, in addition, the fireplace as the heart of the living-room. There is nothing around which interest centers so naturally, and nothing as welcoming and comforting as the broad hearthstone, with a cheery wood fire. Do not surround it with shiny, glazed tiles, but with a velvety surface suggestive of warmth; and have the mantel-shelf of good proportions and admirable simplicity.

Over-mantels should harmonize with the type of room. Better none than a nondescript cabinet dust-catcher arrangement. The right mirror looks well over a mantel, and set-in tapestry, painted or sculptured over-mantel panels are in excellent taste.

Sashes that provide for a number of small panes are more effective, both from the interior and exterior, than those having but a single sheet of glass, especially if the windows are low ones or casements. Just the reverse is true as to the paneling of doors, a very simple treatment being preferable, especially if of beautifully grained wood. Many or deep moldings are undesirable for the woodwork.

Paneling is appropriate for halls, living and dining rooms, either part way or to the ceiling. A wainscot paneled in squares or perpendicularly is in better taste than the tongued and grooved one often seen. Where built-in features are introduced to take the place of a partition wall between two rooms, paneling may be employed to fill in above, rather than permit open spaces which present such difficulty when it is desired to drape the archway or shut out a draft.

Do not have a window seat unless the window affords a pleasant aspect, and unless the room obviously would be improved by some such treatment.



40c a Pound for Water

One Reason Why Some Foods Cost Ten Times Quaker Oats

Many common foods cost ten times Quaker Oats for the same energy value. These include meats, eggs and fish, and numerous vegetables.

A pound of Quaker Oats yields 1,810 calories. A pound of perch, for instance, yields 275.

The difference lies partly in water, for which you often pay 30c and 40c per pound. Note the table below:

Water Content	
Quaker Oats	7.7%
Round Steak	60.7%
Veal Cutlets	68.3%
Canned Salmon	63.5%
Hens' Eggs	65.5%
White Bread	35.3%
Potatoes	62.6%
Canned Peas	85.3%

As a result, here is what you get in calories per pound. And the calory is the energy measure of food value:

Calories Per Pound	
Quaker Oats	1810
Round Steak	890
Dried Beef	790
Mackerel	370
Codfish	325
Potatoes	295
Milk	325

Consider these facts in your breakfasts. You can feed ten people on Quaker Oats for the cost of feeding one on meats.

You can feed them vastly better. For the oat is almost the perfect food. It is considered the greatest food that grows.

Quaker Oats

Quaker Oats dominate because of their flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the big, rich, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

You get this extra grade when you ask, without any extra price.

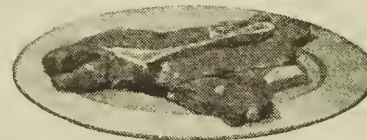
Two Sizes: 12c to 13c—30c to 32c

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Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover



Costs 5c
Per 1000 Calories



Costs 57c
Per 1000 Calories



Costs 54c
Per 1000 Calories



Costs 78c
Per 1000 Calories

Use This Delicious Oil



**For Salads
For Shortening
For Frying**

Let the man of the house decide how good it is for salad dressings. Judge it yourself as shortening by its success in cake.

Try it for frying with the whole family for jury. You will get a wholesale verdict in favor of Douglas Oil.

Douglas Oil makes perfect mayonnaise, sure and certain mayonnaise, thick and stiff with a few minutes of beating.

It is thoroughly satisfactory for every cooking purpose. You can forget the price of butter if you use Douglas Oil. One kettleful for frying lasts indefinitely because you use it again and again. It doesn't absorb flavor or odor.

Douglas Oil

Made from the Heart of Corn Alone

Altogether Douglas Oil is delicious, nutritious and economical. And—as a final recommendation—it is made from corn, our conservation grain.

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Your dealer has Douglas Oil or can get it for you. If you can't secure it write us direct and we will see that you are supplied.

Send for the Douglas Book of Recipes—FREE

Compiled by experts and published to sell for 50 cents. For a limited time we offer it free to women who use Douglas Oil. If you are unable to get Douglas Oil send us the name of your dealer and we will see that you are supplied.

DOUGLAS COMPANY, Dept. 203, Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Manufacturers of Corn Products



Cook with Douglas Corn Starch

Use Douglas Corn Starch in all possible ways, not only for the results it produces but its nutritive qualities. It makes desserts which delight the children, thickens sauces, soups and gravies to velvet smoothness, produces finest pastry flour when mixed as explained in the Douglas Book of Recipes. Made by the world's largest exclusive starch manufacturers. You secure the de luxe brand when you specify Douglas.



DO YOU NEED SOME EXTRA MONEY?

Any Girl or Woman Can Make It in the Money-Making and Success Club



"MY OWN money!" Most decidedly there is a pleasant ring about the phrase. For nothing is more natural than that every girl and woman should desire a little extra money to spend when most she needs it.

In fact, there are times in the lives of all of us when we would give anything for just a few odd dollars. But we seem to wish and wish—in vain. The items of a girl's wardrobe are so innumerable—there are so many "little things" which literally eat up money—that it is undoubtedly hard for the modern girl or woman to be satisfied.

And after all there is not one man in a thousand who really appreciates the why's and wherefore's of such an appeal as: "Please, John, I must have a new hat for next Friday's affair," or "Papa, I need a new dress so badly. I really have nothing to wear." For "John" or "Papa" imagines his generosity is being taken advantage of, and he will reply:

"Oh, Molly, you can easily wear your last year's bonnet. It looks perfectly fresh to me."

Or, "You girls make me tired with your cry of 'nothing to wear!' You're always wanting something new."

Evidently there is no earthly use arguing the point in such a case. Besides, "dollars to doughnuts," he would be picking flaws in the hat or dress when you did get it.

Now, there is one solution to this money problem, and one only. Make whatever extra money you need—*yourself*. In this way you will avoid criticism and feel much happier.

Twenty years ago this suggestion might not have been quite so valuable perhaps. But today the modern girl grasps with a sort of desperate eagerness the welcome chance to earn some money of her own. It is in the very spirit of the day—this desire to help the family along by *helping yourself*.

And what better proof does one need than the hundreds of letters that pour into this office day after day, all pleading for help? Here is a typical one:

DEAR JEAN DUNCAN:

Will you reach out a helping hand to a young girl just graduating from high school? I feel sure you can help me, as you have helped hundreds of other girls. There are so many little things I need that I haven't the money for, that I am just aching to make some money of my own. I hate to ask father, as he doesn't seem to understand a girl's needs, and

mother has only just enough to manage the house with.

Of course I am very busy and have only a few spare moments here and there—but I want the money badly and I shall work every chance I get. Please write at once.

Yours impatiently,
EMMA F.

That is why our Girls' Money-Making and Success Club has specialized in helping girls all over the country—to start on the road to independence. This letter from a married club-member will interest you, I know:

DEAR MISS DUNCAN:

It seems hardly possible that I should have won my check for twelve dollars and the beautiful gold wrist watch in so short a time. Especially as I have only been able to devote odds and ends of moments to the work. And I want to tell you how very interesting I have found it, too; not at all like real work.

Little Tommy needs a new overcoat and he shall get it now. Also I shall have just enough left from the twelve dollars to pay the telephone bill. Think of it! It certainly does seem like a wind-fall. My watch is simply exquisite and I am ever so proud of it. Thank you, Miss Duncan, for having helped me to win it.

Your grateful
MRS. JAMES B.

And so, if you need some extra money—which no doubt you do—I would advise you to drop me a line this very day, and I will tell you at once how you, too, can win our free Club gift—the lovely watch bracelet—and all about our latest plans for the Money-Making and Success Club. Address your note to:

Jean Duncan

Dept. 13,
Butterick Building,
New York.

P.S.—A post-card scribbled off in pencil will bring you just as prompt a reply.

HOW TO SET THE TABLE FOR EVERY OCCASION



is a beautiful board bound book by Sara Swain Adams that tells you how to set the table for Holidays, Birthdays, special guests and in fact every occasion. How to care for Linens and how to choose good Linens. We offer it to you for the actual cost of production to acquaint you with

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Genuine Irish LINEN
TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS

HOW TO SET THE TABLE FOR EVERY OCCASION
BY SARA SWAIN ADAMS



You can obtain this \$1.50 book for 50 cents (the cost of printing) from the Exclusive "Derryvale" Agency in your city, or if you cannot locate the "Derryvale" Agency, write direct to us enclosing 50 cents, mentioning your dealer's name, and the book will be forwarded prepaid.

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How to Save What You Save

By Bertha Bellows Streeter

HOW many times you have said to yourself: "Now, I'm going to save some money this month, you just see if I don't!" And you've denied yourself, and you've done your work yourself instead of hiring it done, and you've figured and schemed so as to save on the children's expenses, seemingly all to no purpose. When you balanced things up you found that in spite of all you've done, there is absolutely nothing to show for your efforts. Then perhaps, in spite of your discouragement, you've tried the plan the next month—with just the same results.

Perhaps you even took advantage of the washerwoman's failure to do your work and did a bit of it yourself, intending to save what you would have paid her, only to find at the end of the month that you were not one cent better off. And then, perhaps, you've done as thousands of other women have done. You just settled back and declared: "It's no use. No matter how hard I work nor to what extent I deny myself, we have no more than we do when I make no effort to save. I shall quit this everlasting pestering of myself trying to economize all the time."

There are thousands of us homemakers who know how hard it is, because we have gone through exactly the same experience. And some of us got no farther than you did and we confessed ourselves beaten, too. After saving a little money a few times we had such a good feeling that almost before we knew it we spent more than we had laid by on something we never intended buying at all. And if we didn't do it, somebody else in the family who heard of our saving thought there was plenty of money to spend and proceeded to do it.

But some of us have found the way out. It is only recently that we discovered how, and the opportunity came through a national necessity and not through our invention, but it came. And those of us who have profited by it hope deep down in our souls that Uncle Sam will continue to sell Government Savings

Stamps and Thrift Stamps for many a year to come.

You see, the trouble has lain with the practise of not laying aside *immediately* what we knew we had saved. When we finished the washing and ironing that Mrs. Jones was to have done, we did not take out our pocket-book and pay ourselves as we would have paid her; we said we would do it later, and when the time came for us to collect, lo, the pocket-book was bare! There had been money for Mrs. Jones, but there was none for us even if we did do Mrs. Jones's work. It was terribly provoking sometimes.

But now we know better. When we finish Mrs. Jones's work we pay the postman—that *very day*—just as we would pay her. If what we owe for the washerwoman's work would buy a War Savings Stamp, why we buy that stamp and affix it jubilantly to our certificate. It is a tangible evidence of money saved, and not only that, but of money actually *invested* safely for a while—invested at a rate of interest higher than we could get at many a bank. And what an incentive it is to work and scheme to fill up all those twenty spaces!

Some of us have broken away from the grocer's bills and, oh, what a relief it is not to get a statement from him each month. From those we have had we got a pretty good idea of what our supplies were costing us, so we know what to allow for this month's needs. But we sally forth with our market-baskets and we go to cash stores and the markets. It takes time, of course, but are we not being paid for our time now? When we get through we will figure up about how much we have saved and that *very day* invest the money, be it much or little, in Thrift Stamps. Really, it is fun, it is more like an interesting game when one knows she is going to get something out of it that will really help the Government. At the best, a woman feels that she can do so little and it is a wonderful satisfaction to know that the time spent had really counted and been a help to Uncle Sam.



Cheering Up the Family

Cold, slushy weather; wet and tired feet; jangled nerves. The whole family feeling all used up and abused. A cup of hot Steero all around, steaming and fragrant. Its appetizing warmth brightens the weary faces. Fractious nerves unkink, tired bodies relax, and in a few minutes every one is cheerfully ready for dinner.

Steero is an invigorating beverage which may be instantly prepared and served any time, anywhere. Just drop a Steero cube into a cup; pour on boiling water, and you have delightful bouillon.

STEERO
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
CUBES

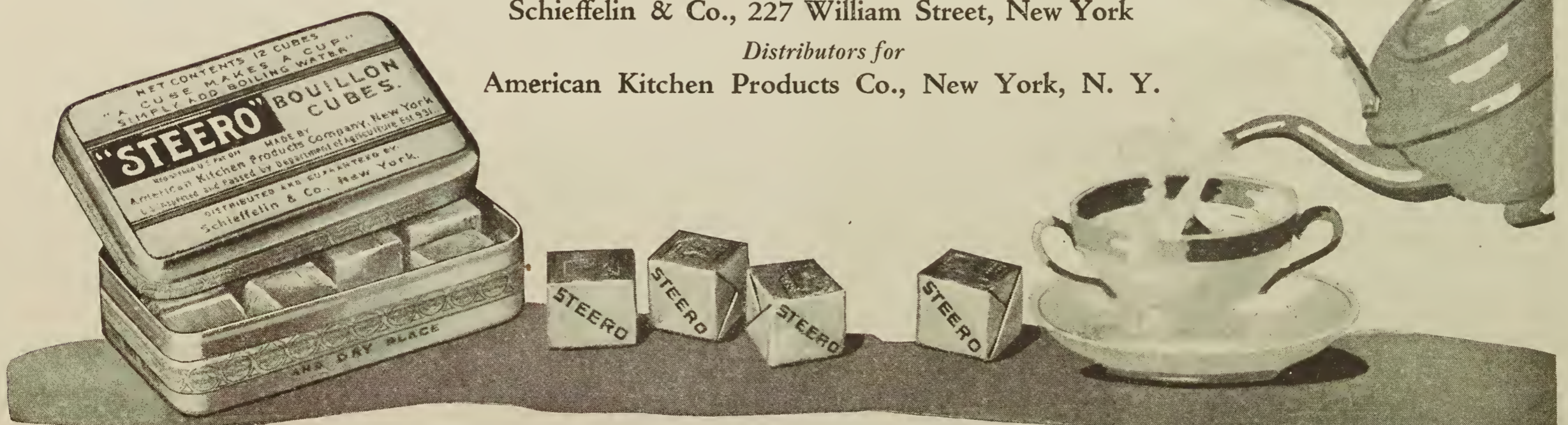
The next time you are making hash or gravy, try adding a Steero Cube or two for flavor. You will find that it gives just the right degree of rich flavor needed.

Steero Cubes are sold not only in boxes of 12 cubes, but also in boxes containing 50 and 100 cubes. Grocers, druggists, and delicatessen dealers carry them.

Schiffelin & Co., 227 William Street, New York

Distributors for

American Kitchen Products Co., New York, N. Y.





Danger Lurks

In the Narrow, Hard-to-Clean NECK of Baby's Bottle

A MILLION babies died in this country in the last three years. Safe milk would have saved thousands if the nursing bottles had also been safe. A narrow-neck nursing bottle is not safe. Even boiling to sterilize cannot make it completely safe, for the narrow neck chokes free circulation of water.

Your baby in its first year feeds 2,000 times. Dare you risk the bottle being imperfectly cleaned—and baby sick—even once?

The wide-mouthed Hygeia Nursing Bottle is always safe—it has no place for food particles or germs to collect. Easy to cleanse as a tumbler.

The rubber Hygeia Breast is nearest like mother's breast and aids nursing. There is a rubber cover that snaps over the bottle to protect food while in ice box.

Be safe—not sorry. First made by a physician to save his own child. Insist on Hygeia, the Nursing Bottle with breasts of red or black rubber. All drug stores.

THE HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE CO., Inc., 1206 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Hygeia NURSING BOTTLE



The End of a Perfect Day

There is nothing like a brisk day's sport on the ice rink or the bob-sleds to develop rosy-cheeked, clear-eyed youngsters.

There is nothing like "Vaseline" Camphor Ice for protecting them against chapping from cold winter winds.

Insist on "Vaseline" Camphor Ice. Put up in tubes and boxes. At all druggists.

Vaseline
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Camphor Ice

Write for interesting booklet. Free on request.

PETROLEUM JELLY

A little "Vaseline" Camphor Ice applied before going out and after coming in keeps hands and lips soft, smooth and healthy. Good for boys and

girls—and grown ups too—the simple, natural skin protection against the hurts of frost and winter. No one who is fond of winter sports should be without it.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

(Consolidated)

2 STATE ST. NEW YORK

DOES YOUR CHILD COLLECT?

Make the Habit of Value to Him

By GEORGE PEAK, B.S.E.

A LITTLE girl of four years acquired a zeal for collecting caterpillars, beetles and other little creatures, much to the alarm of her father, who had hoped to rear his daughter to a life of refinement. Boxes, punched with air-holes and filled with creeping captives, littered the place. His child's delight was to entertain her visitors, large and small, with her managerie, and to watch people squirm as her woolly pets crawled up her arms and around her neck. The father, thinking that in a few years he was doomed to see his daughter holding forth as a snake-charmer in some side-show, was in the depth of despair. Yet, all at once the child's interest veered to another direction. Discarding her creatures, she with equal zest went to collecting paper dolls.

The anxiety of this father is similar to that of the mother whose small boy began to collect broken bottles, jug handles, old dishes, and door-knobs. He scoured the alleys and vacant lots for blocks around. His mother, having heard that jackdaws and certain animals do this, feared that the mind of her child was degenerating. She thought that her bright baby boy was rapidly turning into a monstrosity. To the contrary, he grew into a brilliant, well-balanced man, in spite of the fact that for years, as a child, he had jealously guarded his collection of broken, useless chinaware.

Oftimes parents with the first child suffer deeply, not understanding the peculiar desire for collecting objects that all children pass through. These parents, failing to recall the idiosyncrasies of their own childhood, are at sea when their child develops this unexpected turn. They let slip through their fingers a golden opportunity that nature slyly bestows, and thus, by oversight, lose the chance to be parents in the richest sense of the word. It is not a wanton fault, but rather a failure to obtain the correct perspective of child growth.

IT IS in the second year that chubby fingers begin to garner objects, but not till the third year does this activity strike terror or joy, as the case may be, to the parent heart. For at this period of the child's life the impulse, by its first intensity, impels the attention of parents. Many reason wrongly that the life of the child is gorged with play, and that of a grown-up with work. Here, however, they should pause for correct adjustment. The tot of two years when he starts to collect, has entered the first business enterprise of his life. This undertaking is weighty to the child, and more weighty are its results, which have the power to mark him a success or a failure when he comes to his life-work as a man. The tutoring hand of a wise parent, deftly guiding him at this plastic age in methods that are right, affords a training that outrivals even that of a college education.

This molding activity, cloaked in the form of play, but fundamentally earnest, should not be treated as a fleeting whim. It is a necessary balance to the play half of childhood, and aside from its training value, it is a snappy, restful reaction from the nausea of too much play. This work to him is what the hobby is to the grown-up. If any person thinks that a wholesome mind does not demand contrasts, let him note the example of those men who to-day are the center of history that will be read a thousand years hence, and who, shaking from their shoulders burdens it seems no man can stand, go with glee, heralded by the press, to the golf course to play a game which is a mere modification of the shinny they played as boys.

THIS collecting activity of the child, continuing through life in some form, is delightfully capricious. It will develop in the most unexpected direction, last as long as it pleases, which may be hours or years, and then shift, on the spur of the moment, in a direction quite the opposite. It is true that children do follow a general sequence in the kind of collections they make. Nor do haphazard collections occur. There is always a sort of relationship between the things collected—as with the little girl it was insects that were alive, and with the boy it was objects that were of like material.

An incident, which would be laughable if one did not sympathize with the young mother, was that of an only child, well fed and round as a butter-ball, who took a sudden desire to collect bread. Every piece of toast, crust or hard biscuit the child seized and carried away to a hiding-place in a manner painfully similar, thought the mother, to that of a starving canine. Fearing humiliation, should her friends detect the strange behavior of her child, she fed him almost to gluttony, but invariably the bread was saved and hidden. Unable to stand it longer, she went to a motherly neighbor, and there learned to her relief that her child was passing through the same mental stage that any healthy youngster is likely to pass through.

Joy as well as fear may bound in the breast of the parents when their child starts a collection of a kind that points out a bright future. Here, too, the kind of material gathered is a fickle guide to what the child will collect in later life. A desire to collect books is no sign that a child will become a scholar, for he may turn out a trapeze performer. One may as well think that a child fond of playing leapfrog is destined to play leapfrog when a man. Nor is there any assurance that a child who holds on to his pennies with a death grip and stores them in his bank will grow up to be a wealthy man. On the contrary, he may become a spendthrift, and his desire to collect may shift itself from money to some trivial accumulation which has no value to him save as a product of his own endeavor.

Again the lad who, bitten by the lure to collect Indian relics, will trudge for miles through tangled brush with pick and spade on shoulder, and then dig for hours with aching back to salvage some broken arrowhead, is not

necessarily bound toward a manhood to be spent in useless accumulation of foolish antiques while his family starves. On the other hand, he, as a man, may be able by untiring labor to dig deep into law books and into the schemes of other men, and thus, by pleading at the bar, collect victory after victory simply because he, as a boy, through his chase after red-man relics, developed staying power.

The kind of objects gathered count for nothing. It is the activity itself that is essential to the normal development of a child. To dwarf the vigorous mind of a child by denying it the activity it craves is as cruel as to deny exercise to young muscles brimming with energy. Here enters the opportunity of the farseeing parent to give the child a priceless heritage. One mother, brushing aside the veneer of play that mystifies so many parents when they view this development, looked deep into it and saw its true value. She seized her opportunity. Skilfully she followed her boy through all the phases of the activity. System was what she emphasized. All the bits of glass were polished, sorted as to color and size, and each division of his collection was put into its proper place. When later his attention reached the stage of flags of nations, she still pursued the same policy, thereby stamping order and method into his life.

On his arrival at manhood, can you imagine yourself entering the store of this mother's son and impatiently waiting for some purchase, while clerks rummage through a disordered stock in vain search for what you want? Or should this young man enter the medical profession, can you imagine him madly hunting through his library for some important reference he has failed to catalog, while, as the minutes speed, his patient sinks rapidly toward that line which divides life from death?

By contrast is recalled the attitude taken by one father. His son had arrived at the age when stamp collecting lies nearest a boy's heart. Proudly had he added to his exhibit, stamp by stamp. When a friend would present him a rare one, his countenance would shine for days; and one of the keenest pleasures of his childhood was experienced when his teacher requested him to bring his collection to school, so that the class might study it. There came a day, however, that the boy, carried away for the while by his pet diversion, failed to attend promptly to some trivial task his father had laid out. The father, stepping in and finding him poring over his stamps, flew into a rage. Seizing the collection, which meant months of patient, serious work for the boy, the man threw it into the stove.

ON THE other hand, there was the father whose son was interested in woodworking, with a bent toward collecting tools. His father, a traveling salesman, on his return from every trip brought the boy some coveted addition to his workshop, and on off days the father aided the son in the arrangement and proper care of his equipment. Each tool had its place, and each tool was kept with a keen edge, and not a spot of rust was permitted to mar its polished surface. But in all his directing the father was adroit. He assumed the place of assistant rather than leader. The boy was allowed the center of the stage. With outside help that was too evident, the lad would have lost interest, since the collection would have ceased to be entirely his own. The father was not essentially interested in woodwork. His interest was in his son, in drilling him in one of the useful arts of life, which is the habit of doing everything in the best possible manner. He succeeded, for that youngster, now a young man yet in his twenties, is rapidly climbing in one of the hardest professions—architecture.

Every person, tot or grown-up, has a pet collection. The writer is acquainted with an eminent business man nearing sixty, who has struggled upward by the strictest attention to his occupation. He seems to think of nothing else, and yet it was recently revealed that this man has a collection of rare coins to which he has been adding from childhood. It is his custom, when needing a mental change, to take from the safety-deposit vault these coins and muse over them for hours, and then return to his work refreshed.

A short time ago, while on an outing in the Ozarks with an educator of prominence, the writer saw the collecting habit from another angle. So intense was the interest of this man in the flora of that region that each time he returned to camp, he staggered under a load of specimens. No tramp was too long if it promised something new. He has collected and classified all the plants of the entire State of Oklahoma, discovering and adding to the knowledge of man fourteen unknown varieties, which now bear his name.

Thus is seen how men face death with quiet courage so that they may give humanity the best that is in them. A glance around shows that collections are not always made for the good of self alone. Great museums have been given to the world because some man, as a child, developed talent for collection. Because it pleased some philanthropist to please humanity by his favorite activity to collect, famous paintings, each costing a fortune in itself, have been gathered from the ends of the earth into one compact gallery.

So when a child shows a disposition to collect, be it lizards or fans, the parents can know it is but a preparation for manhood or womanhood, and that they can mold that preparation as they will by the easy road of pleasure. Looking back to their own childhood, they can recall, as every one can, a bright spot in their lives when they husbanded some collection and risked their necks to make an addition to it. The writer blushes to state that he was an insistent collector of birds' eggs until two fierce old crows, assisted by their feathered neighbors, taught him to turn his attention elsewhere.

The Shady Side of a Grain of Dust

ENOUGH disease germs to lay low an entire community can live on the shady side of a grain of dust. The makings of an epidemic exist in everybody's garbage can. A dusty breeze can lodge in the floor-cracks sufficient germs to destroy your family. Toilets, sinks, and drains—dark, damp, sunless corners are ideal breeding-places for germs.

The germ's business is disease and death—and it attends to business. A period of worry or overwork—anything that reduces your vitality—puts you at the mercy of the first germ that comes along.

Lysol Disinfectant

will make the disease-breeding places in your home germ-proof, for Lysol instantly annihilates all germ-life. A 50c bottle added to water makes five gallons of powerful disinfectant—enough to keep your house germ-proof for months. A 25c bottle makes two gallons.

Get a bottle today. Use the solution regularly and you will make a better fight against disease than it can possibly make against you.

Lysol is also invaluable for Personal Hygiene.

Remember there is but one, true Lysol, made, bottled, signed and sealed by Lehn & Fink. Accept only when sold in original yellow package.

LEHN & FINK, Inc. *Manufacturing Chemists* 101 William St., New York
Makers of Pebecco Tooth Paste





Ready to Use

HIP-O-LITE is the same preparation used by caterers for Marshmallow Sauces and Sundaes and for Cake Filling and Frosting. It is absolutely ready-to-use.

The following are the three professional recipes for its use in economically adding a touch of the Caterer's Art to home desserts:

Marshmallow Sauce

Put two or three tablespoonfuls of HIP-O-LITE into a small mixing bowl. Add a teaspoon or two of water or milk. Stir together half a minute—and you'll have the same marshmallow sauce that's served with sundaes at soda fountains and with so many luxury desserts in hotels. Delicious with gelatine desserts, tapioca, cooked and fresh fruits or any dessert that needs a sauce. Costs less than plain cream and sugar!

Cake Filling and Frosting

Spread HIP-O-LITE, just as it comes from the jar, on the layers and over the cake the same as you would spread butter on bread. That's all for a filling that will Stand Up, a frosting that Will Not Run. No cooking, no possibility of failure—and NO eggs, sugar or other ingredients required!

"The Richest Whipped Cream"

Soften HIP-O-LITE to the consistency of a heavy syrup and whip the same as "double cream." Whips easily under any conditions, has more body than ordinary whipped cream, is richer, can be made one day and used the following, will not sour and is the most economical way to use HIP-O-LITE. Wonderful! you'll say.

Order HIP-O-LITE of your grocer and avoid disappointment by refusing substitutes.

The Hip-o-lite Book of Caterers' and Chefs' Recipes will be sent free upon request to Dept. "A-9."

THE HIPOLITE CO., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

STRETCHING THE 1919 DOLLAR

Make Full Use of Everything You Have Before You Buy More

By ELNA HARWOOD WHARTON

MAKE full use of everything you have before you buy more" is this year's economy text, equally applicable to food, clothing, furnishings, fuel—all the commodities of the home.

"Your own labor for home needs before you draw on the labor market" is of almost equal importance.

"Learn to prolong the utility of every article to the utmost" is another way of stating the need for rigid conservation of everything from the flavor of a ham-bone to the soles of the boys' shoes.

Against the natural inclination of every patriotic woman to answer the frequent calls to activities outside the home must be set the real service to her country—in fact to the world—which she can accomplish by working in the less spectacular field of household conservation. I think, because housework is familiar, and often distasteful, too many women disregard the actual need in this country for universal and systematic home economies, which are only possible when one person gives her entire time and intelligence to their supervision. When there are little children in the home the mother should admit of no choice whatever; the great national service at present is to take care of the children, while our men are busy making the world a decent place in which to live.

Where a woman has the ability to earn a tempting sum at an occupation which requires her to hire a substitute at home, the question of what she shall do assumes many different angles. In my own case, I do not know of any type of person who, for the salary I could earn in the labor market—or any other sum—would or could discharge my manifold functions as administrator, conservator, cook, seamstress, laundress, nurse, chauffeur, and general atmosphere creator, as well as I am doing those jobs myself just now. I can say this without undue egotism, because any woman free enough to take my place properly is also free enough to do administrative work better than I could do it, because I have specialized right where I am.

Mr. Hoover's urgent plea upon our return to a peace basis was for continued and increased general economy. Speaking primarily in the field of food, great stress was laid on the danger of relaxing the thrift efforts we have been making because crops have been so large. Perhaps if women understand that we were at a peak of production last Summer—just before the new draft called its quota of men to the Army—and that possibly never again can we count on so heavy a yield, they will realize that last year's crop does not permit any increase in consumption. Particularly important is it to grasp the fact before the new harvest there was only ten days' food supply in the whole United States; this year, in addition to supplying Allied Europe with nearly as much food again as last year, because of her depleted resources, we must have a safe surplus, or carry-over, if American women are to take their part in the great responsibility of feeding the world.

Patriotism, therefore, as well as personal thrift, requires that we shall use all food in the most economical ways possible. Patriotic economies have not always coincided with personal economies. There was a period when wheat substitutes actually cost more than wheat. The patriotic textile in war time was silk, in preference to wool, cotton or linen, regardless of the relative prices, because there were fewer war demands on the silk manufacturers. Everything that we are asked to do this year in food saving will also be found helpful to the family pocketbook, so that the outlook is anything but discouraging.

Briefly put, the entire emphasis is laid this year on the essentials of Mr. Hoover's original food campaign:

Buy less.
Serve less.
Practise the gospel of the clean plate.
It is considered that we are asked to do the hard thing in comparison with our former efforts. The mechanical support of the wheatless or meatless day is to be withdrawn; we are asked not so much to substitute one staple for another, as to reduce the consumption of all staples. This, of course, coincides with the necessity for reducing our expenditures wherever we possibly can. Waste must be absolutely eliminated in every department of the household. It has been found that emphasis on the use of a particular food tends to increase the retail price of that food, so we must concentrate our efforts on using fewer staples of every kind, and more of what might be called the "fringes of food." As ninety-five per cent. of our food consists at present of staples capable of storage or transportation, it may be a little difficult at first glance to see how any material reduction can be accomplished. Here are some practical suggestions:

All the fresh fruits and vegetables (with the possible exception of potatoes, a staple) should be eaten abundantly. Where two or three green vegetables are served in place of one, less meat and bread will be consumed.

Food canned at home last season does not draw on any market and saves buying. Perishables of all kinds, especially those

locally produced and marketed, also home-grown garden products in season, should be consumed.

The "by-products of meat"—the small perishable organs, rather than the standard cuts, should be served. Roast beef, lamb, pork, steak, chops, and similar large cuts can be stored; hearts, liver, kidneys, brains, sweetbreads, tongues, tripe, etc., are as nourishing as other meats, and come in the perishable class.

Poultry, where home-grown or locally grown and fed on home-grown grains or table scraps, can be used. The scarcity of feed grains makes market poultry a less desirable purchase.

Eggs may be used with a proviso similar to poultry. If the extra Spring eggs were not preserved in waterglass last year, save them by all means this season.

Fish, where procurable, is especially useful as a substitute food because it taxes the land in no way whatever.

Game, and rabbits in particular, may be eaten plentifully, having fed for the most part on wild foods not requiring cultivation.

Milk and the by-products of milk are very important, for the most part, local foods. Milk, even at a relatively high price, is a cheap source of food.

I have a feeling that in the case of the house-

They must inspect quality personally, and never buy out-of-season, imported foods or those otherwise taxing transportation. There is no better basis for all buying, whether of food or other commodities, than the "cash and carry" plan. Delivery is a service. If for any reason you wish to be relieved of the burden of taking your goods with you, it is fair that you should pay extra. If a merchant expects you to do your own carrying, he should give you a rock-bottom price.

Buy by weight rather than measure. A dozen small eggs weigh less than a dozen big ones, and should cost less. In many cases you can save money by purchasing raw materials to cook with rather than ready-prepared foods. In other cases the fuel required to cook long, slow foods can better be saved by choosing the commercially cooked product.

Food thrift and fuel economy must go hand in hand. Some methods of cooking are more wasteful than others, both in fuel and material. Any method of cooking which retains in food the largest proportion of nutritious substances, such as casserole or steam cooking, should be adopted for frequent use. By cooking double quantity, both fuel and time may often be saved. For instance, it takes no more gas to cook enough string-beans for two servings than for one. One-half can be reheated in a sauce another day. I have always found it a fundamental point in food economy to send to the table only what I considered necessary for a given meal. My family would dispose of a whole five-pound chicken if I simply set it before them. But if I boil the chicken, pick the meat from the bones, and divide it into two portions, serving one-half with a gravy and the other half as salad, we have two meals from the same chicken and the same fuel.

With left-overs—if there are any—one can always ask, "Can this be eaten?" and also, "What is the cheapest and quickest way to make this palatable?" "Can I evolve a 'one-piece' dish by combining this with something else?" "Can I do without this to-day and avoid a purchase to-morrow?" For there, after all, must be the crux of all food economy this year: how little can the family live on?

Next to the food economy the housewife will find her largest savings possible in the family clothing. Fortunately the war has helped to do away with most display in clothes. The mother's problem is usually how to keep the family decent and tidy on a limited income. More and more the solution has been found in her personal sewing. As in each department of the home, every penny that is not paid for hired labor is a penny saved. Simplified styles, easy to cut and make, with many suggestions for remodeling partly worn garments, will be found to help the home seamstress materially.

The whole doctrine of clothing conservation may be summed up in a few simple points: Buy inexpensive, strong, durable materials of conservative pattern and color. Make your own decorations; do not draw on the labor market for purely ornamental materials. Give clothing unusual care and good cleansing to prolong its life. Make over outgrown or outworn garments as long as the fabric warrants the work.

The Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense records any number of successful home economies. In Illinois a local exhibit which made a great hit was a clothes-line full of "conservation" or made-over garments. At the Connecticut State Fair there was a display of practical, inexpensive costumes, any one of which could be made for less than thirty dollars. Another valuable service is the publication of lists of dealers who will buy various kinds of household surplus, such as old brass, tin, tinfoil, rags, bottles, etc. Frequently accumulations of such articles occur because no one can find out where they could be utilized.

In addition to clothing economies women's councils everywhere are laboring over all sorts of household savings. In Massachusetts a group meets to exchange ideas on fuel saving; in Idaho there is a movement to buy locally made furniture to avoid transportation. In other States the domestic labor problem is being earnestly discussed, with the special effort of removing the stigma from the woman who "does her own work" and placing rather a premium on the one who can do it effectively. Little movements toward cooperative solutions of domestic difficulties are springing up everywhere, dependent for the most part on the willing elimination of personal whim and preference. Some day, no doubt, the traveling kitchen and the community laundry will be realities. In the meantime, small bands of women like those in an Idaho town who could not afford to buy the fruit and vegetables they needed to put up are offering their labor on a half-and-half basis to the farmers' wives who have plenty of produce but no time to handle it.

For the women to whom no increase in income is likely, the main economies this year will lie in the direction of labor exchanged for necessities. The dollar that formerly bought fifty-seven cents' worth of food and forty-three cents' worth of service in the kitchen will now buy only the food; the family must supply the labor.

WHY WE MUST SAVE FOOD

To the People of America:

The people of America, by their voluntary action, made it possible to send twelve million tons of food overseas during the last year for the support of the armies and civilian populations fighting with us. It was an achievement that averted disaster to the Allied cause, to our own cause, to the cause of freedom and democracy in the world.

But the test is not over. We have now to make our supreme effort. Food now saved will save human lives. The effort to save food becomes a personal responsibility for every one of us. It is necessary that every family in the United States study its food budget and food ways to see if it can not attain greater simplicity in eating, to see if it can not buy less, serve less and waste nothing. Some of our homes, by reason of limited income, can not provide more food than is necessary to maintain the health in the family. The health and strength of our people must be preserved. Never were they more important to the nation. But the great majority of our homes have a standard of food use that can be reduced, especially among those of our people to whom foodstuffs are a secondary item of expenditure.

I believe that we can accomplish the necessary end this year, as last, by the voluntary action of the people. The willingness of the vast majority to assume individual responsibility in the matter is one of the greatest proofs of the character and idealism of our people, and I feel it can be continuously relied on. So we make our renewed appeal in the simple formula of a request to reduce directly our consumption of all foodstuffs, laying especial emphasis on the staples, and we do it with a perfect confidence in the reply of the people.

HERBERT HOOVER,
United States Food Administrator.

wife who feels she has already economized to the limit of her ability that the little unsuspected leaks will be found in the eating habits and uncontrolled whims of the family. Get the children on the same meal-schedule as the adults to avoid many different kinds of foods; this will necessitate, of course, that the bulk of the food served should be adapted to children's digestion, but in any household where diet has always been studied this will not mean any important alterations in the food selected. Teach the children as early as possible to eat a little of every wholesome food served. It is utter nonsense to permit any child to grow up unwilling to eat rice for potato, or hominy for wheat cereal because the flavor is not pronounced, or with a prejudice against beets or beans or peas or anything else. They are bad habits, and I know from personal experience that gentle firmness will overcome them. I have always had to insist that my youngest boy eat the one small spoonful of the food he didn't want before the things he liked better. After a time his prejudices disappeared. The last trace of fussiness vanished when some very finicky children visited our house. Junior came out in the kitchen and whispered to me: "Mother, I should think it made you an awful lot of extra work cooking so many different things because they don't like what we have." And it did—not only extra work, but extra cost, with many bits of food unavoidably wasted because they were tried and left.

The food conservation program and its attendant economies can only be carried out by the cheerful cooperation of every member of the household. The person who will eat a certain food hot but not cold; fried but not boiled; roasted but not in gravy; or who otherwise demands a special personal treatment of the food that comes on the table is selfish and unpatriotic. Little choice our boys have, either in butterless camps or in the fighting district, as to what the food shall be or how it shall be cooked.

Food economy, after all, begins with the market-basket, not with the left-over. Women must learn to consult the daily fair-price lists and plan their purchases accordingly.



Make Bran Delightful

Nearly everybody needs it every day. Its lack brings dull days, headaches, blues. Then folks resort to artificial laxatives. Doctors urge bran. They warn you against the pill habit. Bran is Nature's way of keeping people fit. Pettijohn's conceals the bran in a luscious morning dish. You'll like it better, probably, than any branless dainty. Yet there's sufficient bran. Try it one week. Your own good spirits will then tell you what to do thereafter.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat—25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent of bran. Also Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent fine Government Standard flour, 25 per cent bran. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. (2080)

The Quaker Oats Company

SUNRISE FROM THE HILLTOP

[Continued from page 15]

her—she was a writer, she told me—perhaps she was studying the lives of these "idle rich," I thought. She was a middle-aged woman, with almost white hair, and a rather pale, lined face, but her dark sparkling eyes took away from the look of age. Of course, Maisie and her friends always professed a great love for the country, but I found it was only apparent at such times when it was fashionable to retreat to a country house, and there carry on the same gay life as they did in New York. But this woman loved the real country, as I did, the solitude, the trees, the peace, the wonderful changing colors. In the hubbub over the teacups, I had only time for a few moments' conversation, but there was this unusual unity of interest between us to make us open our hearts on the subject we loved.

"Eddie," I said that evening, "I've found a real woman who loves the country. She is coming to have tea with me to-morrow."

"Fine!" he said with his friendly smile.

"She says there's beautiful country around here, up the Hudson, and in some mountains with funny names."

"Adirondacks or Catskills."

"Yes, I'd love to see them. I'm afraid I have been unconsciously thinking of America as a big New York! Can't you take a holiday and take me?" I asked.

His eyebrows went up in mock astonishment. "What, me take a vacation! Then I'd like to know who would be making the money to buy your new hats and things?"

"I don't want any new hats or things just now. If you'll promise to come, I'll promise to do without a new hat for six months!" I said lightly.

Underneath the half-jesting note in our voices, there was an undercurrent of something else—something even more than the meeting of two wills, even more than my longing to see the country and get away from the noise and multitude of people. There was the woman's eager desire for a little sacrifice, a little thing done at her request, which she feels proves her husband's love. Just occasionally of late self-pride had raised its head, hinting that so far Eddie had never given up anything just because I asked for it. So I was deeply anxious that he should agree.

He burst out laughing—"And at the end of six months you'd be ramming that ancient head-gear into the nearest garbage-pan with a 'well done, faithful servant!'—now I can live again!"

"I wouldn't care—I don't want to be just a spending-machine, anyway—I want to be a companion. What's the use of making money just to spend it on hats and clothes and restaurants—things that don't count? It's such a waste. It seems to me it's better to make less, and enjoy life more by doing the things one wants."

"You don't seem to want to consider that restaurants 'and things' may be the very source from which I draw enough energy to go on living!"

"Eddie, do be serious," I said half-irritably at the light way in which he had taken my request.

"I'm so sorry, dearie, but I can't get away. Why—don't you go, though, get some one to go with you, this woman-who-loves-the-country, for instance?"

"No, I shouldn't think of going without you, I wouldn't enjoy it when I knew you were alone, working." Then in a whisper I added: "Wouldn't you like another holiday just like the one at Sunnydale? Didn't you enjoy that—think of the picnics, the rides, the tennis, the long days in the open air, and your brown face—do you remember the day in the rain when we went to see Martha—that other wonderful day at Barnston?"

His eyes softened at the recollection. "It was glorious," he said. "I shall never forget it."

"Then try and get away and we'll have another holiday like it!"

His face set—"It's impossible," he said rather shortly. "I'd like to but I'm too busy."

I was deeply disappointed and my pride rose tumultuously. He had altered! The first flitting impression I had got when he came to Sunnydale for me was right—he was harder. He could have come if he had made an effort. I hunched myself up on my chair with a frown on my brows and a feeling of resentment.

Then gradually, as almost unconsciously I watched the strong clean lines of his head and his determined mouth, the thought grew that he was proving he loved me by struggling to get on for my sake, and after a few moments love conquered pride, and coming behind his chair, I rubbed my face against his cheek. The hard firm outline thrilled me, it was so rough, so powerful, so masculine, and as he caught my hands and drew my face against his lips, I was content.

If I had been asked what thing I missed most from my old life, I think I should have answered solitude and quiet. I seemed to be so shut in by people—and sound. There seemed to be no place in which I could feel absolutely alone. I had been so used to going somewhere by myself if I felt unhappy or cross and here it seemed as if I could never relax, as if I must always strain to hide my feelings. If I shut my bedroom door, there was a maid a few feet away, whose movements I could hear, whose presence I could feel. If I had tears on my face when Edward came home, he would have thought I was unhappy, so these fits of depression or homesickness or bad temper simmered inside, whereas if I could have had a good cry in the quiet and solitude of the mere they would have disappeared and I should have known them for the petty things they were. Sometimes when the longing for the sound of many trees and the absence of people drove me out, I would wander in the fine stretches of Central Park and watch the squirrels, but always the peace was spoiled by the presence of others and the content of being alone would change to a quick miserable loneliness in the fact of seeing nothing but strange faces.

Little by little as the newness of everything

wore away I began to find time hang heavily on my hands. There was so little to do in the apartment, for the maid was quite able to look after the few rooms and do the cooking. At first I tried to make the place feel more like "home" to me by moving the furniture, changing the pictures, buying plenty of cushions and covers, but my efforts were rather pitiful, for though it looked all right and everybody said it was charming, to me it seemed like a suite in a hotel—lacking that intimate care and thought and love with which I had dreamed of building up our home, and I never felt at rest in it.

After Eddie had gone in the morning, I would flutter about the piano, not doing any real practising, but just passing the time, then pick up a novel and spend another hour reading—perhaps sew a little—then wait for lunch. After lunch there seemed so many hours before Edward came home—how could I fill them? If I were going out, then it was all right, but I did not know enough people to make engagements for every afternoon, and in any case there seemed something useless about these afternoon parties. At Sunnydale I always had something to do—visits to sick people, readings for old Mrs. Bell, sewing-parties at the Vicarage, flowers to take to the county hospital the other side of Barnston, and for amusements there had been such fine health-giving things as riding, driving, gardening, tennis, hockey—every day seemed to have some duty or pleasure. I had told Eddie that I wanted to help him, I had even suggested giving up the maid and doing my own housework and learning to cook, but he laughed at the notion. "Why, you do help me now; it's fine to know I'm working for you."

"But I want to be an active help. I went with Maisie to-day to hear Mrs. Sparkes and she talked of 'Parasites.' I came to the conclusion that is just what I am."

Eddie burst into a hearty laugh. "Sakes alive, is that Maisie's latest fad? She positively wears a cause as she would the latest fashion! But don't you worry, dearie; I am quite satisfied, I can tell you!" I felt vaguely that I was not, but as I couldn't make any practical suggestion of any work which I could do, I let the matter drop, though it still stayed in my thoughts.

At first I had gone to church with Mrs. Boynton, leaving Eddie at home to read the paper, but the building in Fifth Avenue seemed so new and grand and the fashionable congregation such a crowd of unknown faces that it emphasized my loneliness. One morning when I looked around at the sea of strange faces, a sudden desperate longing for the simple little church at home came over me, for the vicar who had baptized me, for the friendly pews in which I had first sat when I was so little that my legs stuck out in straight lines from the seat, for the well-known smiles, for the chatter as we passed out through the old lich-gate. I was so near the edge of breaking down that it frightened me and I vowed I would never go again, for fear of being utterly disgraced in the eyes of these people who looked as though nothing would make them shed a tear.

After four or five months even the luncheons and afternoon parties seemed to slowly die away. Perhaps Maisie and her friends had taken me up as they would a fashion, perhaps it was that I could not fit myself into their life—I could not speak of divorce with a jesting tone nor discuss what seemed to me like exceedingly intimate subjects without a blush, nor look composed when Maisie said lightly that she "didn't have time for a child."

"No time!" I answered, astonished, "why, you have nothing to do."

I think she was just as much astonished as I. "Nothing to do! Why I never have a minute. I guess I'll have to find time some day, but meantime I should worry!" Then as I was not able to hide my disapproval of her jesting tone she added quizzically:

"Why, would you be glad if you had a baby?"

The color rose in my cheeks—it was as if a heavy foot had trodden on my most sacred feelings. Not even to my husband did I voice my intense longing, and my disappointment that as time went on motherhood did not come to me. I had always loved the new-born helpless things so much, and in this whirlpool no one seemed to want love, certainly no one seemed helpless—even an animal was denied to me, for I would not bottle it up in my apartment. So all this mother-love and devotion was stored in my heart, and even to myself I hardly dared think what it would mean to pour it out on a baby of my own.

I swallowed hard—never would I admit all this to her. "Oh, I wouldn't care," I answered in a tone I vainly strove to make as light as hers. But I expect she saw my embarrassment and thought me shy and stupid.

As the weather began to get hot, I seemed to be more and more shut in by people and noise. The writer had gone into her beloved country and Eddie begged me to go with her, out of the heat.

"Why should I go while you stay and work?" I asked stubbornly, refusing to give up my point of view.

"But I can't get away and you can."

"Why can't you?"

"Because I must watch the market," he said a little wearily. I had noticed lately that his energy seemed to have staled. Often enough when he came home he wanted nothing more than a book, and going out seemed to be such an effort that I refused even the invitations we now received. Had only two years of that struggle for success made such an impression on the boundless buoyancy and energy of Sunnydale days? While he read I would sit and do some stupid bit of embroidery which was often spoiled by my hot fingers as I struggled pettishly with the feeling that these hot days and evenings were terribly monotonous.

"Why do you bother about the market—why don't you just do your legitimate business?"

[Continued on page 44]

A Vastly Better Way To Brush Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



Millions of people find that brushed teeth still discolor and decay. It is evident that old-time methods do not give adequate protection.

As every dentist knows, the reason lies in a film. In that slimy, clinging, ever present film. It gets into crevices and stays, and resists the tooth brush. That is the tooth destroyer.

That film is what discolors. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the cause of decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are due to the film.

Scientific men have long sought a way to end that film. And one man now has found it.

The way is called Pepsodent—a tooth paste based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter.

The purpose is to dissolve the film, then prevent its accumulation.

Watch Its Effects

Pepsin must be activated, else it is inert. The usual method is an acid, harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred.

But now a harmless activating method has been found. Five governments have already granted patents. That discovery makes possible these Pepsodent results.

After three years of clinical tests we now offer it to users. Able authorities have proved its results thousands of times over. Now we ask you to prove them in your home.

Send the coupon for a one-week tube. Use it like any tooth paste, then watch the results. Note how clean your teeth feel after a one-week trial. Note how they whiten as the fixed film disappears.

You will see in a short time that Pepsodent means cleaner, safer teeth. It will be a revelation. You will want those good results continued, we believe.

Cut out the free coupon now.

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Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

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A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

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A 25c Bottle Will Brighten Up The Whole House

It puts a sparkling polish on windows, mirrors, cut glass. Cleans and beautifies fine furniture, floors, woodwork. Brightens up everything of metal—preventing rust and tarnish. Try on your gas range and nicked bathroom faucets and fixtures.

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has over thirty valuable household uses. Lubricates, just right, sewing machines, phonograph motors,—any light mechanism. Makes them run smoothly and easily. Never gums or collects dirt.

Try the 25c size—contains three times as much oil as the 15c bottle. Sold at all stores.

FREE A generous sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses. Write today.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 165 CCH. BROADWAY, NEW YORK

SUNRISE FROM THE HILLTOP

(Continued from page 43)



Mothers, You Can Make This Denver Test in Your Own Home

THE children are the world's fairest judges. They're open-minded, unprejudiced and their delicate sense of taste is unimpaired.

Twenty-three of them sat around the table in Denver, Colorado—each confronted with four dishes of steaming rolled oats, one of Purity and three other leading brands.

They were asked each to point out the dish which tasted best. By means of secret markings on the various dishes—the count showed that 19 chose Purity.

Purity turns the old-fashioned breakfast cereal into a wholesome delight. Purity Rolled Oats are evolved from the finest, full, developed grains.

They are specially processed to bring out and preserve the natural, rich nutty oat flavor. They don't need heaps of sugar and cream to make a flavory, tasty dish.

Mothers—Let your children decide whether Purity Oats surpasses the brand you are now using. Make this Denver test in your own home.



PURITY OATS COMPANY
Keokuk and Davenport, Iowa

Purity

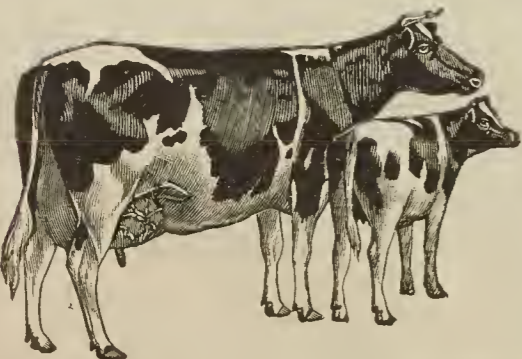


Rolled Oats
Totally Different

Holstein Cows' Milk For Delicate Babies

Does your baby thrive? Is he progressing as he should? If you are not satisfied try Holstein Cows' Milk, the nearest approach in fineness of emulsion, in strength-giving quality and in digestibility, to mother's milk. Your baby needs to be properly fed. Leading food chemists and physicians agree that Holstein Cows are the most perfect milking animals known, having every characteristic suitable for an infant's food supply. The Holstein Cows' Milk contains a moderate amount of butterfat in the form of small globules, that form soft and flocculent curds, much like those in breast milk. In ordinary milk the fat is in excess, and appears in larger globules and is, therefore, difficult of digestion in an infant's stomach. Babies gain rapidly, are free from indigestion, sleep well and are happy on Holstein Cows' Milk.

Ask your milk man for Holstein Cows' Milk. If he fails to provide you send us his name and we will try to secure a supply for you. Send for our new illustrated booklet, "The Story of Holstein Milk."



Holstein-Friesian Association of America
F. L. HOUGHTON, Sec'y
3 Holstein Building, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

ness, then you would have heaps of free time and wouldn't be always worrying?"

"Because we can't live on what I get from dad. When I get a big job, it will be all right, but at present I must make a bit on the side."

"It seems to me it would be more sensible to economize and have more time for a holiday."

"I can't get away," he said more irritably. "All right," I answered with rising color, "then I'll have to stay and endure the heat."

How strange it is, I thought, that a trait in a character which we especially admire from a distance loses its virtue when we have to live with it. The concentration and desire to succeed which had seemed so wonderful to me in Mr. Edward Boynton took on a very different aspect in my husband. The glamor which had surrounded the man who stood on the hilltop, eager to conquer the world, was absent from this quiet, hard figure immersed in business.

And gradually as the thermometer climbed and I existed in a mist of heat and weariness with nothing to do, I wondered whether I could endure it. Always heat and sound—voices and carts rattling, and bells, and often a child practising—the same tune over and over again. One day it was "The Bluebell of Scotland," "arranged for little fingers"—didn't I know it! If only she hadn't been so maddeningly correct—what a precise child she must be, no hurry, just an infinite patience, going over and over the same bars till they beat on my brain.

Suddenly I was conscious of a wave of savage fury which made me feel I would stop at nothing to silence that tee-to-tum. Trembling and rather frightened at the storm which shook me, I put on my hat and hurried out—to look at the shops!

ON my way back I went to have tea with Mrs. Boynton. She was the only woman I knew who was at home, for she had refused to leave her husband, as he could not get away. Maisie was enjoying life on the Maine coast, while her husband stayed in the city and worked. Mrs. Boynton and I seemed to have a fellow feeling of loneliness, and I went to see her often.

When I went in she was sitting with one large fat hand on either knee, staring unseeingly out of the window, and I saw a tear gather in her momentarily tragic eyes, and slowly roll down her heavy cheeks, dropping unheeded on the bright silk dress. Fearing to intrude, I stepped back; but she heard me and frankly and unashamedly she wiped her eyes and polished the rest of her face with a serviceable square before putting it into her pocket.

"Come in, Margaret—it's all right." The smile through the trace of tears was rather pathetic. "You'll wonder what I was crying for when I have everything, but I was just a setting an' thinking of my Henry—it's twenty-five years to-day since he died."

I started—who was Henry? "I am sorry, I didn't know, Eddie has never said anything—"

"No," she said half sadly, "sometimes I think they all of them forgets but me. Henry was my first baby an' he died when he were a year old. I think even popper forgets him—almost, for he's crazed on Ed. It's only his old mommer who remembers—eh! he were a cute baby!"

I thought of this fat, seemingly always-happy woman, sitting here alone with that memory forgotten by every one else, but sacred in her heart, and the sudden pity of it made me reach out and touch her hand. "I am glad you told me."

"There, there—" she was smiling again, "I mustn't be making you miserable."

"I think Maisie ought to be with you more."

"Well, well, Maisie is young, and you can't expect the young 'uns to want to hang around the old folks. I had my day and I don't want to begrudge her any fun, though to be sure she has more than I did."

"Why, did you have work to do?"

"Indeed an' I did," she said seriously. "I was the eldest of five and father died when I was seven. Mommer took in washing and I helped her and saw to the children. It was hard work at times, but I was strong and sound, and then when popper came along, I had some fun. He was only an engineer in the yard when we was married, but we managed fine till Henry was born—then hard times happened, a strike blew up and I had to turn to and help. But we pulled through and it turned out for the best, for he got with another company and it was there Mr. Haselton's partner found him—he's a smart, fine man, is my Henry. An' we prospered ever since. Eh! but I often thinks of those days when we had a bit of a house far away from New York and I would wait for popper to come home with the child in my arms, ready to wave to him. He's a fine man."

"I'm sure he is," I said softly. I almost envied this old woman—it must be splendid to struggle along with one's husband, taking the rough with the smooth, "turning to" when hard times come. A fight was going on inside me, the sympathy which she raised warring against the involuntary feeling of shame which would rise because the ancestors of Margaret Miller were fighting with the self-made parents of the man she had married. For the first time in my life I had a doubt as to whether truthness and simplicity like that I was beginning to discover in Edward's mother did not more than balance the lack of ancient lineage and correct manners.

In my loneliness I took to wandering aimlessly about New York and on a day toward the end of July I found myself in the lower part of Seventh Avenue. It was terribly hot and every time an automobile or a trolley passed swiftly in the road a swirl of dust arose, eddied a while and fell, almost it seemed in the same spot, as though even its energy was tamed by the damp, enervating heat.

And yet on that burning, dusty sidewalk, children were playing—children with little foreign faces. Great structures blocked a free vision of the sky—huge pipes, resting on supports, twined and wove about my head, while underneath my feet men were digging and boring—the continual sound of machinery met my ears. Such noise and dirt and ugliness—how could children grow in moral beauty in such surroundings? Idly I wandered on farther down-town till, turning to the left, I found myself in another foreign quarter; foreign names stood over the shop doors, foreign voices sounded in my ears, foreign faces surrounded me—dark, beautiful eyes, swarthy skins, quick voices.

Why had all these people left their country for this? Why had these peasants exchanged the quiet of green fields and vine-grown slopes for noise and ugliness and dust? A woman was sitting on a step nursing her baby, her dark eyes staring vacantly over its head into the swarming roadway; for a moment I fancied she was dreaming of her old home, a cottage in a field, perhaps. Why had she left it—for this? A quick sympathy with her filled my eyes with tears—we were both aliens. Was it the dream of wealth which had brought her over here, or was it that other dream of love, which had brought me, too? Had she followed her man over the seas—did all these women come for love, of father, brother, husband, who were in turn attracted to America by the lodestar of every man—money?

My sympathy broke through my usual reserve and I touched the sleeping baby's hand. "You have a pretty baby!" I said.

Into her far-seeing eyes animation flashed; her face altered from the half-melancholy brooding look into one of gleaming animation. She nodded her head vigorously, looking at the baby with pride—"My baby—yes—pretty baby, eh!" her soft Italian voice slurring the consonants till it sounded like one liquid word. "You are from Italy?"

"Yes—Etalee—Ia come from Etalee."

"Why did you leave Italy?" For a moment she looked puzzled—then with her quick gleaming smile:

"I comea Etalee—my husbanda comea Etalee."

"I see," I said smiling—if love had been her reason—what was his? "And do you like New York?"

"Yes, yes, lika much—plentee eata—lika much!"

Plenty to eat! Had that been the star which drew them from Italy, not even wealth but enough to eat! After all, what matter how beautiful the scenery if one did not have enough to eat? I began to smile at this descent to the mundane necessities from my romantic imaginations, then the pathos of it made my throat contract, and putting a coin in the baby's hand I wandered on till utter weariness drove me home.

So July dragged by with seemingly never-ending days and August came—and with it the terrifying rumors of war. And when I knew that my country was also in the whirlpool I was full of that tremendous exaltation with which one sees the beginning of a great sacrifice, not realizing all the weary days of watching and the pitiful losses before the end is attained.

"Eddie, it's come," I said on that fourth of August, as I met him at the door. "Oh, how I wish I could do something!"

Looking pale and worried, he replied in an absent tone:

"Yes, it's terrible. I don't know what's going to happen—the market has gone to pieces."

The need for sympathy which the news had made me feel turned into fury—the market—money! That was all he ever thought of. "I wish it would stay in pieces for ever and ever," I said in a bitter voice.

Through the anxious days which followed, letters began reaching me telling of friends who had volunteered, and then Sir Mark's well-known writing—he, too, was going! I thought of my old friend with renewed admiration and affection—he was always ready for duty, no matter what it cost.

And the heat increased, and I had so much time to think and think and wish!

Heat, such heat—and noise and people—so many people! Human beings are so beastly when it is hot, one wants to be alone.

HOW lovely it would be at Meadowmere just now! There would be cool breezes and flowers and green trees. The farmyard would be dozing peacefully in the soft afternoon sun, no one in sight—down by the mere it would be so deliciously cool and the light hardly filtering through the thick trees, so quiet and cool.

I want to go home! Oh, God, how I want to go home!

My head fell forward on the hot, sticky surface of the mahogany table and I wept out the loneliness and strangeness of the last six months, till in exhaustion I went to sleep.

"Hello, kiddie, a bit warm, eh?"—the voice with its attempt at cheerfulness awoke me. I raised my disfigured, tear-stained face to meet my husband's astonished gaze. "Why, what's the matter?"

I made a resolution. Putting my hands on his shoulders, I said eagerly: "I want to go home, this place is killing me; I'm stifling in the heat and noise and people. I'll die—I'll—I could not keep the rising hysteria out of my voice."

The anxious look on his face became a little sterner. "You're all in with the heat," he said gently. "I'll take a vacation on Saturday and we'll go to the beach."

"I don't want to go to the beach, I want to go home," I said desperately; "there's nothing to stop us. You can make money there just as well as you can here, and some day we shall have Meadowmere and the delicious peace of a real home. Oh, take me home, please, please!"

I looked up into his face, but there was no sign of yielding. His lips were grim, his brows frowning. "Home," he said in a low voice, a little bitterly, "this is your home."

"You can't call an apartment 'home,' it's just a—a—"

He took my hands from his shoulders. "This is my home at any rate; if you are not satisfied, you must go back to England, but I'm afraid I can't go with you." And he went out.

For a time I sat there with a bitter resentment in my heart. He did not care what I was suffering!

Then gradually love triumphed, bringing remorse as I thought how I had hurt him. He had been so proud of this home, so keen to give me all I wanted—save only that one thing I wanted so much. Well, it was not his fault if his nature was such that he could not give up striving for success—and after a time, dabbling my eyes, I went into the bedroom and whispered with my hands over his eyes, as he brushed his hair:

"Don't be cross with me. It's the heat and the noise. Take me to the beach on Saturday."

He turned quickly and his strong arms crushed the breath out of my body. "It's terrible to me to think I'm not making you happy."

"You are," I said, "it's only times like these when I get—" I bit off the unlucky word "homesick" just in time—"tired."

He kissed me and in the renewed emotion the misery of the day faded.

BUT it was bound to come again. The idleness was always lapping against my determination not to long for Meadowmere, and gradually that insidious resentment crept in again—why couldn't we go back to Meadowmere? It was only because of Eddie's stubborn will. I knew he could make money there just as well as here. Why, hadn't Mr. Haselton laughingly said: "Well, Boynton, if you want a job in London, you can always come to us." No; he could go, but he wouldn't. He thought more of money success than of doing something I wanted, something I wanted terribly, longingly—and this feeling simmered for days, eating into my empty mind and my empty hours, into my body and nerves. Nerves! How I had laughed at any one who had complained of nerves! Now I was conscious of nothing but nerves, each one throbbing from a different angle, making me feel sometimes as though I must scream madly, at others giving me a savage desire to smash and break or hurt some one and make them suffer too.

When Eddie came home after such a day, I asked him again if he wouldn't take a holiday, even a week. He wanted it as badly as I did, he looked tired and his easy, even temper was jumpy. "Let's go," I said coaxingly; "leave all this stupid business even for a week."

"What! with the market like this? I can't. I'd like to, God knows, but I can't."

I flung away from him, the anger rising in my heart.

"No, you don't love me enough to give up anything for me; you always want the giving up to be on my side."

"That's not true. Am I not working and grinding all day and every day to give you everything you want because I love you?"

"No," I flared hotly, "it's because I happen to be your wife—even if you hated me, you'd go on doing it, because I was your wife. It's the caveman instinct which is proud to deck his woman in the finest he can get just to show that he had been successful in the fight. It's not love for me, it's pride in showing what you can give your wife. You like to have one of the women I meet go back to her husband and say, 'Mrs. Boynton had another new dress on to-day—a perfect peach,' and for the man to say with a sigh, 'Gee, Ed Boynton must be doing mighty well!'"

"What more can I do? Don't I give you all I can, all the money you want?"

"Money, money, I am sick of hearing that word. I want peace and quiet, the right to live, not be just a spending-machine. I want a home. Money," I said bitterly, "yes, you give me money, in fact everything but the one thing I want and which would be a sacrifice to you."

"You've made your choice," he said coldly. "I'm doing the best I can for you."

Though I was bitterly ashamed after one of these scenes, they happened more and more frequently and each time reconciliation was harder. There was no actual difference in the way we lived, but I think we both realized that the continual friction had taken the heart out of our relations—they lacked the spontaneous overflowing love of the months when we were first married. And so with jagged nerves we began to face the Winter. What a contrast to the people who returned from the cool mountains, or the breezy sea, with fresh spirit and gay voices! Maisie was radiant with a new admirer fluttering round her, a type of man I disliked and distrusted and I did not trouble to conceal my dislike and disapproval. On one of the rare occasions when Eddie had time to take me out to lunch, Maisie and this man came into the hotel and as luck would have it chose the next table to ours.

When we had left, Eddie said: "I don't see why you can't be civil to him; he's a friend of my sister's."

"He ought not to be!" I said hotly.

"Oh, shucks!" he broke in impatiently, "you are too particular, Margaret. It would be much pleasanter for everybody—and instead of moping around and criticising—why don't you go out more and enjoy yourself—let yourself go!"

A slow growing anger blurred my eyes. My husband criticised me because I thought it indecent for a married woman to flutter round with one friend after another!

"All right," I said, trembling, "I'll let myself go—and if I go too far, you'll have yourself to blame!"

[To be continued]

FROM BAYONET TO KNITTING-NEEDLE

[Continued from page 7]

anybody—his country, of Kate Condon, or anything but money. That's his reason for slacking. He'd take the coin off a dead Belgian's eyes, and—"

"I'm sure you are mistaken, and—" the lieutenant was answering her with a coldness in his voice that made me hot with gratitude to him, when before I could stop him he had started his car right above Budworth and rolled it away off of him. I was about to scream, but was stopped by seeing Budworth lying there in the grass whole and unharmed with his wrench in his hand.

"Let 'er go—it's tight enough until morning," he said, as he sat up and looked and listened professionally after the lieutenant's car. Then he came over and laid his wrench in the bottom of the runabout. From his calm face and the wide smile he gave me I was sure he had not heard what Sue had said, and I was so glad that I almost put out my arm and hugged him to me with relief. "I'll go wash the grease off my fingers and be right back, Kit," he said, and he ran quickly across the grassy park into the side entrance of the club.

He was back in a few minutes and in a few seconds we were whirling into town. The Cliff Road, which leads from the club into Hillsboro, is just a white ribbon that winds along through the hills, and I am always frightened and beg to go slow—unless Budworth is driving me, and then I like to get down close to his shoulder and tell him to "let her go." The way he drives it makes me feel as if I were one wing of a big black bird flying about among the tree-tops. He won't ever do it unless he knows that he has the clear road before him. We were breathless when he landed me on my own door-step.

"Oh, it was glorious, and thank you," I was saying to him as I turned toward the door. Budworth never lingers or sits on the top step or says good-night twice like other men, and I was surprised that he didn't turn whistling away from me, but stood on the bottom step with the moonlight full on his face looking up at me and smiling at me with a sadness that went straight into my breast and made my heart turn over in its sleep.

"I do care for my country and—Kate Condon," he said softly, with a little thrill in his voice that I would not have believed he had in him, "but—but they will both have to—wait." And with the stars suddenly gone out of his eyes and his lips in a straight line he was turning away, when I fell upon him savagely and caught him by the shoulders.

"I hate Sue Henderson and that lieutenant and—and war," I declared with a pain in my throat from the sob I controlled because I knew he never allowed me to cry.

"No, Kit, don't do that. They don't understand. Nobody will for a time; but it is all right. They can think me a slacker until I can—can—It'll be all right. Now, don't cry, old sport. I have taught you better than that." As he spoke Budworth patted me on the back in a nice, manly, soothing manner that always makes a woman enjoy crying to the limit.

"I want you to go, even though I'm going to die with anxiety about you," I sputtered against his shoulder.

"Come, sit down here and let me tell you about it. I owe that to you, though to nobody else in this town," Budworth said with a patience for me in his voice that I had never heard before, and he sat down on the step beside me so close that it wouldn't be necessary or possible for him to advance on me in the fractions of inches.

"I'm going to kill Sue Henderson to-morrow morning," I said with savageness in my heart and voice.

"With a hairpin or a hatpin?" Budworth jeered in a manner which completely restored me as he winked the scar of my savage infancy at me and grinned his old grin. Then once more he was grave and quiet and he took my hand in his, a thing he had never done in his life before and which naturally subdued me.

"Nobody is going to call me a slacker to your face, Kit, that I know. They wouldn't dare; but you may overhear it again and I want you to know why—why I—I have to wait. That will take the sting out. Of course, with all my heart I want to go to Oglethorpe and be trained to lead men in winning this greatest war of all wars, but no man has a right to lay down grave responsibilities to voluntarily assume even patriotic responsibilities. My father's property paid all of his—his debts to the Trust Company, but—but there is a note to one of his personal friends of ten thousand dollars that was not in the Trust Company mix-up. He went to this friend five days before the crash and borrowed his all, and threw it after the speculation which had ruined him—in a last hope of winning. No security was asked. He gave none; but I am the security. That is the reason of the garage. That is why I work in grease and sweat instead of going to the officers' training-camp and fighting for my country. This man my father—robbed—has a—a family, and must have his living assured. He thinks I know nothing about the matter and that it is all settled in the Trust Company. I pay the interest for him to live on and I'll pay—the ten thousand into the Trust Company for him as soon as I can. Then he'll never know how my father treated him. I can't do less; I can't clear myself of a slacker's taint only to saddle a friendship taint on my father."

"Oh, no, you can't—but it's awful and I can't stand it!" I cried, as I pressed my cheek against his strong arm which was folded across his other on his breast.

"It won't be for long, for the money is rolling in at the garage, and in a little while I will be able to sell it for the amount of my debt. It's worth that or more now under my management, but I won't stay to manage it. I must go as soon as I can find somebody who wants to manage it themselves. That's the difficulty; none of the young men want to bind

themselves to take over a business now, for they all will enlist sooner or later, and any of the older fellows just don't want a garage because they couldn't run it. So here I stay and hand over the monthly interest on my father's friend's money so that he and—and his dependents can eat and sleep as they deserve. But somebody will come along to free me." And Budworth chirruped to me with a kind of little whistle he has always used to encourage me when a fish was nibbling on my line or I was holding down one of his kites to dry it straight and my arms got stretched.

"Then in reality you have got just as bad as a wife and seven small children crying for bread in secret," I said with both sympathy and indignation in my voice.

"Oh, not as bad as all that," Budworth laughed. "Please don't you worry, Kit, but just go on comforting the lieutenant about me—out in the moonlight if necessary—and I'll get there in time to help him put out the last million Huns. Good night." And before I could answer Budworth was gone through the gate and down the street. He always would slip through my fingers like that.

Then I went slowly up-stairs; that is, I went slowly up almost all of the stairs, but my idea hit me about two from the top and then I flew up the rest and into grandfather's room.

Grandfather is one of the institutions of Hillsboro, and everybody is as proud of him and loves him almost as much as I do, even if he is all I have got in the way of family. He was a captain of artillery in the Confederacy and lost his right leg before Atlanta. He makes all the speeches in Hillsboro and is president of the City Council. He thinks up sidewalks and waterworks and electric-light plants and makes speeches until the rich men give the money to build the improvements. He always heads all subscriptions with his own money. Even though it is a little bit of money, everybody in Hillsboro knows that it is a huge sum for him to give and that I have to patch the seats of his old gray trousers and darn my own dancing-frocks for a year after each town improvement. We live in the old home and eat the interest on the money which came from the garden and the orchard which he sold when the town began to boom after the phosphate works, which he got located in our midst, were built. Everybody comes to grandfather with everything and that is the reason I rushed into his room with my idea, even if it was midnight.

"Grandfather!" I exploded, then paused because I remembered that I ought not to wake him up like that at his age.

"Shoot," answered grandfather promptly, as he sat up in bed and scratched with a match on his wooden leg he keeps at the head of his bed for that purpose as well as convenience. "Now what has Budworth done to you?" Grandfather has audited every quarrel Budworth and I ever had and he expects things after we have been together.

"It's something I want him to do to me," I answered breathlessly. "Everybody is going to call him a slacker and I want to run his garage for him so he can go to train for an officer at Fort Oglethorpe."

"Budworth a slacker!" grandfather fairly boomed, and in the light of the medieval candle he always uses though he has brought electric lights to Hillsboro, he looked like a huge, shabby gray old lion as he sat up in his four-poster bed.

"Oh, of course he isn't a slacker, grandfather, but an awful responsibility is depending on him every month because his—no, I can't tell you that, but he can't go unless the garage brings in as much money as ten thousand dollars does each month. Lieutenant Lovelace says that he will lead the American Army in no time if he will just go right away. The whole war is depending on him, I feel, and I can run that garage for the feeding of his—his responsibilities if you'll just make him let me do it. The negroes all know what to do and I can take the money and pump the gasoline and maybe mend things too if the negroes don't understand. Oh, grandfather, he must go!"

"I suspected that the judge left more debts than his property covered. Go telephone Budworth Hayes to come here to me immediately," grandfather boomed, and as he boomed reached for the peg-leg.

I went down in the front hall and called the garage. Budworth sleeps on a couch in the office.

This is the conversation that got the report spread all over town that old Major Condon was dying, because Miss Minnie Todd, the operator, was sleepy while she listened to it.

"Come right away to grandfather, Budworth," I commanded.

"What's the trouble?"

"I haven't time to tell you, but come immediately."

"There in three minutes."

I could almost hear him run out of the office, and I actually did hear him running up the street just as I heard grandfather tumping down the stairway, through the hall, and out on the front porch to meet Budworth panting up to the bottom step. I stood on the second step in between them. There is no sensation that a woman as entirely enjoys as getting two men thoroughly aroused and then standing in between them. I was trembling with a delicious excitement, for I knew that I had started a great war work for my country.

"Why, major, I thought—thought—" Budworth panted as he mopped his brow with a handkerchief that left streaks on his face and then tucked it back in his overalls. I wonder if he sleeps in overalls?

"Budworth, what is an average of the monthly income from your garage for the last six months?" grandfather demanded in a voice that boomed like Washington's crossing the Delaware must have done.

"Why, Major, I—I—" sputtered Budworth, repeating his first remark.

"Does it average as much as fifty dollars?" demanded Grandfather, stamping the peg-leg

[Continued on page 46]

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FROM BAYONET TO KNITTING-NEEDLE

[Continued from page 45]

in impatience. Budworth and I had both learned to obey the stamp of that peg early in life.

"Something over a hundred, major, but you see I am an expert and—" Budworth began to argue with his lips set straight and his eyes dark.

"Do you or do you not consider me as an efficient citizen of Hillsboro?" grandfather further demanded as Budworth came up one step and stood just below me, slightly behind my ruffled dancing-skirt.

"You are the leading citizen of Hillsboro, major," Budworth answered, as he held up his head from very pride in grandfather.

"Then I hereby make you the offer of ten thousand dollars for an interest in the lease, equipment and good-will of your garage, the amount of interest decided by and sale to be consummated by our lawyers to-morrow morning." I feel now that I know just how grandfather spoke to the soldiers behind his guns before they went into action before Atlanta.

"It is doubtful what it will be worth, major, without me," Budworth answered slowly.

"I'll have you know, sir, that I am still adequate for the conducting of any business. I can not bear arms for my country because of my infirmity, but I can release a man to bear them in my place. You shall settle your obligations with my money, and I shall successfully run our garage with an assistant whom I shall employ."

"Who, major?" asked Budworth, and I saw a glory of hope burn up in his deep eyes under their heavy brows niched with the marks of my teeth.

"My granddaughter, Katherine, will assist me in all business ways in which I can not employ your negro men. This war is one to make the world safe enough for women to nest the race in it, and they must bear their part in the fight. She shall lay aside those garments of revelry and don those of jeans like the ones you wear, only I hope not necessarily bifurcated, and assist you for a week or two to learn the most delicate operations of the work so as to direct the negroes and enable me to guarantee the work to be of the same standard as that you have presented." I almost touched my cap as a reincarnated young gunner before Atlanta.

"Kate!" gasped Budworth. Then his eyes glinted. "She always would do everything I did, major. She knows as much about the machines as I do now from tagging me."

"I know more," I assured grandfather. "Budworth is very clumsy. I can handle tools better than he can."

"Wait until you have to take out a differential and lift—" Budworth was beginning to argue to suppress me as usual, when grandfather interrupted us.

"I will leave you children to settle that matter between you—but *justly*, mind," he said in exactly the same tone of affectionate command he had been using to us for twenty years. "We'll have contracts and papers drawn to-morrow. I expect to increase your clientele and profits, Budworth. Good night!" And in a second he was stubbing slowly but determinedly back down the dark hall—a soldier re-listed.

"You couldn't keep out of my business, could you, Kit?" Budworth asked me in a queer choky voice as he looked up at me from the step below me.

"Oh, Buddy, I will be so happy keeping care of your wife and children for you while you go and fight for them," I said with a tear in my eyes as I looked down at him and longed to take him in a maternal embrace. Then he exploded.

"Damn my wife and children! Come here to me and let me tell you all about it!" And he drew me down on the step beside him. "You are it—them—yourself." And as he spoke he gave me a shake that wedged me close up beside him.

"I'm not."

"You are," he answered me rudely as he slid his shoulder back of mine and shook me again. "It was the major's money my father used, and didn't throw it in with his Trust Company business. There was no record of it among either his assets or liabilities and the major did not come in for a share in the property I turned over to the Trust Company. I never want him to know. Mr. Wade, the president, is arranging it for me and paying the major the six hundred dollars interest money for me until I can get together the ten thousand to put there for him. He loved my father, and I never want him to know. But now you know that it has been to feed you and him I have been working in overalls, and not any other woman—and children."

"Oh, then it is just the same as if I were your wife and children and sending you off to war to fight for us!" I exclaimed with sentimental delight.

"Truly, Kit, I believe you can. Everybody will help out the major and he will keep the office straight. You do know enough to boss the negro boys, and they all adore you anyway. The world is at war and it is true that all over the world women are doing their bit, so why not—mine?"

"Well, of course you know that I am only going to be your war wife while you are away," I exclaimed hurriedly, because I suddenly found that Budworth's arm was around me and he never acted like that before. "I will try not to marry anybody until you come back and you do the same so the business can all be kept straight. My husband might mix into it or your wife."

"Would any woman want to marry a man that had been chewed up by a wildcat with maybe a—leg shot off besides?" Budworth asked me, and his voice was very plaintive, though I saw in the moonlight that his eyes were glistening back under their red brows and he elevated the crescent scar with a patient resignation in which I had no confidence at all.

"I want to know right here and now for all time, have I got to bear the responsibility of that—that accident that happened to you with my teeth when I was five years old, until you or I die?" I demanded of him.

"Madam, you have," he answered. "No other scar will take its place in my life. I will probably be blown to atoms, but they'll find that scar sticking on to my—heart."

I shuddered as I suddenly realized with my heart the words "blown to atoms" when up to that minute only my mind had taken them in.

"Then the deal with the major is off," Budworth answered quietly as he rose from beside me and went down two steps away from me. "When a man goes to war, if a woman takes his place he wants it to be his own."

"Well, of course I don't feel that I could fit into any man's place but yours. I don't know why, but—"

"Here, let me show you," Budworth said suddenly, and before I could prevent him he took me in his arms and settled my heart against his until it beat as if it had grown there while he pressed his lips over mine until we were breathing the same breath of life.

"Now, you understand that a part of you will fight on the battle-line in France and a part of me will be garaging here in Hillsboro, don't you?" he asked me after long minutes had blossomed up to the stars.

Leading Your Child Into Music

By ALICE T. PRENTICE

BY THIS time the child's mind will have been prepared to learn more in a single lesson. So the five lines each of the bass and treble, which make what is called the grand staff, may be taught without proving a tax to the little one.

Begin by saying: "Of course you want to learn to read musical stories, just as you like to read other stories. But the musical story will sing itself to you, instead of saying itself, as stories do in a book. To learn what musical stories sing, we must first find out what those two rows of printed lines mean, with letters and numbers on them. Those two rows of lines look almost like a gate to a garden. As soon as we find out how to open that gate, we can walk right in."

"The first on both those rows of lines is the lowest line of all, just as that first white key or home on the piano was the lowest one of all. So if the lowest is the first line, the next one above it is the second line, then come the third, the fourth, and the fifth. The lower row of five lines is where the gentlemen sing, and is called the bass clef. The top row of five lines is where the ladies sing. It is called the treble clef."

"The secret of those two rows, each of five lines, is easy, for it is only a single letter, C. That C is called the middle C, because it lives right in the middle of the piano. Here it is, right under the printed name on that piece of wood that stands back of all the white homes or keys."

"Very well, now I am going to find the first G below that middle C, and when I say below, I mean the first G to the left of that middle C. Will you find me the second G below the middle C? Good! Now that you have found out where to begin, all the rest is going to be a game of touch one key and skip one key."

"Look at the five printed lines with letters on them. Between every two lines you will see an empty place. That empty place shows

you must skip one white key. On the very lowest of all those printed lines, marked '1st,' you will see the letter G. That is the G you just touched, the second G below middle C.

"Now skip a white key, and what key do you touch then? The B? Yes. And there it is printed on the second line, B. Skip another key and D will be the one to touch. Find that D printed on the third line. Skip the next key after that on the piano, and you will touch F. If you look at the printed lines you will find F on the fourth one. Of course, the next key after F on the piano we skip, and touch A. A is on the fifth and highest of the first printed row of five lines. Look for it."

"After resting, begin again. The skipping game keeps on just the same after that last A you touched. Let us look for it. Well, if we skip the next key after A, we touch C, the very same middle C that told us where to begin. Look between the two rows of printed lines, and you will find its letter there."

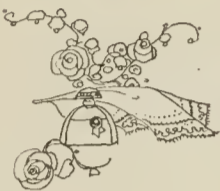
"Already we have learned all those five letters on the first row of five lines, and where to find their places on the piano. Now comes the last row of five lines. Here is C printed just between those two rows of five lines. Find it on the piano. Now skip the next key, and what one do you find? E? Yes. And E is on the lowest of the second row of five lines. Look and you will see E printed on it."

"The other keys are just as easy to find, for we only have to touch one and skip one, as we did before. As E is on the first line we begin our skipping game again, and touch the G on the second; then B on the third; then D, on the fourth; and last of all F, on the fifth. Now let us look for each one of those letters with the number of its line on the upper row of printed lines, and then touch it on the piano."

As in previous lessons, the mother should have the child sing a little song with her, and try to find on the piano some of the tones it sings.



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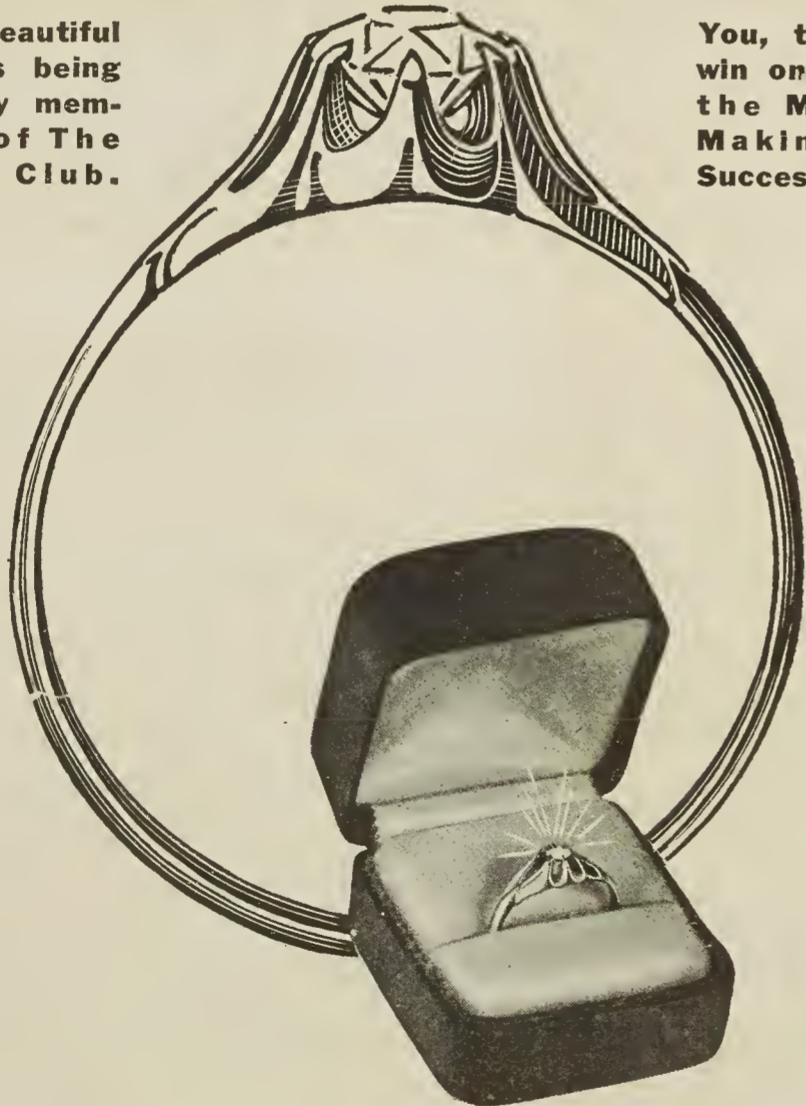
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MISS GLAFFY'S GETAWAY

[Continued from page 10]

it? Webster was a mighty hunter and a sure shot. She called to him.

The kitchen door opened and Ruella with her baby in her arms appeared, silhouetted against the orange light. "Webster, he now, he's gone and locked himself into his room. Anything 't I can do?"

"Put the baby down, and come here. Shut the door after you. Oh, get out of the way, Spider, and stop your noise. Ruella, you help me put the cover on over the cistern and lay the pump across it."

"What's in there, Miss Glaffy?"

"I don't know yet."

The two women worked in silence and when the heavy pump was got across the cover to hold it down, Miss Glaffy dusted her hands and spoke up cheerily: "Well! That chore's chored, as the woman said when she poisoned her husband. Now, we'll see what fur kind of a critter we done catch."

In the library before the encyclopedia she said: "Panther? Umm. Too big for a panther. Too black, too. Tiger? No stripes. Umm . . . L to LOR, 'Leonardi da Vinci' . . . 'Leopold.' Oh, darn this thin paper! Ummm. . . . Yes. 'Rosette-like form of black spots. . . . Preys upon almost any animal it can. . . . Ummm. . . . has a special liking for dogs.' Hear that, Spider? Yes, I thought so," and put the volume back.

"What is it, Miss Glaffy?"

"A leopard, I'm pretty sure."

"O-o-oh!" said Ruella, as it dawned upon her, "like in the Bible, where nine of 'em was cleansed?"

"No, Ruella, not a leper, a leopard. A wild beast like what they have in the circus. It's got away from one, probably."

"Whatch goin' to do with it now 't you got it?"

"I haven't decided. What would you do?"

"Well, you can't let it go, can you? 'Twouldn't be right. And as fur as killin' is concerned, who you goin' to get to kill it? Not Webster. Not me, yih betch life. You?"

Miss Glaffy shook her head.

"No sense into lettin' it go or killin' it, either one. Worth money, that thing is. You don't s'pose it could climb out and get Frankie? With that cover down and the pump on it? No. If I's you I'd leave it be there till its folks come for it. Listen to me! 'Its folks!' Like it was a person. But how'll they know where it is?"

"I'll fix that!" said Miss Glaffy and sat down to write:

LOST, STRAYED or STOLEN DEPARTMENT — Black Leopard Captured. Owner can have same by paying charges of this advertisement. Apply to G. L. Barnes. She stopped. Something came back to her from the days of her childhood when every book had something interesting in it, even the calf-bound books in her father's library in his little box of an office on the Main Street frontage.

"No," she said, crumpled up the paper and threw it into the waste-basket. "LOST, STRAYED or STOLEN—Black Leopard. Who has lost one?"

"That's how I'll put it."

III

A SMILE of pleasant recollection was on Miss Glaphyra Barnes's face as she stood on her front stoop and watched the fading cloud of dust stirred up by Ben Lewis's jitney back to the station in time for the 8:33 crowd of newspaper men who had come out on the "feature story." She had had a perfectly lovely time. She told them all that they wanted to know for their purpose, but not all that she had in her head, by a long sight. There was one thing she was saving up and she feared that, somehow, they would quiz her about it. But they didn't.

She liked one because he had imagination. When she had told him how somebody had come across the island by the Straight Path the night before the leopard had fallen into her cistern, and something had leaped on the top of the car from a big tree, and the top was all torn, this fellow had slapped his leg and cried: "There's my story! The leopard thought it was an elephant. Gee! I bet it was disgusted to find the elephant was a hollow sham, all hide and no meat. That's how it got across without leaving a trail. The dogs lost it near Wyandance."

Well, they were all gone now and life would sag back into dullness.

Not so. A big moving-van with two whole men on the front seat and the legs of more sticking out at back, halted in the road. The chauffeur leaned forward and yelled: "Eigh! Where's Barnes live?"

With his engine going Miss Glaffy knew that he couldn't hear, so she signed, "Here."

"Fellow 't caught the leopard?"

Miss Glaffy nodded.

"You go tell him I come for it," he said, and began to put the wheel over thunderously, backing and turning.

"Oh, indeed?" said Miss Glaffy to herself, and, as the van came up the driveway she put up her hand. It stopped. She walked across the dry and crispy grass.

"Who said you might have it?" she asked.

"T'e boss," said the chauffeur, opening his eyes.

"Who's the boss?"

"T'e old man. Boscovitch."

"And who's Bostwick or whatever his name is?"

"Boscovitch, lady, Boscovitch. He's t'e guy wot had t'e animal show to Coney. It's his leopard. It got away; youse advertised it, and we come for it. See?"

"And you're going to get it just by coming for it? Is that the idea?"

"Well, soyntiny not if t'ey's any damages to pay for. How much damage did it do?"

Miss Glaffy appeared to be calculating.

"Oh, about fifty cents' worth," she answered.

"Maybe not that much."

"Hat to hire anybody to help you snare it?"

"No."

"Much did it set youse back for fresh meat?"

"About two dollars so far. Why ask?"

"Well, it gives me a figger to go by. How'd fi' dollars strike you?"

"It wouldn't come near me, let alone strike me."

"Ten?"

"Ha-ha!"

"Twenty?"

Miss Glaffy shook her head smilingly.

"D'youse t'ink I'm goin' to buy t'e leopard?"

"Well, since you ask me, yes. That's just what you'll have to do if you get it."

"But it's our leopard!"

"Is it?"

"Why, sure! Didn't it get away from Boscovitch? And ain't he sent me for it?"

Miss Glaffy appeared to be regarding something away off yonder. "Aw, lady!" the chauffeur cried, appealing to her better nature. "Dat's stealin', dat is. Youse could get pinched for dat."

Miss Glaffy smiled sweetly on him.

"Yer on'y wastin' time talkin' to the Jane," said the other man on the seat with him, and then to Miss Glaphyra with the voice of one who will not stand for any more nonsense, "Where's Barnes?"

"I'm Barnes."

"G. L. Barnes?"

"G. L. Barnes."

"Who caught the cat? The leopard?"

"I did."

"Like he— (Ahem! Frog in me throat). You must understand, madam, that we didn't come here prepared with no five or six hun—"

"Cheese it!" whispered the chauffeur out of one side of his mouth.

"With any large sum of money. I tell you what you do, madam. You tell us where the animal is, and we'll get it—cage and everything all here, gang o' men and so forth—and you and Mr. Boscovitch can arrange the—ah, money consideration afterward."

The gentleman smiled like a bishop.

"I think—not-t!" said Miss Glaphyra deliberately.

"What do you mean, madam?"

"I mean this: That I get the money before the leopard passes out of my possession."

"Look here, madam, this is serious. You are withholding our property. My wife can't go on with her act without that leopard."

Miss Glaffy seemed perfectly calm.

"What if we should simply go and take what belongs to us?"

"Then that would be stealing," said Miss Glaffy, much interested all of a sudden, "and you not only could be, but would be, arrested for grand larceny, forcible entry, trespass, and—Webster!" she called out.

"Yes, ma'am!" instantly replied Webster from the window of his up-stairs room where he had put himself into jail.

"Get your gun."

"See that fellow's bag o' smokin'-tobacco in the breast-pocket of his shirt? Left breast-pocket. Tag's hangin' out right over his—"

"Rifle or shotgun? Both handy. Shotgun's only got bird-shot into it."

"The shotgun will do nicely," said Miss Glaffy. "Unless you gentlemen prefer the rifle?" she inquired.

"Well, whadda ya know about dat?" exclaimed the chauffeur under his breath. "For t'e last time, lady, will youse leave us have our leopard?"

"For the last time, gentlemen, you can have my leopard when you pay me for it. Present my compliments to Mr. What's-his-name and tell him so for me."

"Aw, t'hell!" growled the chauffeur, and thunderously backed out. As the men ironically tipped their hats and drove off, Miss Glaffy waved them a gay farewell.

"It'll be your job, Webster," she called up, "to stand watch for them."

"About fifty feet, I judge," answered Webster. "I couldn't ha' missed 'em. Foyst one barrel and then the other. Yes, ma'am! I'll be right here."

IV

SHE was still cheerful, she was even more cheerful, when she drove back from the village next day. The law-writers in the publishing house had been most kind. They put themselves out to be of service; seemed to think it a great compliment to have her consult them.

"Here's the Corpus Juris," said the head one— He had such nice eyes! Married man, though—and showed her how to use the index. "And here's the push-button. Make out your list, and the pages will bring you whatever books you want. It isn't so much knowing the law as knowing where to find the law."

She knew this was the truth, for she had often heard her father say the same thing.

Coming back to the Three Oaks Poultry Farm, with the "sea-lion case" in her mind as well as in her notes, her own life seemed so vivid that she hardly cared to open the New York morning paper to read of the vivid life of other people. She did, though, and out of it flew a paragraph, right spang in her face, as you might say, something about how the European war had sent the prices of menagerie animals kiting.

It seemed as if the road were full of Fords. She had never seen so many of them. And right before her own door stood one, bright and shiny. Brand new, apparently.

"Aha!" said Miss Glaffy, as one that smells a mice, and drove on around to the stables, old John capering as wildly as his years permitted when he came abreast of the cistern, which still had the pump laid across the cover. She put the horse up herself, Webster being fixedly in jail.

"Man in the parlor," said Ruella secretively as Miss Glaffy went in by the back way.

"Don't you let him bluff you."

The parlor had its buff shades drawn to keep the glare out. The man stood at the west window, his back to her, intently examining a framed photograph of a house in deep snow, that he had taken from the wall. He turned as she entered, still against the light.

"Miss Barnes?" There was at this mo-

[Continued on page 48]



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To keep it so, no amount of cosmetics can excel the regular use of a soap which thoroughly cleanses, and at the same time has just the right soothing, healing action to maintain the natural health and beauty of the skin.

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Lillian Walker Has Complexion Secret.
"There is a way, a quite-certain way, to make the skin clear and uniform, indescribably lovely, free from freckles, and spots, muddiness, or blemishes. If you will simply mix the contents of a one-ounce package of zintone—which any druggist can supply you—with water and two tablespoonfuls of glycerine as directed on the package, it will form a delightfully satiny cream, ready for use. This makes over a pint of the cream, it is economical and can be used liberally. I can render you no better service than to make this suggestion."

Marguerite Clayton Says Shampoos Are as Different as Night from Day.

"Most people, apparently, do not realize that there are accumulations constantly forming on the scalp and which hold on very tenaciously. Washing with ordinary soaps or shampoos does not seem to dislodge this film. A very effective way to remove it is by dissolving it with eggol. A teaspoonful of this dissolved in a half cup of water makes a most luxurious head-wash, and dissolves every bit of foreign accumulation on the scalp. You will find it leaves the scalp cleaner than you ever thought it possible to have it. It leaves the hair silky, and, I am sure, helps the hair to more vigorous growth. For a quarter, one can get enough eggol for over a dozen of these shampoos."

Ruth Roland's Idea for Superfluous Hair.

"Here is a way to remove superfluous hair which is as pleasant and easy, and free from irritation, as the use of any ordinary face lotion. In fact, it now becomes a toilet pleasure instead of a dread. You wet the hairs to be removed with just a few drops of sulfo solution, which you can secure at any drug store. You can apply it with the fingers. The hairs will quickly shrivel up, dissolve away, so that you can rub them right off with your fingers. The best part of it is that it leaves the skin in a glorious condition, free from any spotting or irritation, every hair is gone and no one can tell that you had superfluous hairs at all. It is as safe as any face cream."

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"You can produce a very pronounced effect on wrinkles by using a cream, very easily made by mixing two ounces of eptol in a half pint of water and adding a tablespoonful of glycerine. Use it very freely and notice the results on lines of age, wrinkles, and crow's feet. I feel sure you will not be disappointed."

Muriel Ostriche Says: "Hair Growth Can Easily Be Forced."

"Personal experience is more eloquent than any written word. Just measure the length of your hair today, use the method I suggest here, and then measure your hair again in a few weeks. That will tell the story. Just get from the drug store an ounce package of beta-quinol, and mix this with a half pint of bay rum and a half pint of water, or else with a full pint of witchhazel. Then the hair-grower is ready. It certainly is a delight to use, and contains no oil. It is very economical."

In case your druggist cannot supply you with the articles mentioned above, arrangements have been made so that the same will be sent you by the Cooper Pharmacal Co., 522 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, on receipt of price, postpaid, as follows: zintone, eptol, and beta-quinol each 50c; sulfo solution, \$1.00. But first ask your druggist for it.

MISS GLAFFY'S GETAWAY

[Continued from page 47]

ment— How describe it?—a mental shock to both of them. His head came forward. She had braced herself for struggle, but somehow she felt daunted, confused, as if she were trying to remember.

"I am Miss Barnes," she said, vexed that her voice should stumble just a little.

"I represent Mr. Boscovitch. I have come to see you about—"

"Won't you sit down, Mr—ah—"

"Thank you. About our leopard."

"My leopard, I think."

"Oh, no, no, no, no!" He laughed a little.

"I can show you the bill of sale—"

"And what has that to do with it?"

"Everything, I should say. When a man has lawfully bought and paid for property, he is entitled to its possession."

"In some cases."

"In all cases. It is hardly to be expected that the wild animals of a menagerie when they escape from immediate possession shall become the property of the first person who captures them, any more than—any more than—"

"Than a canary-bird," prompted Miss Glaffy, who had been beating time with her head to the rhythm of his words. And then she laughed.

"Exactly," he said, a little embarrassed.

"Why do you laugh, Miss Barnes?"

"Did I laugh? If so, it was a laugh of pleased appreciation. Mr. . . . ah . . . Mr. . . . ah. You did very well indeed. Very well. You didn't have to look at the book once. You know what book I mean. Manning vs. Mitcherson, 69th Georgia. But that was a dictum, not a decision. An escaped canary is not an escaped leopard. You do not keep a canary at your own peril, a leopard you do. And while you were looking that up," she continued in a voice like cold-cream, "you didn't, by any chance, encounter Mullett vs. Bradley, 24th New York, Mr. . . . ah?"

"Why . . ." The hand that had been up at his right temple, as if to shade his eyes, slid down. Miss Glaffy was by this time acclimated from the hot August glare outside to the cool interior gloom.

"I see you did," she went on. "There you have a straight up-and-down ruling that the sea-lion which escaped from Glen Island was the property of the man who caught it in his fish-pond."

"Yes, but—"

"You remember the court quotes from Blackstone's 'Commentaries' as to *ferae naturae*! These are no longer the property of a man than while they continue in his actual possession; but if, at any time, they regain their natural liberty, his property in them instantly ceases." It all came back to me as I read the words. I was a little girl again, seroched up in a big chair in my father's office. I could read anything in those . . . The words died on her lips. She seemed to be lost. Then she started up, snapped her fingers and cried: "There! I knew it would come to me! Clinton Glazebrooke!"

"Glaphyra Barnes, have you been all this time trying to remember me? I knew you the instant I saw you. The photograph set me wondering, and then— How is your father?"

"My father and mother are both dead," she answered. "I have my 'natural liberty.' You know the court defines that as 'providing for itself in the widest sense.' And how is Mrs. Glazebrooke?"

"There is no Mrs. Glazebrooke," he answered. "There never has been one."

"Ah!" she returned, and felt herself reddened at the implication. "I meant your mother."

"My mother was Mrs. Rowe when you met her. She married again. She's very well, thank you. Still disappointed that I'm not a lawyer, but—"

At any rate he wasn't married.

They tried to talk of old times, but there was little to talk about. The scene died. They couldn't seem to pick it up, somehow. Glazebrooke looked at his watch, the final fidget of a man.

"Why should we stay indoors?" he asked.

"Why not take a little turn in my flivver and talk things over in the air?"

"All right," she readily assented. "Only I think it's snobbish of you to call it a 'flivver.' I wish my natural liberty and the high cost of feed would let me get ahead enough to own one."

"Indeed?" he asked innocently.

"It isn't going to rain," she assured him as he cast an eye to the northward at a cloud bank. "It just looks as if it would. It can't rain because the tide is running out. Oh, and it's got a self-starter!" she admired.

"It's got everything that can be put on it. Do you know how to run one?"

"I? How should I? Old John's my limit."

"Like to learn? I'll show you."

Driving even a Ford for the first time is an absorbing occupation, so she did not notice the vast bulk of moving-van on the far side of the road-house a mile or so from where she lived. Nor did she notice Glazebrooke put up his hand and push the palm of it toward a man lounging outside. And not until the rain-drops began to patter smartly did she realize that, in a pinch, it can make out to rain on Long Island even though the tide is running out.

As he got in after putting up the top, she said, "It's been perfectly lovely, but you turn it around now. Let's go back," and relinquished the deek, so to speak, to him. They could talk better so, and she wanted to talk to him.

So, to the drumming of the rain, he told of his life's ambition to write plays, how he began to read law to please his mother, but found out that to practise law would be like being in jail to him. Really.

"I know," said Miss Glaffy.

The newspaper business seemed to be a way that led toward what he wanted to do, and writing of the stage a near thing to writing for the stage, so he had come to do that—

"Oh, you mustn't give up your ambition," she interrupted.

And now newspaper work, press-work, had come to seem a jail, too. If he could only break out of jail a second time!

"It doesn't seem possible that it could be a jail!" she sighed. To know—to know personally the actors and actresses that she could only read about, for being in a chicken-farm jail, she could no longer go to see them. Right in the center of the dazzling radiance of the Great White Way he lived, and it was jail to him!

For a Summer snap, he was doing the press-work for Boscovitch— Well, it was more like being a sort of assistant manager and—

"How do you like the car, Glaffy?"

"Oh, fine!"

"Want it?"

"I'd steal it if I had a chance!"

"You can have it honestly. I'll trade it for your leopard."

"Oh, then it is my leopard?"

"Surely. Yours if you want to fight for it. You'd sooner have the car, though, wouldn't you, than the leopard and the lawsuit? More use to you."

Oh! So that was why he had been sent to get the leopard, eh? All this appeal to sentiment of the old times, of his boyish ambition withering, was this what old Squire Barnes used to sneer at as "jury-talk"? He used to tell her: "Watch out for the nigger in the wood-pile. He's always there when the jury-talk starts up."

She looked at Glazebrooke with a smile. "Well, wouldn't it be a bright trick in me," she said, "to trade evens—my leopard for a Ford! That would be good business—for you!"

"You're hard, Glaffy!"

"Do you want me to be a softy?" And then: "That's the result of a woman's 'natural liberty,' to provide for herself."

He was silent for quite a while after that, and then a slow smile stole over his face, and he said: "I think you'd better close the bargain while you have the chance."

"How do you mean 'have the chance'?" Had he lured her away from home to— But no. Webster was on the job.

"Why, just this: It's coming down pretty hard, and I don't know that we'd pay you anything for a drowned leopard."

"O-o-o-o-oh, YOU!" she cried, exasperated at being beaten after her continued triumph.

"Oh, please do hurry up, Mr. Glazebrooke! Please! Oh, the poor thing! Shut up there in that cistern with all that water pouring in! Oh, please, please go as fast as ever you can."

"It would be a strange thing, wouldn't it," he mused, "if engine trouble should develop? Listen: Do you think the explosions are running evenly?"

"Oh, please, don't stop and look now!" she pleaded.

"We'd better go a little slow," he teased.

"If we should get stalled now—I wonder how well a leopard can swim. Or can it swim at all?"

"Oh, please, Mr. Glazebrooke!"

"I don't hear you."

"Well, Clint, then. Please!"

"That's better. I don't know whether you've noticed that I've been calling you 'Glaffy' for quite a while. Will you trade evens—your leopard for my Ford if I hurry?"

"Yes, yes, I'll trade. Oh, the poor creature, fighting for its life all shut up there! You're not going any faster!"

"I'm waiting to hear you call me 'Clint' again."

"You mean thing!" she pouted. "Well, Clint, please, sir, will you hurry?" The car shot ahead. "Straight ahead!" she cried. "Straight ahead! You don't turn off here."

"I know."

"But you put out your hand as if you were going to turn at the road-house!"

"Did I?" he asked as innocently as a cat laps cream.

She ran up the walk through the pelting rain, when they reached the house, and around to the cistern. She listened. Not a drop was going into the cistern. It was spouting out of the cut-off.

"Oh, you can bet on Webster Morgan forgetting to turn the water on!" she scolded.

"The bargain holds just the same as if the leopard were drowning, doesn't it?" he asked, "including first name?"

"Oh, I suppose so," she said with half a smile.

"Because," he said, "here comes the van from the road-house, with the cage in it and the gang and all. You don't mind a few ciaw-scratches on your pump-stock, do you? They'll want the cat to climb out on that—Right around here, men! This way!"

V

LIFE, even on a chicken farm, was decidedly vivid and interesting, while the leopard was making, as it thought, its getaway from jail and found it was back in the old one, after all.

Life on a chicken farm hasn't yet lost all its interest, for, every day or so, Miss Glaffy jogs along to the Three Oaks Poultry Farm behind old John, reading a letter which begins neither "Dear Friend" nor "Dear Sir," but dear something else. She still goes for the mail with old John, because she can't read the letter in the post-office, and she can't wait till she gets home, and you can't drive even a Ford while you are reading such letters as hers.

She is considering her getaway, the exchange of her "natural liberty" to provide for herself, which has seemed a sort of jail, for perhaps another jail, yes, but one situated more conveniently to where things are moving right along all the time, where the vivid life is so near you can reach out and touch it. That's what she thinks; what he thinks is that it must be fine to live out in the country where the air is so pure, and it is so still and restful, and so forth and so on, with much more of the same sort. A slight difference of opinion as to where the jail should be located.

"I bet you anything she takes him," said Ruella to Webster.

"Everything was all dried up account o' the drouth," answered Webster, "and now it's so wet the cabbages is bu'stin' open. I wouldn't wonder."

Just What You Have Been Waiting For

It is quite a problem to you—to every woman—the turn in the season. You have such a "shabby" feeling in your old duds and such an uncertainty as to what will be correct in the new frocks. Just what you want to know—a complete forecast of Spring styles—is shown in the Butterick Quarterly for Spring, now on sale at every Butterick Pattern Department.

It is fairly overflowing with the smartest ideas from Paris and New York, beautifully pictured and correct in every detail.

The Butterick Quarterly for Spring is 25 cents, including a certificate good for 15 cents in the purchase of any Butterick Pattern. Buy it to-day at the Butterick Pattern Department.

Butterick Quarterly for Spring

AMERICANS CAPTURE THE HEART OF FRANCE

[Continued from page 6]

"My fortune oppresses me," he says, "I desire to make some one happy by marrying a shepherdess of France." The inhabitants of Mauvages desire it supremely, extolling the simplicity of the rich young American. I make inquiries on all sides to discover if others propose to imitate the fiancé of the shepherdess and to establish themselves in our country by means of marriage. The reply is negative. It appears that they wait until they know the French families better in order to make their decision.

August 30, 1918—Has the arrival of the Americans at the Meuse helped to raise the cost of living? No! Commodities have become more difficult to obtain; that is all. For some time past the chief food products have been sold at prices fixed by a decree of the prefecture, and the producer and merchant liable to penalties in case of violation of this decree.

Here are a few prices for example, in American figures: Bread, 4.6 cents per pound; milk, 4.3 cents a pint; Butter, 79.5 cents per pound; cheese, 23.1 cents per piece; eggs, 86.8 cents per dozen; beef, 59 to 61 cents a pound, according to cut; and veal, 37.6 cents a pound.

In the hotels, cafés, restaurants, the prices of board and lodging are posted in conspicuous fashion in both French and English. They are regulated.

Our allies are great eaters, but hard to please. In our villages they eat quantities of eggs. They even dilute their beer with raw eggs. They mix the most diverse foods—potatoes, eggs, tomatoes, salads, etc. Their breakfast is heavier than ours.

The more well-to-do among them do not consider the price of luncheon and dinners. Three soldiers at a hotel in our city had recently a luncheon which cost them one hundred and five francs. In that was included the price of their wine—champagne, forty francs, sauterne, twelve francs.

Hotels and restaurants are making fortunes. Luncheon commences at eleven-thirty in the morning and does not end till five in the afternoon, so great are these throngs of Americans.

Waiters are no longer paid by the proprietors, but live on their tips, which amount to at least forty francs a day. (One of them showed me sixty francs for the twenty-fifth of August.) This equals the emolument of our deputies and senators. Of course, the work is exhausting. In the business houses one hears the same comment. The young apprentice of a harnessmaker proudly displayed nine francs received for running errands for Americans in a single day. All these details indicate clearly that the passage of the Americans over our roads helps to fill the purses of certain of our compatriots, principally of the mercantile class.

August 31, 1918—Madame Grandvallet, a refugee school-teacher at Bar-le-Duc, formerly held a position at Essômes-sur-Marne, near Château-Thierry. There the Americans fought the Germans and the inhabitants were evacuated by order of our allies. A resident obtained leave to visit the village. What was his astonishment to find the village intact and exactly as the inhabitants had left it. In the houses all the furniture remained in place. Not a single object had been removed. Not the slightest depredation, not the most insignificant misdemeanor. Madame Grandvallet could not stop praising the honesty of the Americans. Her testimony does not stand alone. I have heard others of the same kind which show that orders are obeyed. How different from the Germans!

September 1, 1918—It would not be correct to say that in an army of many hundreds of thousands of men all are absolutely perfect. With our allies, as with us, there are certain individual shortcomings. This is inevitable; but they are speedily reprovéd or punished, and here also I can cite an example in support of my case. M. Lenoble, clerk of collections, left his bicycle near a house in which he had an errand. On leaving he could not find it. He and his friends searched in all directions in the neighborhood of Fains where the troops encamped, at last discovering the bicycle in possession of an American soldier. They complained to the colonel of the regiment. He had M. Lenoble brought to him, questioned him for five minutes in regard to the details of the bicycle, and concluded thus: "The machine is yours—I will deal immediately with the thief." In less than a quarter of an hour justice was administered.

September 6, 1918—Here is an open-air French lesson which I noted resting in the city hall park. I see two Americans approach a girl of about twenty, seated on a bench in the shade of a tree. They beg her for a lesson in French. She is neither schoolmistress nor professor, but she receives the request extremely well. She explains to the soldiers that the moon having been brilliant since last night, the German aviators will probably return during the evening to bombard our city. Having spoken of the luminary which aids the designs of our enemies for the moment, she invites the Americans to pronounce the words "la lune." One of the Americans replies "la lune." The girl makes him observe the defective pronunciation. "It is not 'la lune,' but 'la lune.' Come, try it again," she says to her transient pupil, and the American replies, "la lune, la lune." The young girl is exasperated. "Look, watch me closely! I say 'la lune,' now it is your turn." And the American perseveres in repeating for a third time "la lune." A burst of laughter from the three interlocutors, but light-hearted laughter which dispels the exasperation. The American indicates a tree to his little professor and makes her understand, still laughing, that his head is like wood. One does not bore oneself in a public garden.

September 8, 1918—Called to Savonnières-devant-Bar I have an opportunity to find out what the priest thinks of the religious spirit of the Americans. His opinion is worth

while because he has seen thousands of them at Longeville (in the Meuse) and in the vicinity.

"Many of them," he says, "attend the services, and it is necessary to celebrate many masses in the church of Longeville in order to receive them all." He tells me that many of the soldiers asked to confess to him. Not knowing English, he found it difficult to respond to their request, so, with an expert in the English language, he formulated a little questionnaire of every-day transgression. The soldier at the confessional reads the questions in English and replies "oui" or "non" (yes or no), thus enabling the priest to know which fault had been committed. The plan proved simple and practical, he tells me.

La Croix Meusienne, which is published in this department, frequently speaks of the Christian sentiments of our allies.

September 10, 1918—"Y. M. C. A." These four letters one sees on the arms of so many soldiers. There are at present two houses founded by the Y. M. C. A. in Bar-le-Duc. They are much frequented by Americans who desire to rest after active service or during furlough, or when they wish to write letters. One Y. M. C. A. has a piano on which American tunes are played evenings or Sundays, which always brings a crowd and many children under the open windows.

Do not think, however, that our good friends have given up their trips to the city because the two Y. M. C. A. houses have been opened. Afternoons, I see them in great numbers on the principal street corners, their backs against the wall, reading the New York Herald or the Daily Mail, and watching their brothers in arms pass by. Truly they have a particular affection for street corners.

The Y. M. C. A. watches over them with a tender solicitude. It interests itself in their needs and tries every method to help them learn French. It has even asked the Minister of Public Instruction for a professor for this work, desiring that it may be as regular and as efficient as possible. The request has been fully met.

September 11, 1918—Important events must be in preparation. The streets swarm with troops of men. Trucks and military automobiles pass through the Boulevard de la Rochelle by the hundred. Traffic has become so difficult that they have placed at the crossings soldiers who by means of a small baton, like the guardians of the peace in Paris, indicate to drivers when to stop or go ahead. The Americans are in charge of this service in many places and do their work well.

September 14, 1918—Good news spreads throughout the city. Thanks to the Americans St. Mihiel is delivered. On the twelfth of September an Allied army took the offensive in the direction of Thiaucourt (Meurthe-et-Moselle) while another set out from Eparges (Meuse) to effect a junction with them. The maneuver succeeded perfectly. The two armies met toward Hattonville, thus making a pocket of St. Mihiel—the Germans and Austrians, facing capture in the net, have fallen back, losing two hundred cannon, and fourteen thousand prisoners.

In their retreat our enemies have employed their usual odious methods. They have carried off the inhabitants of many villages; one hundred and eighty men and youths of St. Mihiel have been taken to Germany. Between Wadonville-en-Woevre and Doncourt-aux-Templiers they have shot many women, the soldiers say. At St. Hilaire they finished one with a revolver because she was wounded.

Forgetting all the sufferings endured for four years, the inhabitants of the reconquered region have but one thought—to rejoice at their deliverance, thanks to our valiant allies.

The Mayor of Bar-le-Duc has affixed to the walls of the city the following proclamation:

"The communiqués tell us that the American troops have reduced the St. Mihiel salient, taken fourteen thousand prisoners and continue their advance, which yesterday was twenty-one kilometers.

"We can, we must rejoice in this partial victory which at the same time has liberated St. Mihiel from the German outrages to which that city has been subjected for four years and has released Bar-le-Duc from the danger of an attack of which we could not foresee the outcome. To celebrate this victory that touches us so closely I ask you to decorate your houses with the colors of the Franco-Americans, and beg you to join with the municipality in felicitating our beloved allies on their brilliant success, and in thanking them for their valiant cooperation. Long live America! Long live France!"

Is it necessary to say that the inhabitants responded immediately to the appeal?

September 15, 1918—To-day all the houses have a holiday air. It is Sunday and we take advantage of it to celebrate the American victory. In the cafés they sing "Glory to the Americans" to the tune of "La Madelon."

Honor to you, soldiers of America,
Who with the starry flag
Bring forward in a magnificent sign
The dawn of the new era!
It is for justice and the liberty of the world
That we march together, shoulder to shoulder,
And that a fruitful peace may reign
In the shadow of our victorious flags.

At the Y. M. C. A. the Americans also celebrate the victory. Never was the piano of the house submitted to such a test. During the afternoon it vibrated to the airs of its country, the American national anthem, "La Marseillaise," "Le Chant du Départ." Biscuits and cakes were distributed. The children of the locality, who crowded to the windows to see and hear everything, had their share. Briefly, the two sister armies rejoice; the American army because it has shown its prowess on the same battle-field, the French army because it is more and more certain that the aid of our allies will shorten the war and hasten the end.

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jet black ordinary black dark brown medium brown light brown

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Paragon is the simplest and most efficient and most easily learned system of shorthand in the world. It will equip you in a comparatively short time to take a fine position in business. Whatever may be your business or profession, you will find a knowledge of Paragon Shorthand a priceless aid to efficiency, and for advancement and increased earning power. You can use it for dictation, taking down telephone messages, speeches, conferences, sermons, lectures, lessons, court testimony—anything. Paragon Shorthand consists of 7 simple, short lessons, each of which you can grasp in one evening. Speed will develop pleasantly as you make daily use of your quickly acquired knowledge.

Everybody Can Use Shorthand

Our records show that in addition to the thousands of young men and women who need shorthand as a help in their business careers, other thousands—business men, professional men, students, clergymen and literary folk—would like to know Paragon Shorthand as a time-saving convenience. Still others—fathers and mothers—would like to give their sons and daughters this wonderful advantage in order that they may be able to be self-supporting any time it may be necessary.

Try This Lesson Now

Take the ordinary longhand letter *d*. Eliminate everything but the long downstroke and there will remain *∩*. This is the Paragon symbol for **D**. It is always written downward.

From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon **E**.

Write this circle at the beginning of *and* and you will have **Ed**.

By letting the circle remain open it will be a **hook**, and this **hook** stands for **A**. Thus *∩* will be **Ad**. Add another **A** at the end thus *∩∩* and you will have a girl's name, **Ada**.

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and **O** will remain which is the Paragon symbol for **O**.

For the longhand *m* which is made of 7 strokes, you use this one horizontal stroke *—*.

Therefore, *—o* would be **Me**.

Now continue the **E** across the **M**, so as to add **D**—thus *∩—* and you will have **Med**. Now add the large circle **O** and you will have *∩—o* (**medo**), which is **meadow**, with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

You now have 5 of the characters. There are only 26 in all. Then you memorize 26 simple word signs, 6 prefix contractions and one natural rule for abbreviations. That is all.

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Thousands of young, ambitious men and women who have failed to learn the old, complicated forms of shorthand have learned Paragon with ease. They have since become court stenographers, reporters, assistants to business heads and in many cases executives of prominent concerns and institutions. Thousands of grateful letters now in our files attest these facts. Those printed at the right are typical.

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Evidence!

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"Three years ago I bought the Home Study Course in Paragon Shorthand. In three days I had the seven lessons memorized and began practicing for speed. Within three weeks after I started the study I was at work as stenographer in the law office of Mr. Ben. M. Miller (Covington, La.), attorney for the New Orleans Great Northern Railroad Company, the Great Southern Lumber Company, the Salmen Brick and Lumber Company, besides a number of smaller corporations. From this you can see that my work has been varied, and I have had a great deal of it. I now have a position as stenographer to the Secretary of the Federal Land Bank, where I also use Paragon Shorthand."
(Miss) Anna Morrell.

SECRETARY

"Paragon Shorthand is highly satisfactory in every way. I can read my writing readily, and I write the system with perfect ease as fast as one usually talks. Only two months after I learned the first lesson I was able to write 150 words a minute."
(Miss) Dolly Sparks,
Steno. to Secretary of State of Florida.

STENOGRAPHERS

"My sister and I learned Paragon Shorthand from the lessons alone, without any teacher. She is now stenographer to the Kuhn Irrigated Land Company, and I am with the Westinghouse Co., Steno. to Secretary of (Mrs.) Clara Trick Willison, Pittsburg, Pa.





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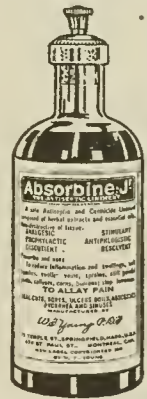
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THE KIDDIES' CORNER

"Real Knowledge is What The Child Finds Out for Itself."

By R. F. FOSTER

WHEN we are young, everything around us is a puzzle. We do not understand why the moon is not always the same size, or why it is warmer in Summer than in Winter, or what makes the hands of the clock keep time. As we get older, most of these puzzles are solved for us; and then we come to problems, which we must solve for ourselves. Perhaps you do not know the difference between a puzzle and a problem? When you are not sure of the exact meaning of any word, always look it up in the dictionary. You will learn many interesting things in that way.

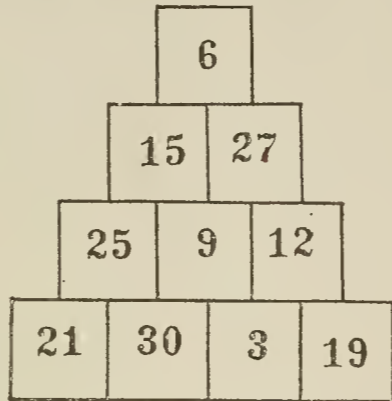


Illustration 1.

Puzzles have always been looked upon as useful in making us think, and teaching us to keep our minds and attention fixed upon one thing until it is finished. This is called "concentration" and it is one of the greatest helps to success in life. If they are good puzzles, we may learn something from them and the more things we know the more likely we are to solve them.

There are many kinds of puzzles, and we are going to take a peep at some of them, to see what kind we can solve most easily. This will teach us what sort of mental occupation we shall probably be most successful in some day when we get older, because there is no better index of mental qualities than the ability to solve puzzles or one kind more quickly than those of another kind. So now we are off, to see how quickly you can solve some sorts of puzzles. Next month you will find the answers, and then you will know whether you got them right or not. Begin now and try your skill.

How Quickly Can You Add?

SUPPOSE we put these figures on a black-board or just saw them on a sheet of paper, large enough for half a dozen little folks to see them at once.

See Illustration 1.

WHO can pick out the numbers that will add just 50? Some will do it in five seconds, some will take ten, and others will be a long time about it.

Noises Animals Make

ALL children are fond of animals, but they do not know as much about them as they ought to. Let us see how much you know about some of them. To begin with, of course, you know that man is the only animal that talks. But all animals make noises of some kind, by which they express their feelings, whether they are pleased, or angry, or afraid, or anything of that sort. These noises made by birds and animals all have a name, and you would never say that a bird roared and a lion whistled. Write opposite the name of each of these the noise that it makes, and see how many of them you can get right. They are all different.

JOHNNY had his fixed of a piece setting so a try. He gave it,

Illustration III.

- Cat.....
- Bullfinch.....
- Donkey.....
- Crow.....
- Elephant.....
- Frog.....
- Owl.....
- Monkey.....
- Horse.....
- Turkey.....
- Serpent.....

Keep your list until next month, and then you will see how many you got right.

Paper-Folding Puzzles

THERE are a number of pretty puzzles in cutting out patterns. In these days of flags, we often want to cut out crosses and stars. You know, perhaps, that all the stars in the American flag have five points. Perhaps you would like to know how to make a five-pointed star with one cut of the scissors, as it is not easy to draw a pentagon, as any five-sided figure is called. Start with an exact square of the stuff from which you want to make the star, and of the right size. You will know if the piece of paper is square if you fold it from corner to corner. If the edges come exactly together, it is square.

See Illustration II.

FOLD your square exactly in half, then at a point A, just half-way along the top edge, fold over so as to point about two-thirds of the way down the edge B-C. Now turn the part B backward, behind C, and then turn D behind A, so that the edge A-D shall fold over the edge of B at the back. You will then have three edges together on the right-hand side, at A-C. The fold will be about where the dotted line is shown. Now take your scissors and make a clean cut along the dotted line E to F, and the point A will be the center of your star, which is the exact size that this cut will make.

Rebus or Charade?

PERHAPS you do not know the difference between a rebus and a charade? A charade usually represents a single word by means of one or more pictures. That is a charade. A rebus may be any number of words, and it may be made up of pictures, mixed up with words, letters and figures. Here is a rebus: See if you can read it.

See Illustration III.

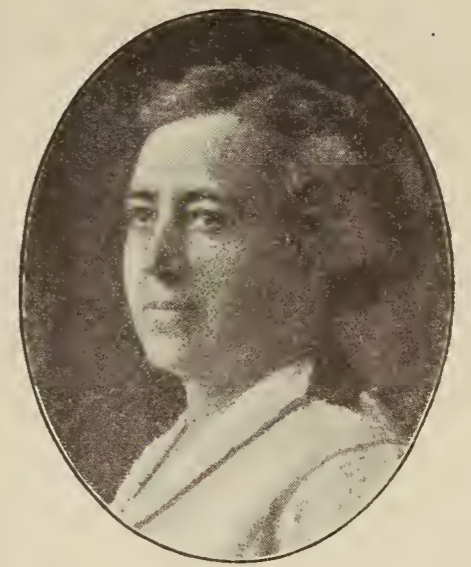
AS THIS is a rhyme, it has what is called metre, there being just the same number of syllables in each of the first two lines, and one more in each of the last two. This will tell you if you have read it aright.

Reading it aloud will help you solve it.

Anagrams

AN ANAGRAM is a word or sentence which can be taken apart and then put together again in such a way as to make a totally different word or words. One of the best-known is the word "astronomers," the eleven letters of which can be rearranged so as to spell "no more stars." All anagrams can be reversed, that is, the three words, "no more stars" can be made into one word. See what you can do with this anagram:

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What Next?

ROUGH ON RATS



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FINDING THE SOUL OF THE PLAYER-PIANO

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

THERE are more than a million player-pianos in America, and less than five hundred persons who can play them well. This means that nineteen hundred and ninety-nine of every two thousand player-pianos are played badly. Such mistreated instruments are a menace both to the art of music and to the business of selling mechanical pianos.

The public has an idea that there is really "nothing to" playing a mechanical piano, wrongly imagining that the art may be completely learned in a few easy hours.

If you are a beginner, the best thing to do first is to take a piece you know well, and work out for yourself a way of making it sound on the player-piano as you have heard it elsewhere. Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" is a good piece for this purpose, or Schubert's "Marche Militaire" or the "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana." Play the piece you select many times in succession, though not all on the same day. You can acquire ten times as much skill by working ten times over one piece as by working through ten pieces once.

As you play, the perforations in the paper roll will begin to convey more and more meaning to you; perhaps until now they have meant no more than the dots and dashes of the Morse telegraph code. Presently, each aperture will come to have a special significance of its own. The paper strip unrolling before you is like a moving picture. When you come to study it, you find a definite relation between the differently shaped and spaced openings and the different notes of music which they cause. It will become clear to you that the longer the perforation in the paper, the longer the note; the smaller the hole, the shorter the note. That the farther it is placed to the right, the higher the note; the farther to the left, the lower.

After a while you will see that these holes in the paper constitute just as adequate a system of notation as the usual dots and ovals printed on a five-line staff, and you will read the perforated system almost as easily as you read the printed one. You will know that a horizontal row of perforations means a chord; that a diagonal row means a broken chord, or arpeggio; that a closely wavy vertical line of small holes is a trill; that a diagonal chain which looks like a streak of lightning is a chromatic scale.

Importance in Pumping

THE most important part of ordinary mechanical piano-playing is the pumping. Its first principle is to keep the bellows always full. Before any holes appear in the unrolling strip of paper, move your feet alternately until the pedals resist. When the bellows are full you are in a strategic position; you may then play loudly, softly, or obtain any degree of accent. Getting an accent with the bellows full is like bursting an inflated paper bag—a sharp, sudden pressure will immediately accomplish it. Trying for an accent with the bellows half filled means that you first have to fill them; this operation takes time, and the explosion comes too late.

It is possible to keep the bellows full either with many short strokes or with a few long ones; but I believe that both methods are not equally effective from a musical point of view, and that the long stroke will yield a greater variety of effects.

Short strokes are naturally taken in the middle position, neither at the top nor bottom of the pedal's course. Now, when the feet are stippling away with short strokes in the middle position, only a small area of the whole bellows is used; and it is therefore hard to find room to make a vigorous, quick attack if a sharp accent is required. I do not mean that there is no place for short strokes. Naturally no good player confines himself exclusively to long ones, but uses short strokes where necessary.

The way to produce expression with the player-piano is by a skillful use of the feet. The varied effects which an able performer can obtain by the use of his feet alone must be heard to be believed.

"One thing at a time," is an excellent motto. When you have learned to keep the bellows always full, to play softly or loudly at will, and to give the degree of accent you wish at any time, you will have made an excellent beginning in the new art. Not until then should you devote much attention to the hand devices below the keyboard of the instrument.

Concentrate your attention persistently upon the pedals until you get what one great performer calls "the feel of the bellows."

After that you will fill the piano's lungs as unconsciously as you fill your own, and need never again formally direct your mind's attention to the subject of foot-work. You will then be in a position to secure a surprising variety of effects without your hands.

High Art of Soft Playing

YOU have doubtless noticed how rarely one hears an amateur pianist play softly. This is partly through lack of self-control and partly because soft playing is very difficult for the fingers. The mechanical piano makes soft playing much easier, though still not so easy as loud playing. In the execution of very rapid and difficult yet delicate music, the mechanical instrument has such an advantage over the ordinary one, that the art of soft playing should be mastered early by every player-pianist, and never forgotten.

Remember that most pianos—mechanical and unmechanical—have always been overplayed; and that you had better form a habit of erring on the side of restraint. Reserve your loudest thunder for rare climaxes, and spend the energy thus saved in mastering the pianissimo.

When you come to phrasing, the first question is, "How fast shall I play?" On certain instruments a pointer is provided with which you may follow a colored tempo line on the roll. This convenient device allows you to reproduce some competent musician's idea of what the right pace should be. As you develop and sharpen your own powers of musical observation, you will earn the right to an opinion about time and may then do as most finished player-pianists do—disregard the tempo line.

If your instrument and rolls are not equipped with these lines, then you will have to direct the tempo as your memory, instinct and intelligence dictate, aided by the directions printed on the roll.

In order to avoid the deadly effect of grinding the roll through the machine as if it were a hurdy-gurdy, certain beats in each measure of the music should be accented more than others. Remember that it helps almost as much to sub-

due the unimportant as to bring out the important notes.

In waltzes, for example, the first beat of each measure should nearly always be emphasized, and the second and third beats kept down. The first beat of a march measure should generally have the strongest accent and the third beat a slightly weaker one, while the second and fourth are subordinated. In selecting your first few pieces for practice it is advisable to choose those in which the rhythmical pulse of the music is easily felt.

Very few people realize that in properly making a strong accent on the player-piano, both hands and both feet are used. With one hand you press the accent button or lever and perhaps put on the sustaining pedal. With the other hand on the tempo device, you actually stop the roll for an almost imperceptible fraction of a second, just as the particular perforation you wish to accent reaches the tracker-bar. By doing this, you temporarily rob the motor of air for everything but the note or chord to be accented. Until recently, this maneuver has been something of a secret, known to few besides the leading concert performers. It is wonderfully effective but extremely difficult, as it takes much patient practice to pause slightly on certain notes without making the composition jerky.

To avoid such jerkiness in making an accent, the pause must be almost imperceptible, then immediately compensated for by the following beat or two being played slightly faster than normal. Of course, this demands a finely developed sense of rhythm and complete mastery over the tempo device.

Training the "Trigger" Finger

THE next thing is to bring out the melody. Some player-pianos have an automatic device for keeping the melody afloat above the accompaniment, but many lack this device and depend entirely on the performer. The secret of bringing out the melody with your fingers is to operate the melody device just as the perforation in question crosses the tracker-bar. There are two buttons or levers, one controlling the upper, one the lower, half of the keyboard. You must learn by experience which button or lever to press, just when to press it, and exactly when to release it. To do this perfectly, you must develop the eye and the "trigger" finger. In mastering such a delicate and subtle art as this, the beginner would do well to choose a simple roll. Play it at first very slowly without attempting to do anything but bring out the melody.

The soft pedal should not be depended on to subdue the tone. Learn to secure softness with your feet only, then use the damper to bring the tone down still lower. This pedal not only gives more control of delicate effects, but it also helps to clarify runs, trills and rapidly repeated notes by bringing the hammers nearer to the strings. Let me urge that the runs should not be ripped off mechanically. Begin slowly and firmly, gradually increasing the speed in true virtuoso manner. Long trills should not be made alike all through. Begin them deliberately and end with a slight retard.

The function of the pedal often falsely called the "loud" one is not to make the music louder, but to sustain one note or chord over into the music that follows. Plainly, then, it should be used only when the notes you wish to sustain sound well with the notes that follow. Some instruments have a device for operating the sustaining pedal automatically in response to perforations in the margin of the roll; but if it has no such device, the sooner you master this important subject the better.

Master the Sustaining Pedal

ROUGHLY speaking, the sustaining pedal may be held down during the playing of almost any broken chord. Subject to endless exceptions, it may be put down on the first beat of any measure of a waltz and lifted on the third. With still more exceptions, it may be held down for a short time at the beginning of each measure in a march. Your rolls may have on them printed directions for the use of the sustaining pedal, but you had better not follow these directions literally, for they are often copied directly from printed music which was made for player-pianists.

It is far better to use the sustaining pedal too little than too much. Too little use of it means that your performance will sound more mechanical than it should. Too much use of it means unendurable discord, because it sounds certain notes with others which are their enemies; and this results in shocking want of harmony.

If you are in doubt about whether to use the sustaining pedal in any particular case, the same excellent advice applies to you as to those in doubt whether to marry—don't! You will find that some knowledge of harmony will be of great help in knowing what chords can be made to blend with others.

Mastery of the sustaining pedal is the most difficult part in finding the soul of the player-piano. This pedal is often able to change the detached, scrappy, jerky, dry utterance of the mechanical instrument into the rich, flowing effects of the ordinary piano at its best.

If you really wish to master this art, you would do well to study Paderewski's book on the use of the sustaining pedal.

When you hear master pianists play, sit where you can watch their feet. Then go home and see if your finger on the sustaining lever can not get the same effects which the master's right foot coaxed from his instrument.

Observe, also, the performer's dynamics and phrasing, and just how he brings out the melody. Above all, the emotional element in the music is important to you, for since technic is provided by the machine, you are, as it were, put on your honor to turn into emotional expression all the energy which would otherwise have gone into finger drill. It is your duty always to play as expressively as possible.

Try, then, to imitate great musicians closely on your player-piano. You need not confine yourself entirely to piano recitals. You can learn much about interpretation from singers, violinists, string quartets, orchestras, or even from organizations like Sousa's Band. Interpretation may also be very conveniently studied on the phonograph or on any of the autographic pianos which give faithful reproductions of the playing and interpretations of master pianists.

Finding the soul of a player-piano requires no extraordinary endowment of body, mind or spirit; but it does require determination, industry and concentration.



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A-B-C OF FOODS AND COOKERY

By MARIA LINCOLN PALMER

Meats and Soups

HOW much meat do the different members of your family require to maintain health and efficiency? The quantity of meat and meat substitutes needed for a family of five for a week is ten pounds, one-half of this amount to be of beef, veal, pork, mutton, lamb, poultry, game or fish.

Before America took her seat at the "Allied table," millions of her families were using more meat than they needed. Indeed, before the great war it was not uncommon, in many homes, to serve meat three times a day. Then, however, meat was less expensive, and many housewives lacked scientific knowledge of its real place in the home dietary. They had the old idea that meat would make the various members of the family strong. Of course, meat is excellent to help build up and repair worn-out tissues of the body, but there are many other foods that perform the same function.

A certain quantity of meat is essential because it contains certain food substances that can not be supplied as easily in any other way and therefore meat holds an important place in the diet. The quantity required by each member of the family depends upon his age, the condition of his system, his occupation, and climatic conditions.

Meat is appetizing and under normal conditions is easily digested, and although valuable for its building material, its fat and mineral salts, it should not be taken into the system in too large amounts. One of the popular slogans of the Food Administration in its conservation program has been "Make a Little Meat Go a Long Way."

We must share this protein food with suffering Europe. War has decimated European herds and flocks, and for a long time to come America will be asked to supply the deficiency, certain kinds of meat that can be more easily exported than others; therefore, we must use here at home the perishable kinds and release those required abroad. We must also do our utmost to prevent waste of all kinds of meat.

Meat is composed of tube-like bundles held together by thin elastic skin, called connective tissue. In the center of these tubes is found protein substances, mineral matter, water, flavoring juices and extract juices. Invisible fat is found around the connective tissues and between the meat fibers. The cuts of meat may be divided generally into two classes, tough and tender. The toughness and quality of meat is largely due to the connective tissue, which increases according to the age and work of the animal and its food. For example: slices of porterhouse steak in a poorly fed animal may not have as rich a flavor as a flank steak from one which has been well fed.

The tougher cuts of meat come from the parts of the animal which are most active. Thus a sirloin steak comes from the back where the connective tissue or filling-in muscle is more tender than the round steak cut from the hind quarter, where the muscles are in constant use. Tough meat has long, coarse fibers, but is more juicy than tender meat. This is true because in the more active muscles the juices flow more freely. The protein in the muscle fibers is about the same in both tender and tough cuts.

The cuts differ in price according to the part of the animal from which they are taken. Tough cuts always sell at lower prices than more tender parts. You can reduce your meat bills in three ways: first, by serving smaller portions of meat at the home table; second, by having meat less often; third, by liberal use of meat substitutes.

To obtain a good quality of meat, visit the market yourself. If you have been accustomed to use only expensive cuts, vary your selection and equalize the demand by purchasing cheaper cuts. Be sure the butcher gives you the meat trimmings and bones. Carry them home and use them. Think of meat as the French do, as a flavor to a dish, rather than the main ingredient. Learn to prepare meat so that the meat juices and real flavor are retained. Save the fat of meat, render it and use it as a true cooking fat.

Meats have various market characteristics. Good beef is dark purple in color when first cut, but turns to a bright red. It should be well streaked with a firm fat of yellowish color that crumbles easily. The flesh should be firm and when pressed with the finger no mark should remain.

Good veal should be pink; it is usually less firm than beef. If used too young it is watery and flabby.

Good mutton should be dull red, rather firm and streaked with fat juice, white or slightly yellow. Good lamb, which is in season between May and November, should be dark pink, but not as firm as mutton.

Good pork should be pale in color. It is less firm than beef and has soft fat.

All meat should be removed from the paper wrappings as soon as it comes from the market. Paper absorbs meat juices, and if meat remains in the paper too long it will taste of the paper. Before cooking, meat should be wiped with a clean, damp cloth, but it should never be put in water because water draws out the meat juices. Meat should always be kept in a cool place.

One of the fundamental underlying principles in the cooking of meat is that heat hardens protein.

High temperature hardens and toughens the product; therefore, only use it to form a coating or to sear the meat on the outside as this is the best means of retaining the juices, and then lower the heat so that the interior will not be toughened. "Have the oven hot when the roast goes in." High heat also decomposes fat and since all meats contain fat, a low temperature produces the best result. The application of long moderate or low heat for tough cuts softens the connective tissue and makes the meat more tender and edible. During these days of high cost of living it is especially important to learn to cook meat so as to obtain the greatest quantity of nourishment and develop the flavor, thus rendering the

finished product very much more palatable.

The methods of cooking meats are:

To extract the juices as in soups.
To retain the juices as in pan-broiling, oven broiling, roasting, boiling and frying.

To extract and retain the juices by a combination of both of the above methods as in stewing.

Millions of dollars are wasted in America yearly by improper cooking of meats. Many of the most inexpensive cuts through long slow cooking may be rendered tender and digestible.

Pounding and chopping helps to break the connective tissue. It is, however, likely to open the threadlike meat fibers so that the juices and flavor are lost. If flour is pounded into the meat it will hold and help retain the juices. Try to develop the natural flavor by long slow cooking.

pierce with fork. After both sides are seared, reduce heat under the pan and cook steak more slowly, turning constantly. Stand on edge to brown fat. Keep pan free from fat. Steak is done rare when well browned and puffy. If one inch thick, this will take about ten minutes. If desired well done, it will require twelve to fifteen minutes or more.

To prepare oven-broiled steak use an oven broiler of the gas-stove. Heat till very hot. Brush broiler with melted fat. Place steak near blaze until seared and browned, then place farther from blaze and cook slowly, turning frequently. If coal or wood range is used, broil steak over coal, on wire broiler, following same directions.

The following is a very delicious and nutritious method of preparing flank or round steak. By this method this kind of a cut is as appetizing as a porterhouse:

WHAT YOU SHOULD DO TO SAVE FOOD

A Message From the United States Food Administration

SAVE wheat. Mix at least twenty per cent. of other cereals with all wheat flour you use. Cut the bread on the table only as needed. Don't waste a crum. Use no toast as garnish. If you buy bread, order from the baker twenty-four hours in advance; this enables him to bake without waste. Use less cake and pastry.

SAVE meat. Most American families can reduce their meat purchases by at least one-third. Try not to use fresh meat or poultry at more than one meal a day; be sparing with smoked meat. All left-overs should be used either cold or in made dishes. Make soups. Use stews more often than fried or roasted meats.

SAVE fats. Save fats of all kinds. Serve not more than one-half ounce of butter or margarine per person at any one meal. Cut down the frying, especially deep fat frying. Economize in cheese.

SAVE sugar, coffee, tea, and cocoa. Do not brew a spoonful more coffee, tea, or cocoa than is needed.

USE milk wisely. Children must have plenty of whole milk, but no milk should be wasted. All skimmed milk and sour milk can be used in cooking. One quart of milk for each child is a wise daily allowance. No cream containing more than twenty per cent. butter fat should be used.

USE local foods. Use local fruits, vegetables and other supplies to release transportation for essential needs. Can and dry surplus fruits and vegetables.

PATRIOT'S Plenty. Buy less; cook only what you need. Serve only three meals a day. Do not eat between meals. Serve smaller portions. Practise the gospel of the clean plate. Let your guests share your simplicity with you. Be contented with a Patriot's Plenty and discontented with a Slacker's Superfluity. Be proud to be a Saver.

The tough cuts of meats are used for soups, stews and boiling purposes, while tender cuts are prepared by broiling, roasting and frying.

The best cuts of beef for broiling purposes are the tenderloin, porterhouse, sirloin, the second and third cuts from the top of the round and the coarse cut of rump steaks. Since any tender cuts of meat may be broiled, chops and cutlets of veal, mutton, lamb and pork are quite as delicious as broiled cuts of the beef. The first three suggested above are the most expensive, on account of the great loss of bone and fat. The round steak is usually juicier than the tenderloin, but the coarser fiber makes it less tender.

All steaks should be cut at least three-fourths of an inch thick. Before the war it was thought impossible to produce a palatable finished product unless the steak was two and one-half inches thick, but high prices have forced us to use a thinner cut of steak. A cut three-fourths of an inch thick is often called "minute" steak. Steak is usually pan-broiled or oven-broiled.

To make palatable pan-broiled steak, trim fat from steak, also part of bone, if desired. Wipe with damp cloth. Heat an iron frying-pan very hot, or until blue smoke arises. Rub surface of pan with a little suet. Place steak in pan, searing it quickly, first on one side, then on the other. Be careful in turning, not to

Flank or Round Steak Stuffed

1 lb. top round or flank ½-inch thick
½ cup carrot, cubed

2 or 3 small slices suet
1 onion sliced
1 cup boiling water or stock

Stuffing

1 cup crumbs
2 tablespoons butter substitute
2 tablespoons parsley

½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon onion-juice
2 tablespoons chopped celery
½ teaspoon paprika

TRIM edges of steak, spread over it stuffing, roll and tie, and lay on onion and carrot in pan with suet on top. Pour water or stock into pan and cook, closely covered, for twenty minutes or more in a hot oven, then uncover and cook thirty minutes longer. Serve with brown gravy made from drippings in pan.

Pot-Roast

FOR making a pot-roast of beef nearly any of the tough cuts may be used, although the rump or lower part of the round is preferable. Some housewives, however, prefer the upper part of the round. Wipe meat, sear in hot frying-pan, or in kettle used for roasting. Lard outer surface if meat is lean, or cook a few slices of salt pork with the meat.

Place in kettle and add two tablespoons of

vinegar, cover tightly for a moment. When the vinegar comes in contact with the hot kettle, it will vaporize and penetrate the pot-roast, thus making it more tender. Add one-half cup boiling water to two pounds meat, and cover tightly. Cook slowly until meat is very tender and well browned, adding only enough water to prevent burning. Season when nearly done. Serve with brown gravy made with liquid left in the pan. Instead of water, strained tomatoes may be used with pot-roast. For seasoning, in addition to salt and pepper, a bit of bay-leaf, parsley, a few cloves, or slices of carrot may be cooked with the roast.

To each cup of liquid add gradually two tablespoons of flour mixed till smooth with an equal quantity of cold water. Cook as white sauce. Strain.

Roast Pork

TO PREPARE roast pork, wipe pork, sprinkle with salt and pepper, place on rack in dripping-pan or roaster, and dredge meat and bottom of pan with flour. Place in moderate oven and roast three or four hours, basting every fifteen minutes with fat in pan. For roast pork, the usual rule is twenty-five minutes to the pound. Make gravy, using same proportions as white sauce.

The Food Administration urges you to cut down your meat bill and conserve the nation's meat supply by preparing "savory stews." The recipe given below for beef stew is heartily approved of by Mr. Hoover.

Beef Stew

2 lbs. beef
1 onion
½ cup carrot
½ cup turnip

1 quart stock or water
6 potatoes
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

CUT beef into two-inch cubes. Reserve the tenderest pieces of meat. Place the tougher portions and bone into cold water or stock. Put over slow fire and heat gradually to boiling-point. Dredge reserved meat with flour, and sauté in marrow drippings, or pork fat, and add to stew. Let simmer about two hours. In same frying-pan, brown onion, cut in slices, and turnip and carrot diced. Cook until meat and vegetables are nearly done, then remove bones, skim off fat and add potatoes which have been parboiled ten minutes and drained. Season.

Add boiling water if needed. Ten minutes before potatoes are done, add dumplings. Thicken gravy after removing meat, vegetables and dumplings.

One-half cup rice may be added ten minutes before potatoes, if desired. One pint strained tomatoes may be substituted for a part of the water.

Soups

THE American housewife has been taught by her sisters from across the seas the value of soups as an article of daily food. What more delectable dish can serve as a prelude to a dinner than a savory soup? It is the best means possible of gently stimulating the digestive juices and preparing the stomach for the more substantial dishes that are to follow.

Soups are usually classified as to food value. Cream soup, purée, bisque or chowder might be classed as the heavy soups and contain sufficient nourishment to be the chief articles of food at a meal.

Then there are the clear soups: bouillon and consommé that are used as appetizers for a heavy meal. They are usually classed under the head of luxuries, because the nutritive value is extracted in their preparation.

Many of my readers have requested information in regard to just how to clarify soup; therefore I give these directions:

Use one egg-white to each quart of cold stock. Beat egg slightly, and add to stock. Heat gradually till near the boiling-point, stirring all the time. Cook gently for fifteen minutes. Remove to back of range and add one-fourth cup cold water. Let stand a few minutes, then strain through cheese-cloth placed over strainer. Heat and add any further seasoning desired.

To prepare soup-stock follow these directions:

1 lb. bone
1 lb. meat
2 quarts cold water
½ cup minced onion
½ cup carrot
½ cup turnip
1 teaspoon salt

6 peppercorns
1 teaspoon sweet herbs
1 small bay-leaf
1 sprig parsley
1 piece celery root
4 cloves

CHEAP cuts of meat, shin, neck, or joints and small scraps of meat such as the flank end of steak or left-overs and bones of roasts, may be used for soup-stock. Beef, veal or chicken are most commonly used. Cut the meat into small pieces and wipe clean. In general, use twice as much meat as bone, and for each pound of meat and bone use about one quart of water. Put the meat and bone into cold salted water, and, if possible, let soak for an hour. Then place over a low fire and simmer gently about three hours. If vegetables are to be used for seasoning add them now, allowing from half a cup to a cup of mixed vegetables for each pound of meat used. These vegetables may be onions, carrots, turnips, peppers, celery, or cabbage, using such combinations as you desire. Mixed herbs and spices may be tied in cheese-cloth and added, and left in simmering soup as long as desired. Pepper-corns, cloves, bay-leaf, parsley, celery-salt, mace, thyme, and marjoram may be used.

After vegetables and seasonings are added, cook two hours or more. If clear soup is desired, the froth should be skimmed from stock as it rises, otherwise it is not necessary. For clear soup, strain and cool. Then remove cold fat by dipping it off with a spoon, removing finer particles by means of a piece of cheese-cloth dipped in ice-water.

After stock has been strained and cooled, the lower portion will be found to be thicker and contain the largest amount of solid and nutritive material. Often this may be used for thick soup or sauces, while the upper part, with less waste, may be used for clear soups.

How to Prepare Left-over Meats

ALMOST any left-over meat may be combined with other foods, well seasoned, and be made up into very palatable dishes. Beef, veal, mutton, lamb, chicken, and ham are all desirable and may be combined. Fish may be substituted for meat in many recipes.

1. Trim off carefully all non-edible parts.
2. Cut or chop meat in fine pieces of uniform size. Do not mash.
3. Since meat is cooked, it should be protected

from direct heat by sauce, crumbs, potatoes, etc.

4. Sauce should be thoroughly cooked before adding meat.

5. Season rather highly. Sweet herbs, onions, celery-salt, paprika, curry, or tobasco may be used.

6. In general, when sauce or gravy are used, take half as much sauce as meat and vegetable combined.

7. By substituting rice, or other cereal, or macaroni, for potato more variation is offered.



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P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap



As a protection to the skin, use Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you go out



The nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is an important measure toward keeping your skin fair

Cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture

You can keep your skin soft, smooth, pink-and-white the winter through, but you must guard it against the harsh winds which whip out of it all its elasticity. To make and keep your skin lovely you need two creams—one kind for protection and an entirely different kind for cleansing.

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With each exposure to the cold, the skin becomes tighter and rougher until it cracks and breaks. It loses its delicate color and takes on the unattractive redness of coarse, chapped skin.

How to protect your skin

Before going out protect your skin by an application of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Use it on your hands and neck as well as your face. Compare the fresh, soft condition in which it keeps your face with the drawn,

dry feeling that generally follows exposure to cold, windy weather.

Based on an ingredient which doctors have used for years for its softening, beautifying qualities, Pond's Vanishing Cream is of the utmost value in overcoming all dryness and restoring the normal pliancy to the skin.

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Some of the famous women who use it

Many of the most famous women of the stage use Pond's Vanishing Cream constantly. Among them are Billie Burke, Constance Collier, Frances Starr, Martha Hedman, Elsie Janis, Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies, Mabel Taliaferro, Marjorie Rambeau.

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Photo by Charlotte Fairchild
Billie Burke, whose beautiful skin is the envy of everyone who sees her, says: "No one appreciates Pond's Vanishing Cream more than I"



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild
Constance Collier, who was a particularly adorable Mary, Duchess of Towers, in "Peter Ibbetson," says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream feels so cooling and soothing to the skin. I never fail to use it after coming in from outdoors. Just one application is enough to do away with all roughness and windburn"

One application relieves chapped skin

If your skin has become rough or reddened by exposure to the cold, apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. The very first time you use it you will notice how it relieves the tight, drawn feeling, how it smooths away and softens all roughness



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HOW THE "SUFFS" WON THE VOTE

[Continued from page 11]

strong, virtually controlled the war industries. This entrenched labor organization had never admitted women to membership, and did not allow them to be employed in the skilled metal trades. Women metal-workers there were, nevertheless. They worked, most of them, at low wages, in semi-skilled and unskilled tasks such as chain-making, the cheap-jewelry trades, telephone typewriter, sewing-machine trades and others. It was plain that these women could easily be transferred to munitions making, and that thousands of other women, thrown out of employment in dressmaking and other luxury trades, could quickly be trained to work at lathes.

To support and assist Mr. Lloyd George's program we arranged one of the largest and most successful demonstrations in the history of our organization. The Munitions Parade of the Spring of 1915 will not soon be forgotten in London. Although organized in less than ten days it was a huge and impressive spectacle. Fifty thousand women marched, and at the very head of the procession walked a barefooted figure draped in heavy black—Belgium. After this symbolic figure came the leaders of the Women's Social and Political Union. Following them marched the fifty thousand, women of all ranks and of all trades and professions, bearing banners and placards, demanding that factory doors be opened to women, and that they be allowed to serve their country in the manufacturing of war materials.

It was the worst of days as far as weather was concerned. The rain came down in sheets, soaking the marchers through and through, but none dropped out and when we reached the Ministry of Munitions where a deputation was to be received by Mr. Lloyd George, the throng of women, instead of seeking shelter, filled the Embankment, waiting the result of our conference.

I led the deputation, which was cordially received by Mr. Lloyd George. To our addresses he replied, saying that he was grateful for our help, and promising that full opportunities to serve Great Britain in practical ways should no longer be denied her women citizens. We were assured that no advantage in the matter of wages, etc., should be taken of the women's eagerness to work.

When he finished speaking I suggested to Mr. Lloyd George that the thousands of women who filled the garden of the ministry and the Embankment beyond, would be much gratified to see him and have a word of greeting. So we went out together and he made a graceful little speech that was a splendid finish for a triumphant occasion.

I do not have to tell here how successful Mr. Lloyd George's dilution-of-labor program has been, nor do I have to testify to the magnificent way in which the women have risen to their opportunity to do war work. The story has been told. The world knows that women have fully vindicated their claim to enter skilled engineering trades on equal terms with men. We are proud and grateful for our part in this new industrial revolution.

It could not be expected that such a revolution would be accomplished without friction, however, and a whole volume of readjustments and rearrangements had to be made before the object of the change was accomplished and an adequate supply of munitions was being turned out. In all of these readjustments we cooperated. We worked through *The Suffragette*, through meetings and deputations, to make factory conditions better. We arranged for a deputation of munitions workers to go to France and get ideas for factory improvement. A return visit by French munitions workers helped materially in the extension of welfare work in both countries.

At no time during this period had our recruiting work lagged. We spoke in cinemas, theaters, halls of every kind, as well as in the streets. The London Pavilion, the largest vaudeville house in town, invited me to speak from its stage, and for one week I "went on" regularly for a recruiting speech. My "turn" proved immensely popular, drawing large audiences, including people who were not regular patrons of vaudeville. I had many kind and congratulatory messages from the boxes that week, friends old and new bidding me Godspeed in our work for the growing army.

We worked hard. Some of our members held meetings in Trafalgar Square throughout the Winter, and as soon as Spring came we revived our old Sunday meetings in Hyde Park. In the shadow of the monument of the heroic Nelson, and under the leafy boughs of the historic old park we called on the men of Britain to save the empire from the on-sweeping hordes of barbarians who, in that first awful year of war, overran northern France and nearly all of Belgium, killing, burning, looting, torturing, enslaving as they passed. Attila in his pride never spread such horror and desolation. The Germans that first year believed themselves to be the conquerors of the world, and as such they made war with a savagery, a lustfulness, a madness of cruelty never matched in history.

With such a foe at our very doors it might be expected that even such a conventional Government as that over which Mr. Asquith reigned would welcome the cooperation of women. But when we called at the War Office with an offer of assistance we were received with polite indifference. However, we worked on. We spread out over the provinces, recruiting for the army, recruiting for industry, calling on women and children as well as men to enlist in the great struggle.

Soon the Government was obliged to admit that our help was valuable, and generally at our meetings there appeared an official recruiting agent to sign up men as they left the hall. We called on men to enlist, and they did by the hundreds and thousands. But all

the time we knew that the volunteer system of building an army was wholly inadequate and unscientific. We said so at every one of our meetings, and long before any of the politicians ventured to suggest compulsory military service, we were calling for it with tongue and pen as the only possible means of meeting the demands of an unprecedented war.

The Americans are to be congratulated that they started with a drafted army. The greatest of all war problems was settled when President Wilson and his advisers adopted the policy of the selective draft. Another of our difficulties, however, America seems to share. I allude to labor troubles, which became acute with us very early in the war.

It was early in 1915 when the coal-miners of South Wales threatened to paralyze the entire industry of that region. The strike was all the more to be dreaded because the coal mined in South Wales is used by the ships of the Grand Fleet, the navy that protects the very life of the empire. Such a calamity might have had the most appalling consequences, and we lost no time in getting down to the seat of trouble, Cardiff, to see what we could do. We found, and America has since duplicated our experience, that those workers who were threatening at that terribly critical time to strike, simply did not realize the connection between their industry and the war.

I think I will tell briefly how we worked to avert that strike. Cardiff, the center of the trouble, is a large seaport town on the Bristol Channel. Running north and east are deep valleys in which the coal is mined. Following a big general meeting in Cardiff our organizers went up into these valleys, holding meetings in every town and village.

In every community we took the largest available hall, whether it was a church, a cinema, or a town hall, and then speakers went into the streets and especially to the mine pitheads to advertise the meetings. These meetings, always crowded, were preliminary to my visits, for I made the rounds of all the principal mining communities.

The Welsh have wonderful singing voices, and music is to them a national passion. Consequently we appealed to them first through music. The meetings were always opened by the singing of their national hymn, "Land of My Fathers," a marvelous old rhythmic song which they sing in parts. First some one starts it, other voices carry on the tune, and soon the whole group of singers are weaving the magic chain of melody in beautiful effect.

When the song was finished I usually told the miners that if Britain lost the war they would never sing "Land of My Fathers" again; or if they sang it, it would be in secret, under their breath, as the crushed people of Poland, Bohemia, Alsace-Lorraine sang their national hymns. I told them how in households, and even in convents of Alsace, loyal and longing French men and women celebrated their anniversaries behind closed doors and windows, singing almost in a whisper, "La Marseillaise." Thus it would be in Wales, and throughout the world, if Germany were allowed to win the war. I talked to them about the war, its perils and necessities, and reminded them how dependent on them was the great navy which guarded with a ring of steel our island kingdom. I tried to make them feel their vast importance in the conduct of the war. I appealed to them as soldiers as well as citizens, and asked them to mobilize with the army and navy with the single aim of winning the war. I closed each meeting with the national hymn, and they never failed to sing "God Save the King" with the same fervor as they sang "Land of My Fathers" at the beginning of the meeting.

That the strike was averted, partly, at least, by our efforts, the Government appeared to believe, for I received shortly afterward, a graceful note of appreciation and thanks from Mr. Lloyd George.

Some of our activities, I am sorry to say, met with less immediate sympathy, although in every case, our policies were, after a time, adopted by the Government. Through our paper, now renamed *Britannia*, we urged for months Allied intervention to save heroic Serbia, fighting against hopeless odds, perishing in her valiant retreat. The war began in Serbia just a little too soon for Germany to complete her scheme of subjugating the Balkan states and thus completing her highway to the British Empire in the east. After Bulgaria joined the central powers, Serbia alone blocked the way to eastern dominion, and for this reason it was crushed. Because Britain would not see this peril, would not take steps in time to save Serbia, the final task of the Allies was much greater than it might have been. We have paid in time and in fearful toll of human life for the blunder of not keeping the Balkans intact.

In the same way we pleaded for Greece and for Roumania. We called for the formation of a war council. We advocated a *generalissimo* over all the Allied armies. From the first we pointed out the inevitability of conscription, of rationing food, of national service for all men and women. Our policies became national policies after a time, but it is proof of the political sagacity of women, on which men have never placed proper value, that we were able to see the war situation as a whole before the politicians saw it. We were never afraid to take up a question before it reached the popular stage. We took up the problems as they appeared, and helped to make them popular. We did not confine ourselves to any one field. We covered the entire field from foreign policies to national kitchens and the care of babies.

Take the English food situation, for example. From the beginning of the submarine campaign it was plain that the Government

[Continued on page 56]



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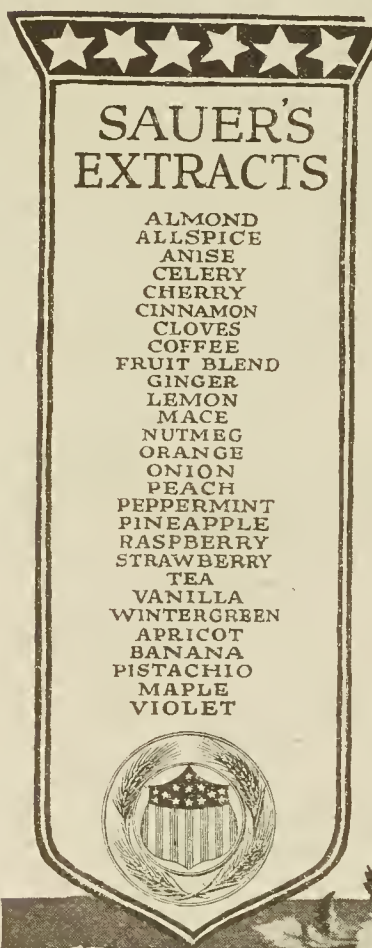
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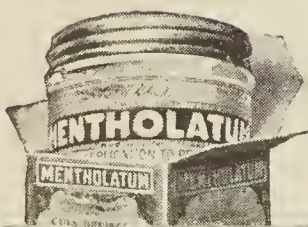
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HOW THE "SUFFS" WON THE VOTE

[Continued from page 55]

would have to adopt a system of compulsory food control. Germany could never starve Great Britain, but the British people were in great danger of going hungry because of inadequate food distribution. Inevitably there appeared food profiteers, food hoarders, and long queues of angry people standing at shop doors to buy bread and meat for their families.

The solution was so simple that it was difficult to wait in patience until the Government adopted it. In London first, and then in cities all over the country, municipal kitchens were established at which food and fuel is purchased at the lowest possible price, the food is cooked with economy of service and with skill, and is distributed cheaply. In these kitchens the cooking is based, not on random choice of meat, grains, vegetables and sugar, but on available supplies of these necessities. When beef is scarce for the whole kingdom, all of the national kitchens use it sparingly. Every one gets his share and no more than his share. It is the same with butter, fats, sugar, wheat. Housekeepers can not know much about the markets. Food administrators in time of war are as necessary as munition ministers. Any intelligent woman knows that.

Since the war began, as all the world knows, the vote has been given to a large group of women in Great Britain. As soon as it became a certainty that the Reform Bill, which included a woman-suffrage clause, would become law, our Women's Social and Political Union became the Women's Party, and we are now organized nationally to try to bring about the social and political reforms which women believe in and think necessary to the health and happiness of the state. At the head of our program was a determination to win the war, and, closely following it, a demand for a durable peace, which means the liberation of all the subject peoples of the world, Italians, Czecho-Slovaks, Poles, Armenians; the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France; the dismemberment of the ramshackle Hapsburg empire; turning the bloody Ottoman tyrant out of Europe.

We do not advocate, after the war, any so-called League or Council of Nations. We believe that such a league or council would be a very imperfect representative of the mass of the people in any country, and we know that in our own country it would be less subject to the people's control than is our Parliament. We elect our Parliament, and we depose our governments when they fail to do the people's will. We could not do that to a League of Nations, which could easily fall a victim to pernicious intrigues of international finance and other international agencies, which, as this war has proved, have become merely the tools of Germany and pan-Germanism. In both foreign and home policies we trust the British Constitution. We do not want to be governed by an international ring of politicians and financiers.

We want our empire strengthened, and its parts drawn closer together for defense and development. Surely it must have profoundly astonished the German war lords when Canada, India, Australia and New Zealand sprang to arms in defense of the empire. We want to deepen and strengthen those bonds of love and loyalty which this dreadful war has sealed in the blood of so many of our great colonials. We want to show our gratitude to those heroes by keeping Britain more than ever British. One of our party's demands is for better naturalization laws, to prevent the Germans and their allies from acquiring British citizenship and exploiting it after the war as they have done in the past.

The Women's Party has a full industrial policy. We believe that the interest of the community as a whole transcends that of the employer on the one hand and the employed on the other. We think that Parliament, as the

sole representative of the nation, should have the last word in all questions affecting the relations between capital and labor.

In our country at the present time there is a strong Bolshevist movement to which a considerable group of workers adhere. Most of their leaders are bitten with pacifism, and the rank and file are imbued with half-digested theories, chief among which is the Bolshevist ideal of "control of industry by the workers." This the Women's Party opposes with all its strength. The efficient management of business and industry is a function which calls for specialized individual ability, training and experience. The rank and file of workers could no more manage great industries than the rank and file of sailors could navigate a ship.

We advocate a general shortening of hours of labor, a better wage, and the best possible factory conditions. We call for increased wealth production as an essential means to the abolition of poverty. The workers should not be poor. They should have what is justly theirs in good housing, food, clothing and recreation. Every child should have a good and specialized education, that he may become a useful and self-respecting citizen.

The Women's Party program calls for equalizing in every respect the status of women with that of men. Equal pay for equal work, equal marriage and divorce laws, equal opportunities in education and employment, equal social and political rights, these seem to us to be elemental, and we shall never rest until they become the law of our country.

We shall work also to raise the status of the mother. The community should guarantee, where necessary, to the expectant and nursing mother the food and other essentials required to enable her to bear and rear a healthy child. How can anyone think otherwise?

The Women's Party is deeply interested in better housekeeping. In general, America is far ahead of Great Britain in matters of housing, central heating and hot-water supply. We want to improve even on your standards. We want to reduce as far as possible the handi-cap of overwork and undefined hours of labor under which the average married woman labors. We are working out a system of cooperative housekeeping, retaining the privacy which every family desires, and yet avoiding the great waste and futile labor of the present isolated system.

Broadly speaking we want in each apartment house cooperative kitchens, where food purchased on a large scale may be cooked by competent people and distributed to the various families in the house; central laundries where the community linen may be cleaned at a minimum price. Central heat and hot water, small infirmaries or hospitals, day nurseries, and as many other central agencies as may be desired, would free the overworked wife and mother to a life better than she ever dreamed of before. It would create a finer family feeling, a better community spirit.

The Women's Party believes in democracy. It maintains that the internal dangers that seem to threaten democratic nations at the present time are due to a failure to realize that freedom does not mean the absence of control and discipline. Freedom means self-control, self-discipline. Duty and responsibility must go with the sense of individual right, whether political or economic.

Our party program has been received by the press of Great Britain with almost unstinted approval. Our ranks are growing with great rapidity. But we are not yet satisfied. We want to see a Women's Party in every Allied country. Women have united to win the war against an evil power which would utterly destroy democracy and freedom, and we want to see them united to make a better life for all the people after the war. Thus may women justify the wisdom that made them full citizens of a free nation.

In the Hands of the Huns

[Continued from page 17]

Beside the dusty road, where jostled always a rabble beyond description, a man, weeping and groaning, dug, with his fingers and a bit of wood, a hole in the midst of a potato-field. Near him stood a huge hatbox. In the hatbox lay his baby, dead. The poor fellow was burying the child, which had died in his arms. The field of potatoes furnished the tomb; the hatbox was a coffin for the little body. And when his funeral task was over, the man resumed his march, alone, dejected, his hand over his eyes. The spectacle of the dead baby and the sorrowing father moved us all to tears and sobs that we could hardly restrain. The sight made such an impression on us that to this day great tears stand in our eyes if we but think of it.

And how many of these unfortunates furtively picked up crusts of bread from the ditches, to eat them in secret, after wiping them on their sleeves!

So much for the Calvary of the refugees. And we only saw a little bit of this terrible hegira, which extended kilometers in depth and covered a front of several hundred kilometers.

Happily in these sad moments we find generous souls and compassionate hearts. Common misfortune gives birth to solidarity and mutual helpfulness. I am glad to bear testimony to these brave people who aided, sustained and comforted one another. Personally, I thank from the bottom of my heart all my companions in misfortune for their great help and care for my wife, my two little girls and myself.

If I have given you these details so fully, it is in order that you may the more keenly realize the misfortune of those who are subjected to enemy invasion, especially when the invaders are Germans, and therefore barbarians, monsters devoid of heart or conscience.

Later, when we have returned to our village, I am going to tell you other things, about which I must get precise information.

I hope that you, fair ladies, and you, rosy and chubby children, will never have to undergo that which our poor refugees and our unfortunate prisoners have suffered these four years.

How many of our parents and of our dear children will not answer to the call? How can I, for instance, ever be consoled for losing during this terrible torment, my dear little Liliane, a beautiful girl of seven, so sprightly, so gay, so very much alive?

Not only do our tenderest affections suffer, but we also lose all that we had accumulated by hard work and economy. We have nothing left but the walls of our houses; not a fire-side; nothing! Only desolation, ruin for us all.

Shall we see appearing good fairies, who, with their magic wands, will bring back life to our ravaged country? I hope so. For, like the swallows, after long absence we will return to the place of our birth; we will come back to the ruins of our villages and courageously try to restore that which this wicked war has destroyed.

THOSE WE CALL FEEBLE-MINDED

[Continued from page 16]

the main, moreover, these other causes are readily remediable or preventable.

This, to be sure, does not affect the seriousness of the situation created by the presence in our midst of many hundreds of thousands of boys and girls, men and women, so deficient as to be incapable of making their way in the world, even of resisting impulses to wrongdoing. So far as the effect on himself and on society is concerned, it matters not a whit whether a man's criminality is linked with in-born or with acquired weakness of intellect and will. But it does matter a great deal to know that most criminals of this type are made rather than born, that they are not the victims of an unescapable fate, but are the product of conditions which it is entirely within the power of society to control. It is because society does not yet know and appreciate this as it should that we behold on every side a multiplication of prisons and of institutions for the feeble-minded. What we should behold, and what we must behold if this multiplication is to be checked and national integrity maintained, is the abolition of the slums and systematic education of parents in the proper care and upbringing of the young.

REVERT once more to the cases of Ethel, Margaret and Joe. In each case parental ignorance was chiefly responsible for the transformation of a normally intelligent child into a potential "feeble-minded" burden on society. Ethel lingered in an infantile mental state chiefly because her parents signally failed to appreciate that such simple self-help activities as dressing, washing, and eating are essential to mental development. Margaret was the victim of home surroundings so peculiarly deadening that her mind, however active naturally, was bound to be arrested and distorted in its growth. Joe's mentality suffered by reason of his parents' ignorance regarding the close relationship of mind and body, and especially the necessity of providing ample nourishment for the brain, the supreme organ of the mind. In this vitally important respect, however, their ignorance was not any denser than that of thousands of parents, as is daily becoming more apparent to the specialists who, in clinics now dotted all over our land, are struggling against the rising tide of mental inferiority.

In the old days, not so distant, before men herded together in great cities, such ignorance did not matter so much. Exercise, fresh air, good food—the indispensables to brain nutrition, as to the nutrition of the body in general—were available to, and enjoyed by, virtually all children. Thus Nature fed the growing brain abundantly, and at the same time helped to overcome any tendencies to the development of bodily conditions that would directly or indirectly interfere with brain nutrition. The eating of rough food which had to be well chewed kept the teeth healthy and developed the jaws properly, in this way acting as a preventive of mouth conditions that might cause digestive troubles with a resulting impoverishment and poisoning of the food elements carried to the brain by the blood. The constant breathing of fresh air, by strong lungs, meant a further safeguarding of the blood-supply. And vigorous general muscular development gave additional guarantee of soundness of mind and strength of will. Consequently parents then had less need for knowledge of fundamentals in personal hygiene than they have in our era of smoke-laden cities, crowded populations, narrow and dusty streets, dismal tenements, scanty breathing-spaces, and sedentary occupations.

Because their hygienic knowledge is limited their children too often are afflicted as little Joe was afflicted, and in default of timely corrective action are doomed to grow to manhood and womanhood mentally unfit. The degree of mental inferiority which may result from neglected bodily disorders of a seemingly trivial kind is almost incredible. Nor does a child have to be burdened with anything like the combination of defects which handicapped Joe to present a picture of feeble-mindedness akin to that presented by Joe. Under the aggravation of unfavorable environmental circumstances a single defect or a general condition of malnutrition may prove decisive in dulling the mentality. To give only a few illustrative instances from actual clinical experience:

A BOY, nine years old, having "such a flat, expressionless, frog-like face that his neighbors thought him an idiot," displayed mental and moral characteristics that went far to bear out the neighbors' opinion. He was a star dullard in his school, seemed incapable of assimilating knowledge, and alternated between an obstinate sullenness and fits of ungovernable temper. Examined medically, he was found to be the unsuspecting possessor of unusually large adenoid growths, upon the removal of which "he became gentle and kind-hearted, and with the return of his hearing and the rejuvenation of his physiological functions, his intelligence greatly increased." A girl of twelve, "pale, sleepy-looking, and in her school work quite stupid," after an operation for adenoids "soon became as animated and bright as before she had been lethargic and dull." Another girl, aged eight, "listless in school and unable to understand what was explained to her or to learn her assigned lessons," on being relieved of the adenoids that were interfering with her breathing and sapping her vitality, "had no further difficulty with her school work."

John, a boy of ten, dullard and truant, vagabond and budding criminal, had all his life-prospects changed for the better when it was discovered that in his mouth were decayed, abscessed and impacted teeth. The improvement in both his intellect and his behavior, following thorough dental treatment, left no doubt that his stupidity and misconduct had been symptomatic, not of a structural brain defect, but of brain poisoning and nerve stress from the abnormal mouth conditions. It can

not be too strongly impressed on every parent that tooth decay makes directly for mental impairment, both by its irritating effects on the nervous system and by its harmful action on the digestive tract. Food chewed by decayed teeth is food that will pass into the stomach laden with disease-germs, hence having almost inevitably the result of weakening the digestion, promoting congestion and constipation, and consequently poisoning the blood-stream on which the nourishment of the brain depends. If, because of pain in the teeth, the food is not chewed but bolted, digestive trouble is equally likely to follow, with the possible sequel of mental incapacity simulating true feeble-mindedness. The dentist is assuredly a specialist able to save many a child otherwise fated to a life of dependence, mediocrity, perhaps criminality. So is the oculist, the specialist in eye trouble. Parents of children whose mental status is in question may find a truly helpful hint in this little story from real life told by Dr. Holmes:

"Jack, at eleven years, promised to be a ne'er-do-well. He could not learn in school. He was discouraged and his relatives were discouraged, too. He did not know what was the matter, and nobody else seemed to know. He had floundered along for five years in the public school of his small town and was only in the second grade. He could not read in a second reader; his spelling was poor; his grammar was atrocious; his writing a combination of poor spelling, worse grammar, and illegible penmanship.

"At eleven years of age he was brought to a clinic by his mother. They lived in a country town or he would have been brought before. Then it was found that he had enlarged tonsils, but his chief trouble was poor eyesight. His tonsils were removed and glasses were fitted to his eyes, and he was entered in a special Summer class in the city, in which his physical activities were given free opportunity. He was very good in gymnastic drills and in swimming. Carpentry also seemed to rouse his dormant faculties and to stimulate his interest in study.

"With his eyesight improved he found reading much easier and took to simple history. In six weeks he went back home, and in the Fall entered the regular third grade, where his progress fully satisfied everybody. He went through the grammar grades, and at sixteen, on account of the absence of his father from home, he took full charge of their small farm and ran it successfully. The proper diagnosis, treatment, and brief special training had changed this boy from a tramp in embryo to a wholesome and worthy member of the community, capable in a pinch of becoming the support of the family."

ADENOIDS, enlarged tonsils, decayed and impacted teeth, ear troubles and eye-strain—the list of mentality weakening defects is by no means exhausted. Lately evidence has been accumulating to indicate that not a little of what now passes as feeble-mindedness of structural origin is in reality an arrest of mental development because of disorders of the ductless glands, particularly the thyroid and the adrenals. Thus the possibility—I might say, the certainty—is opened that when we know more about the medication of these glands we shall have fewer candidates for admission to institutions for the feeble-minded. Nevertheless, it should at once be added that the chief hope for the future rests, after all, not in surgical, medical, or dental treatment, but in *environmental changes*. A child in a good environment—one that of itself stimulates to mental growth—may have any of the defects mentioned, yet not markedly deteriorate mentally. It is a commonplace of everyday observation that children in good homes, and under the stimulus of inspiring teachers, continue to do well in school despite the handicap of adenoids, enlarged tonsils, weak eyes, etc. But let the environment be adverse to mental growth, and freedom from specific bodily defects may not give immunity from mental arrest.

The cases of Ethel and Margaret are particularly to the point in this connection. Ethel is by no means the only child of well-to-do parents who has been "babied" into imbecility. And again and again present-day experts in child conservation are encountering cases like Margaret's, in which what seemingly is feeble-mindedness turns out to be a result of the mind-disabling influences of a sordid, miserable home environment. Only recently there came to my knowledge the case of a small boy reported to a psychological clinic as being prodigiously dull. "He is well behaved and tries to learn, but can not," was in effect the description given of him. "He seems to be more dead than alive most of the time." The poor boy looked more dead than alive mentally, and his test responses were far below the standard for his years. But before positively classifying him among the feeble-minded a social worker was sent to the tenement where he lived. What she found there put a new complexion on the case.

"Charlie's parents are exceedingly poor and ignorant people," the report she brought back may be summarized. "They have a two-room home, where they live with complete disregard for sanitary and hygienic principles. They do not even have regular meal-times, or sit down together for their meals. Their food—which seems to consist mostly of bread, cold meat and tea—is left standing, to be eaten as hunger dictates. To save fuel the windows are kept closed most of the time, and are so seldom cleaned that it is hard for the sunlight to struggle through. Dirt is everywhere in this stifling, malodorous home. The boy should be given the benefit of a change to physically and mentally healthier surroundings. There can be no doubt as to the need for this."

As the event proved, a change was all that was required to stimulate to normal action the little fellow's slumbering faculties. Compare, again, the case of another boy, a Chicago

[Continued on page 61]



LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

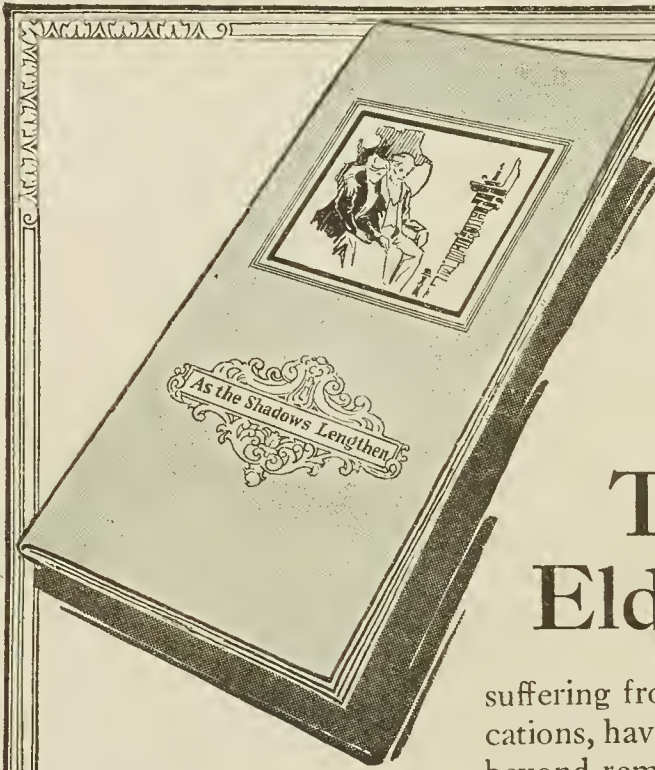


Its timely use by spray or gargle relieves sore throat and is a precautionary measure against infection.

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B



Too Many Elderly People

suffering from constipation and its complications, have come to regard it as something beyond remedy, a necessary evil, that can't be cured and so must be endured with as much patience and philosophy as Life has taught them to adopt and practice.

The Nujol Laboratories have had prepared an authoritative booklet, "As the Shadows Lengthen," especially dealing with the subject of constipation in advancing years, how caused, its danger, and how it can be safely overcome. It represents the opinions of medical authorities the world over. It is presented in a plain, interesting, constructive way, and will be sent free on request.

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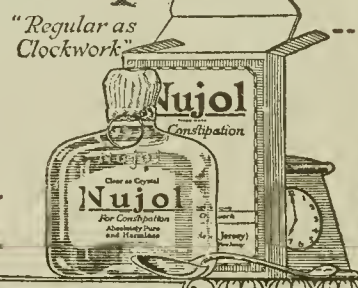
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Please send me free booklet, "As the Shadows Lengthen"

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DELINEATOR SERVICE FOR YOU

THE mechanics of making a great magazine for women is very interesting. Whenever our readers come to visit the Butterick Building in New York and we show them the many and intricate processes that go into producing THE DELINEATOR, they always are deeply interested and they all make the same remark: "A magazine will always mean more to us, now that we see the care and skill the making of it demands."

One speaks of a woman's magazine as a complicated product rather than of all magazines, because, while the general magazine is difficult enough to prepare, it is very simple in comparison with a woman's magazine. The reason for this is that the woman's magazine has a great Service Department. Up to the point where the service departments begin, the making of THE DELINEATOR is quite like the making of a big general magazine. We buy big fiction stories. We procure special articles on all sorts of timely topics. We have rare and beautiful pictures in color and black-and-white. When all these have been bought and sent to the printing and engraving departments, if we were editing a general magazine our task would be done.

But, as a matter of fact, our big work is yet to do. We must deliver service to you, our women readers. We must do our best to help you in all the multiplicity of jobs that you, because you are women, must hold. And this service must be of the very highest order. The time passed a generation ago when Bill Jones, the editor of *The Ladies' Gazette*, could sit at his desk and as Mary Jane Smith tell his women readers how to feed the baby and how to crochet a tidy.

BEAUTY—CELIA CAROLINE COLE

CARE of the body, the hair, the complexion. Instruction for exercise. Health and attractiveness through hygiene and common-sense living.

INFANT HYGIENE—CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM
PROPER care, feeding and weaning of babies. Standards of weight and measurement. Suitable clothing. Right habits in babyhood. Model nurseries. Advice to prospective mothers.

BUILDING AND REBUILDING—TIMOTHY HAYDEN
PLANNING and remodeling your home. Expert advice in remodeling or building problems. Blue-prints and sketches of plans.

VOCATIONS—ANNE FRANKLIN

MONEY-EARNING at home. How to get ahead in your job. Practical advice in choosing a vocation. Lists of books. Questions answered for parents, teachers or students.

CHILD-TRAINING—KATHRYN ARCHIBALD

MENTAL and moral development of children, following the principles of common sense and psychology. Information about methods of child-training. Advice about the individual problems of your child.

CLUB ACTIVITIES—MARGARET WINTON

HOW to organize and conduct women's clubs. Suggestions for programs. Help on club papers. Book lists for club work.

DRESSMAKING—MRS. ELEANOR CHALMERS

STYLE, materials, and trimmings. Instructions for making new clothes and help in remodeling old things. Any question concerning dressmaking answered in detail.

SCHOOL PROBLEMS—ELIZABETH HANSEN

RELATION of parent to school and teacher. How to encourage and help with home studies. How to teach a child at home.

ETIQUETTE—MRS. JOHN CABOT KIMBERLY

GOOD form in writing. How to write, accept or decline invitations. Correct conduct for all occasions.

CHILDREN'S GAMES—DOROTHY HALE

HOW to amuse the child, sick or well. Rainy-day entertainment. Games and toys which can be made by children.

To-day the Service Department of a great woman's magazine is made up of high-salaried experts. THE DELINEATOR, every year, adds to its staff of service editors. It is the business of these people to interpret the needs of our women readers in terms of trained knowledge. All that modern science knows about home economics, about baby care and child development, about interior decoration, architecture, all the home problems of the average woman, must every month be given to our readers in the service departments. And not only in the magazine must we give exact information, but we must keep going an organization to answer the thousands and thousands of letters that our readers send us every month on every subject under the sun.

All these experts work under the general direction of the Editor of THE DELINEATOR, but with the specific cooperation and direction of our Director of Service, a woman of wide experience, of deep sympathy and splendid executive training. To our Service Director there is no bigger task in the world than that of giving service. Sometimes we suspect that her entire creed could be found in Kipling's lines to the Sons of Martha:

"Not as a ladder from earth to heaven, not as an altar to any creed,
"But simple service, simply given, to their own kind in their common need."

This unusual woman gives every ounce of her fine mind and quick sympathies to the needs and interests of you who read THE DELINEATOR.

In 1919 women will have bigger and graver responsibilities than ever before. All the world will have to be warmed and fed at the hearthside of America, and so THE DELINEATOR service departments must and will be bigger and more practical than ever.

GARDENING—RAYMOND VAIL

HOW to design and plant a garden. The best varieties of trees, shrubs, vines, flowers and vegetables. Care and cultivation of flowers Summer and Winter.

HOUSEFURNISHINGS AND DECORATIONS—

ISABEL ANN DECOR

MAKE your house attractive and artistic at small cost. Suggestions for wall-coverings, floor-coverings and hangings. Cost and durability of materials. Furniture—how to refinish it. Home handicraft.

BOOKS—ELIZABETH SEYMOUR

WHAT to read for pleasure and for instruction. Old books and new. How to use books. The best references on art, history, music or any other subject.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS—MARY ALEXANDER

PROBLEMS of business, home, or school. Any problem which has to do with your every-day life, and your relation to those with whom you work or play will be carefully considered and advice given.

SEWING LESSONS FOR LITTLE GIRLS—

MARJORIE MAY

SEWING instructions that a little girl can understand. How to make dolls' dresses. Suitable styles for occasions. Instructions for the older child in making her own dresses.

ENTERTAINMENT—GRACE LEE DAVISON

SUGGESTIONS for every kind of social gathering, at home, in church, club or school. Parties for special occasions. Be sure to state where you will entertain, the number, and about what age your guests will be.

TRAVEL—FRANCES FIELD

PLANNING the vacation—short or long. Places of interest to visit. Tours for motorists.

WEIGHT REDUCTION OR INCREASE—

DIET AND EXERCISE EDITOR

EXPERT advice for weight reduction or weight increase through proper exercise and diet. State your age, height and weight.

HOME ECONOMICS—MARIA LINCOLN PALMER

BUSINESS principles in the management of a home. The family budget. How to cut costs and reduce labor. Simple, economical recipes. Menus. Cookery. Housefurnishing.



YOUR HOME TOWN FIRST

IN OTHER words, Community Service. Never in the history of the world has it been so important for woman to enlarge her home interests to take in the community in which she lives as now.

THE DELINEATOR intends to tell its readers each month what America has done in these lines. More than that, it has organized a Service Exchange Department, and if you want to know how to do anything from organizing a garbage-collecting system to planning a music festival, we will tell you how other towns have done. And we want to know about your neighborhood. Of course, it's the best neighborhood in the world—that neighborhood you live in—and some of the things that are being tried out there the world should hear about. THE DELINEATOR will help you tell the world about it. If you've put on a successful historical pageant, built a fine new community house, held a unique community Christmas-tree festival, developed community singing, saved a crop, or met any community emergency in a special way, write to us about it.

For the two best articles of not more than five hundred words each, we will offer prizes of \$50.00 and \$25.00 respectively. The check will be made payable either to the author of the article or any accredited community council or local charity indicated by the writer. All other articles accepted will appear in our Community Exchange Department and be paid for at our usual rates.

WRITE TO-DAY. Address Community Development Editor, THE DELINEATOR MAGAZINE, New York City.

JUST BABIES! YET—!

YET the most important facts in the world, aren't they? THE DELINEATOR answers "Yes" with you to that query in the most emphatic way it knows how. And that is by procuring for its Child Hygiene Department the finest trained woman it could discover. Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom has given the best of herself for years to righting the wrongs that have been done to American babies. She is a trained nurse, a graduate and former Assistant Superintendent of Johns Hopkins Hospital Training School for Nurses, to begin with. She is a registered midwife, too—that because when she came to study the midwife menace she found that she could work to greater advantage if she registered as a midwife. Probably no one person in America has done more to clarify and to help solve this tremendous problem than Miss Van Blarcom. She was first president of the New York State organization for Public Health Nursing, and member of the Advisory Council of the New York City Department of Health.

The Russell Sage Foundation sent Miss Van Blarcom to England in 1911 to see how England handled the midwife question, and her report of her trip is a classic on the matter of safeguarding mothers and their babies through midwife training and control.

But this brilliant woman has not devoted herself alone to the study of getting babies safely born. She has given an enormous amount of time to the study and prevention of infantile blindness. Miss Van Blarcom has fought a wonderful fight to force doctors and mothers to take care of babies' eyes. In 1914 the State

of Illinois asked Miss Van Blarcom to come to Chicago to organize a State-wide movement and help to enforce the drastic law that had been framed for the care of new babies' eyes. There Miss Van Blarcom made a great record for aggressive thoroughness. Then the Red Cross demanded her services for important war work and when this was finished THE DELINEATOR asked her to come to take charge of all our great Baby Work.

She has done great things—this tireless worker, but to us, quite as important and as wonderful, is the tenderness, the sweetness and the unselfishness that lie behind her ceaseless fighting for the rights of Babyhood. Following the wonderful work that Dr. Hamilton and Dr. Terry have done in THE DELINEATOR, we feel that a bigger and bigger future awaits the Babies of THE DELINEATOR.

Not only will our Baby Hygiene Department continue, but under Miss Van Blarcom's management we are organizing a mothercraft school for little girls. We believe that every girl ought to know how to care for a baby. In an early number Miss Van Blarcom will announce just how she plans to bring this about.

You remember, don't you, that ten years ago THE DELINEATOR found homes for nearly eight thousand children? Since that time such enormous strides have been made in the methods of Child Adoption that we believe the time is ripe for us to take up again that great work. And next month Miss Van Blarcom will tell you of our new Child Adoption Department.

You see what we mean, don't you, when we say that THE DELINEATOR Baby Work is going to be greater than ever?



The IDEAL SOAP for Fine Laundering in the IDEAL FORM for Fine Laundering

A bubbling suds of pure, mild Ivory Soap and water—a rich lather in which to cleanse your daintiest finery.

Made most quickly by using the new Ivory Soap Flakes—snowlike flakes, light as air, that melt into sudsy foam as soon as they touch lukewarm water.

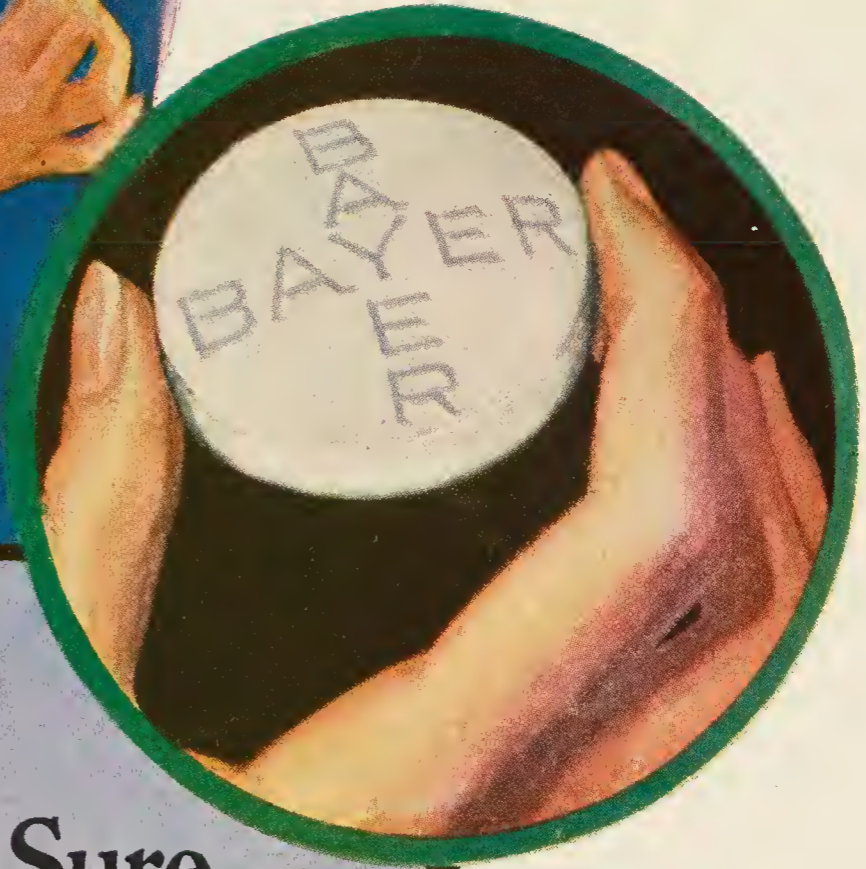
A spoonful or two makes such rich, thick suds that no rubbing is needed. Chiffons, silks and laces—all the wondrous fabrics made by modern looms—come from the wash bowl as fresh and lovely as new.

Ivory Soap Flakes are now on sale at your dealer's.

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In appearance alone they are indistinguishable. Plain white tablets are sometimes offered when Aspirin is called for, but an unmarked white tablet is an *unknown quantity*.

Bayer-Tablets and Capsules of Aspirin contain *genuine Aspirin*.

To be absolutely certain, when purchasing Aspirin tablets or capsules, look for the Bayer Cross on the labels — then on the *tablet itself*. It is placed there for your additional protection so that you may be sure you are receiving *genuine Aspirin*.

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Bayer Capsules of Aspirin are sold in *sealed packages*

TABLETS

Tin pocket boxes of 12
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Sealed packages of 12
Sealed packages of 24
Sealed bottles of 100

The trade-mark "Aspirin" (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) is a guarantee that the monoaceticacidester of salicylic acid in these tablets and capsules is of the reliable Bayer manufacture.

Bayer-Tablets and Capsules of Aspirin



THOSE WE CALL FEEBLE-MINDED

[Continued from page 57]

of sixteen, a dullard in school work and well known to the police. Dr. William Healy, who studied him psychologically at the instance of the Chicago Juvenile Court, thus summarizes his career up to the time he came under scientific observation:

"This boy had been repeatedly in the hands of the police. He had been away from home as many as six days at a time. He had been found in company with vicious people. He often lived by picking up bottles and selling them, and by petty stealing. At times he has been engaged in burglaries with other boys, and has been regarded as something of a leader. On at least one occasion he was known to have engaged in wanton destruction when a store was burglarized. He was always troublesome in school and a great truant. The highest grade he ever attained was the third. Toward the last of his school career he was in a room for abnormal. After being in court numerous times before he was sixteen, his case always being temporized with on account of his mentality, it was finally necessary to definitely sentence him."

The psychological tests showed in this case a mental age of only eight, as compared with the actual life age of sixteen. Here, decidedly, would seem to have been a case for lifelong detention on the score of feeble-mindedness with criminal tendencies. But Dr. Healy did not rely on the psychological tests alone. He inquired closely into the boy's family history. No taint of epilepsy, insanity or feeble-mindedness could be traced in his ancestry on either side. On the other hand, the boy's father had been dead for many years, his mother was obliged to work out every day to earn her living. Thus he had known little real home life, and had been given little home supervision. That he should have drifted into bad companionship, with a development of interests inimical to school progress, was not astonishing. Arrangements were made, after the expiration of his sentence to an institution for delinquents, to obtain a home for him on a farm. There the good that really was in him at once revealed itself. "He has been a good and willing worker, with no desire to re-enter city life. The success of his recent treatment is all the more striking in the light of the fact that he had been in court about ten times, and, among other misdeeds, is said to have committed dozens of burglaries."

With variations I might continue indefinitely to cite cases like these. So frequently has environmental readjustment sufficed to check budding criminality and to stimulate seeming imbeciles to mental vigor, that those most familiar with these practical experiments in race conservation are ever more numerous coming to accept as their own Lightner Witmer's creed: "I believe that a child may be feeble-minded in one environment—for example, in his own home—and may cease to exhibit feeble-mindedness when placed in a different environment. I also agree with those modern students of insanity who assert that the development of some forms of insanity may be averted by a proper course of discipline and training. Analogously, I contend that because a child of sixteen or twenty pre-

sents a hopeless case of feeble-mindedness this is no evidence that proper treatment instituted at an earlier age might not have determined an entirely different course of development."

Which is not to affirm that there is no such thing as mature feeble-mindedness. People may be born lamentably, even hopelessly, deficient in brain-stuff, just as they may be born deficient as regards any other bodily organ. When they are too deficient in brain-stuff, they do not linger long on earth. Only the other day I stood in a large ward of the Massachusetts Institution for the Feeble-Minded, where in little cots, mentally and physically helpless children, some of them terrible caricatures of human beings, were awaiting the merciful release of death. But in that same institution I found ample evidence that, even when true brain defect is present, much may be done by intensive training to fit the defective to become self-supporting, and self-supporting outside of the institution as well as in it. At the present writing twenty-eight former inmates are serving in the United States Army and Navy with credit to themselves and to the institution, according to the best knowledge of its superintendent, Dr. Walter E. Fernald. But let me quote Dr. Fernald himself, on the general subject of the value of training to those who come into the category of true feeble-mindedness:

"Each year a certain number of persons of this class go out from institutions for the feeble-minded and lead useful, harmless lives. Some of the institutions where only the highest grade of imbeciles are received and where the system of industrial training has been carefully carried out, report that twenty to thirty per cent. of the pupils are discharged as absolutely self-supporting. In other institutions, where the lower-grade cases are received, the percentage of cases so discharged is considerably less. But it is safe to say that over fifty per cent. of the adults of the higher grades who have been under training from childhood are capable, under intelligent supervision, of doing a sufficient amount of work to pay for the actual cost of their support, whether in an institution or at home."

Of course, it may be objected that the mere fact that training can bring such results proves that the persons thus benefited could not have been absolutely feeble-minded to start with. Accepting this objection as well taken, we have a still lower percentage of true feeble-mindedness. And in any event we have a percentage so low that we need pay little heed to the alarmist cries of those who would have us believe that feeble-mindedness is spreading as a veritable plague, and urge us to take the most drastic measures to avert its further spread—measures which range from unusual marriage restrictions to the "sterilization" of all who do not meet the requirements of arbitrary psychological tests. Not elimination but education is in reality the means we should adopt in coping with the problem of the mentally unfit—education supplemented by certain changes in our social system which I shall outline in the next, and closing, article in this series.

The Guardian of Silver Seeps

[Continued from page 9]

many saddles, and presently the shod feet of the leader struck the flags at the cottonwoods' southern edge.

Stan rose to his feet, and John Incannon came out from the living-room.

As by common consent they drew in together, while old Buck shuffled out behind from his deep room, and Callejo, Rio, Bob and Jimmy Smith, along with Curly and Chet and a dozen others, who tumbled from the side of the bunkhouse, gravitated into a pattern, close-pressed, to flank the boss.

Maria came with a flaring light just as the strangers rode up through the trees to the open space about the east veranda.

They were a lean, dark bunch of riders, all hard as nails, all born to the saddle, all with the sharp keen eyes of those used to the unexpected.

At every hip swung holster and gun. There were twenty-eight of them beside the leader, and he rode well in front, a devil-may-care that took all chances and gloried in them.

He was slim and graceful, and he rode that good bay horse which had once made Sweetheart flush with the joy of speed.

He carried his hat in his hand, and in the spectacular flare of the lamp that Maria held high, his bright blue eyes and amazing yellow hair stood out like points in a master's painting.

"Howdy!" he drawled to John Incannon. "Good evening," said the old boss of the Circle Dot, and waited.

"We've done come over," went on the stranger, "to parley with you—all about the water-holes."

At that unfortunate word Incannon's mouth hardened like a trap, and his steady gray eyes regarded him with growing fire.

"About what water-holes?" he asked. "The water-holes of this here open range," replied the other, with emphasis on the last two words.

Incannon shook his head. "I don't know anything about any water-holes on any open range," he said. "Your uncle was my neighbor for twenty years an' we never crossed swords. We never mixed in any way. He had his range an' his water, an' I had mine, an' we believed in th' trespass law as it's applied in this man's country."

"I never took a drop o' water from his springs to th' best of my knowledge, an' he never took from mine. I will continue to leave all other springs alone—an' to guard my own."

He looked squarely at the younger man, and

he was a perfect figure of the hardy pioneer, stanch, strong, just; of a quiet dignity.

"But listen here," said the foreman of the Double Ring, "this is not patented land. It is all open range. You own so much in your outfit and use a certain other amount. We do the same. These good springs, the Bitter Waters, the three or four little ones, and the Silver Seeps, are on that debatable land which is owned by neither outfit. I tell you—all our water's going low and we've got to get help for our cattle."

"Drive 'em out," said John Incannon.

"Will you drive out yours?"

"No!" thundered Incannon.

"Then I give you warning now: We'll use the Silver Seeps."

If he had said he'd take Incannon's daughter he could no further have insulted this old patriarch of the cattle country.

Incannon surged forward to his horse's bit and faced him like a roused lion.

"Young man," he said thickly, "you're letting blood with the foolhardy daring of youth. If you drive one head of stock to my Silver Seeps I'll kill th' man that comes with it, an' th' first shot starts a cattleman's war!"

"All right!" flared the other. "Go to it! We're from Texas. We can all shoot."

He pulled his horse back on its haunches as he spoke, and in the flare of the oil lamp the face of Sweetheart, peering with wide eyes and open lips from behind Stan's shoulder, came suddenly out of the darkness. It set loose some latent spirit of boast and bravado in the youngster's heart, and for a moment he looked at her out of his brilliant, dilated eyes.

Then he laughed—a reckless, sweet sound, with the honey of the South in it.

"Hollow—Sweetheart!" he drawled, "Tell your dad for me that we take what we want on the Double Ring—brands, water, or kisses!"

At the words John Incannon grabbed for his bridle, but the swing of the rearing horse took it from his sweeping hand. At the same moment Stanley Brant reached for his gun. His face was milk-white beneath its tan, and the dark eyes that shone in it were red with flame. Quick as lightning his hand flashed up and the glint of metal flickered from the barrel. But quicker yet, a pearl-white arm in a short blue sleeve flung up across Stan's face. It struck the gun and sent its streak of fire athwart the stars.

"No! No! No!" screamed Sweetheart Incannon. "Don't kill him, Stan! It's true! It's true!"

[To be concluded]



Tender and Inflamed Gums—Nature's Warning of Pyorrhea

PYORRHEA—that insidious disease of the gums—afflicts four out of five people over forty.

It begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gum-tissue becomes inflamed and spongy. As the ailment progresses the gum-tissue shrinks and exposes the unenameled tooth-base to the ravages of decay.

Where the disease remains unchecked, the gum-tissue like a useless muscle, withers and loses its power to hold the teeth in place. Naturally, then the teeth loosen and fall out, or must be extracted.

So begin NOW to prevent Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Use Forhan's for the Gums. It will prevent the disease if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm,

hard and healthy—the teeth clean, white and free from tartar.

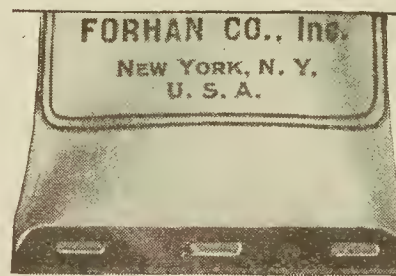
How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

30c and 60c tubes. At all druggists.

Forhan Company, 199 Sixth Avenue, New York

Forhan's for the Gums



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Brush your teeth and gums with Forhan's

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As a *Delineator* reader she knew how this splendid publication would help the housewives of her town to understand and meet present conditions—to become more proficient—to make every dollar do its best. She welcomed this opportunity—the results were amazing.

She found many who had always wanted *The Delineator* but had never subscribed. Still others who were sending in their subscriptions to us direct. They were only too glad to renew them through her. Her work was pleasant and profitable.

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FRANCE DESIGNS DRESSES FOR A NEW WORLD

Premet, Chanel, Jeanne Lanvin, Buzenet, Bulloz, Berthe Hermance and André Schwab Make Costumes That Will Lead Peaceful Lives



According to Barrie, fairies do not say, "We are happy." They say instead, "We feel dancey." That is the way Premet's dress makes us feel. It is of black tulle embroidered with turquoise and gold. It is a dress that hints at a peplum and cascade drapery and carries out the promise of a panel at the front and back



The French fillette is a very charming young person, especially when she is newly gowned by Jeanne Lanvin. The young skipper on the right wears a Victory dress of cream-colored diabure trimmed with red cloth and blue chain-stitching, and buttoned with luck buttons. The gay little lady on the left chose a chemise dress of blue and green supreme changeant taffetas drawn in with a ruche of black ribbon, which is used again at the neck



Gabrielle Chanel made her reputation with her sports clothes and is now adding to it by her evening dresses. Here again is the straight chemise dress in black velvet, hemmed with fur, with tulle sleeves filling in the deep armholes and a tulle scarf wound around the arm. We are told that the roses are of "La France" variety, and we can well believe it



Jersey began life on beaches and esplanades. It reaches an illogical, but utterly delightful, conclusion in evening dresses. Buzenet uses silver jersey for a narrow slip under the tunic of a dinner dress of black velvet, a simple square-necked thing with a low waistline indicated by the sash knotted at the hip



When bombs broke her windows, Paris held the splinters of glass with paper roses. When raids disturbed her rest, she designed pajamas and sleeping garments that made gay the hours in underground cellars. The sheer pluck of Paris leaves its mark on Berthe Hermance's black silk jersey pajamas made with a scarf collar and cherries embroidered bravely in bright red



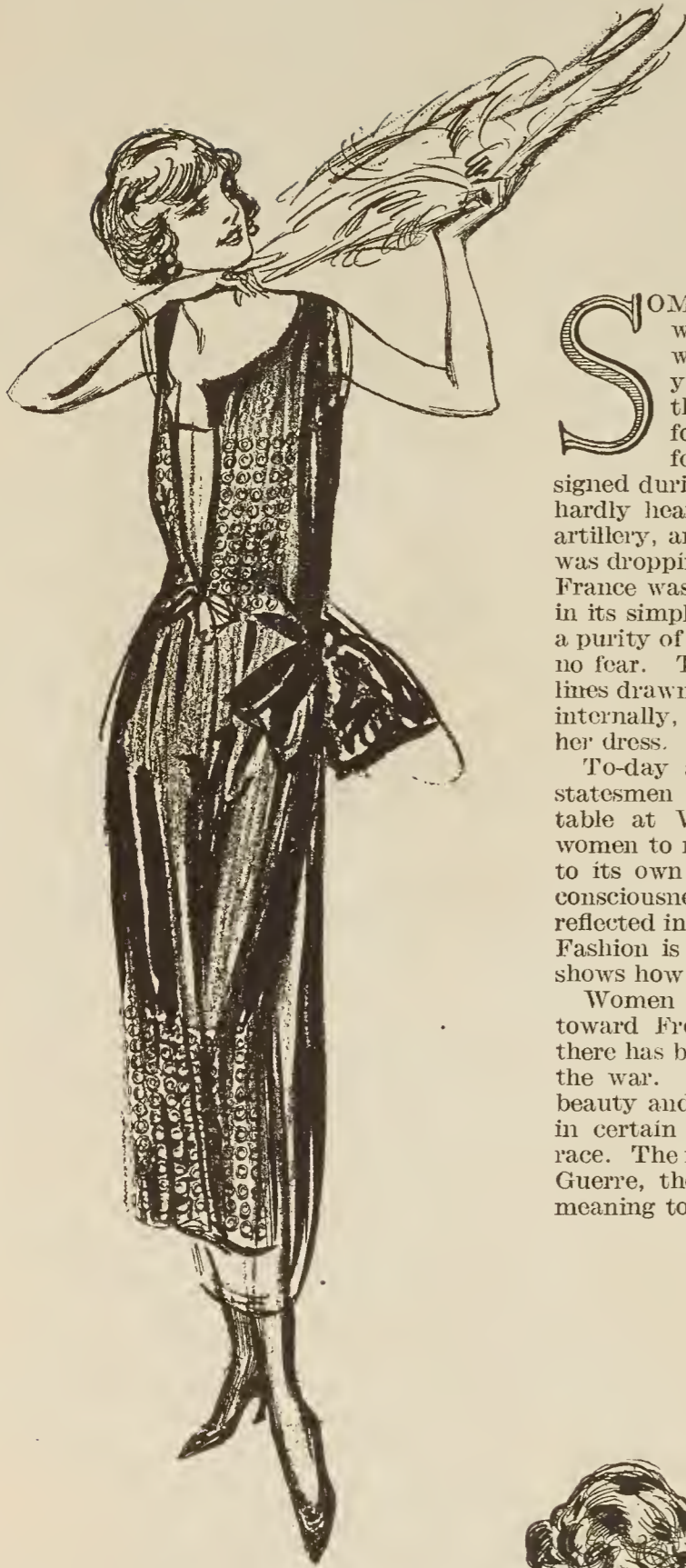
Bulloz should find a lovely name for this post-bellum dress. It is of black net with lace-like sleeves of tulle embroidered with wonderful delicacy in jet. There is a tunic of the embroidered net and long narrow tulle trains. Ce n'est pas la guerre, Madame



It should be christened "Cléopâtre," because of the snake girdle of black jet. This chemise dress differs from all others in its cobweb embroidery of jet at the hem and on the shoulder of the pagode sleeve. It is made in white crêpe satin by André Schwab

PARIS IN PEACE AND WAR

Worth, Doucet, Doeuillet, Beer, Redfern,
 Martial et Armand and Jenny Sign the
 Terms of Spring Fashions



SOME one has said of France that during the war she fought with one hand and designed with the other. It upsets the old theory that you can't do two things at once and do both of them well. The world knows how France fought, and the glory that is France will live forever. The world also knows how Paris designed during the early days of the war, when one could hardly hear one's voice above the uproar of the German artillery, and during the later months, when "Big Bertha" was dropping her bombs in the Paris streets. The spirit of France was in the dress she designed during those years—in its simplicity, a beauty in which there was no frivolity, a purity of style executed by light, steady hands that knew no fear. There was nothing wavering or uncertain in the lines drawn by those hands. Spartan France was bleeding internally, but she covered her wounds with the courage of her dress.

To-day all eyes are turned on France. The greatest statesmen in the world are gathered around the peace table at Versailles. Paris will know how to dress its women to receive its allies and its guests, and to do honor to its own sons returning from the front. The splendid consciousness of a heroic work heroically completed will be reflected in the fashion that is so intimate a part of France. Fashion is not the French heart, but it is the pulse that shows how the heart is beating. It beats high to-day.

Women throughout the world have a new feeling toward French fashion. We have always loved it, but there has been a new quality of reverence in that love since the war. French fashion now means something besides beauty and *le vrai chic*. It is a badge of courage, of faith in certain indestructible ideals, in the stability of a great race. The red ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur, the Croix de Guerre, the French label, three names that have a new meaning to-day. *Vive la France!*



Doucet slashes a narrow trouser-like skirt in front under cover of an apron tunic that leaves us to speculate whether the dress should be called "Descret" or "l'Indescret." We are in no doubt at all as to its true Doucet distinction. It is of wine-colored velvet, trimmed with skungs

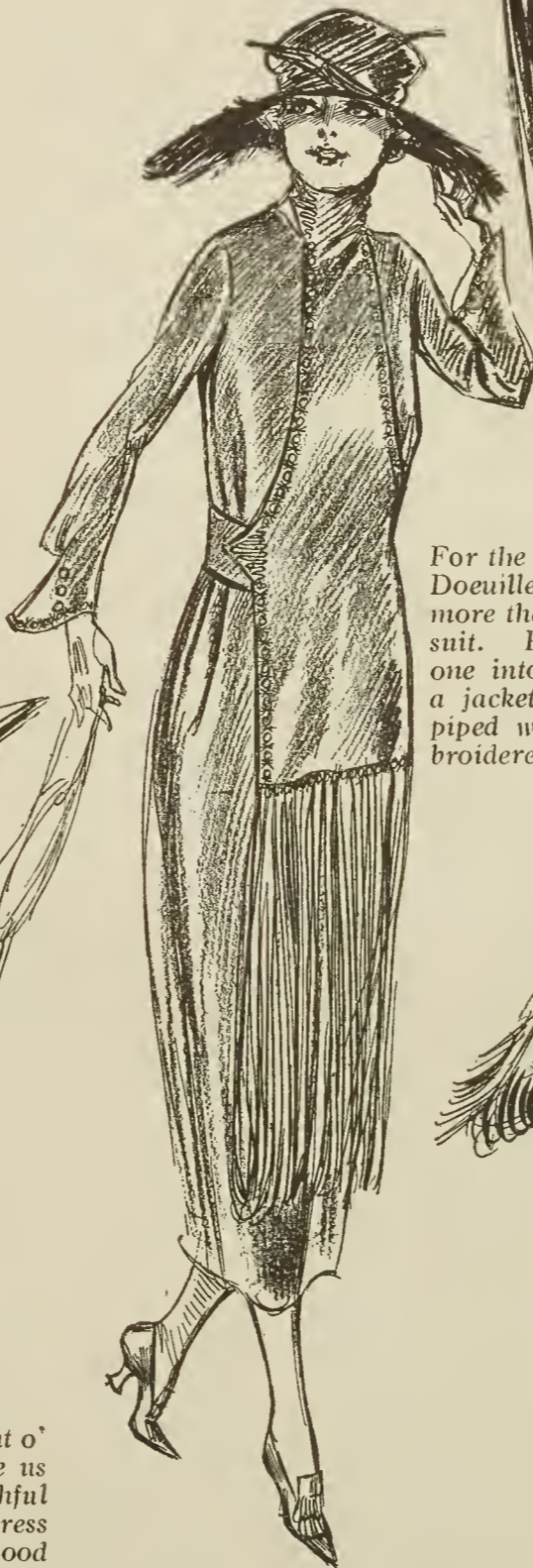
Worth, a French house of English origin, might be called the double entente of things we hold dear. Here one sees the typical elegance of Worth in a dress of black satin embroidered with gelatine and worn over a slip of cloth of gold



Not even Victory colors tempt Paris from its beloved combination of black and white. Jenny makes an evening gown of black velvet with sleeves and cape-like collar of white crêpe Georgette embroidered in black silk. The tunic of velvet is set on with a deep heading under a narrow shoestring girdle of the embroidered crêpe



Fashion is not such a light o' love as some would have us think. She remains faithful to the simple chemise dress that stood her in such good stead during the war. Here it is made by Redfern in black satin, embroidered with tubular jet beads and open at the neck over a vest of cerise velvet



A deep fringe of taupe-colored silk at the lower edge of a panel that widens its salient at the bottom, rather veils the outline of the egg-shaped skirt. The high collar and the short skirt are two things that require the inimitable chic of a Parisienne. This dress was made by Beer

For the first mild days of Spring, Doeuillet makes a costume that is more than a dress, and less than a suit. Peplums at the side trick one into the belief that there is a jacket. The costume is black, piped with white satin and embroidered on the pockets with fern-leaves in gold



Now that taxies and lighted streets and new plays are to be seen in Paris, Martial et Armand once more turn their attention to evening dress. With steel-colored tulle over steel cloth Martial et Armand fulfil the prediction that ruffles will be worn this Spring. The flower is in old-rose velvet with brown- and -yellow spotted leaves

Belding's Silk Fabrics: Spool Silks

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"NANCETTE" is a new Belding weave—a rich lustrous silk, with the supple draping quality demanded by the Spring silhouette.

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THIS is the case of Billy. It is not a unique case. As a matter of fact, there are about two million Billies, though sometimes their Christian name is John or James. The French who love them because of what they have done for France, call them affectionately "The Yanks."

WHEN HE COMES BACK AND HE WILL COME BACK

But to go back to Billy. He was married to the most wonderful little girl in the world about a month before he sailed away to fight the Huns. Owing to the peculiar ideas of the Powers that Be who refuse to allow soldiers' wives to work overseas and who earnestly exhort these wives not to send their husbands bombs and infernal machines for Christmas, Mrs. Billy had to stay at home. Being an ardent and patriotic little soul, she immediately plunged into war work and was soon writing Billy about the beautiful fit of her new Motor Corps uniform and how smart she looked in her Sam Browne belt.

BILLY had a fit, too, of another kind. He wrote back that if he found his wife in uniform when he got back the marriage would be all off. "There are some, *beaucoup* uniforms over here," wrote Billy, "and I'm all fed up on them to the chin. When I come back I want to find you in those lacy, frilly things you used to wear, all bows and flowers, and little silver slippers with carmine heels. I want to go to the Crystal Room at the Ritz with you and dance hours after Taps, and be mad and glad and young again, and forget all the horror over here for a little while. Then we'll settle down to work again and find some way of helping these poor bodies in northern France who have lost every *sou* they had. But you in uniform—no! I couldn't quite stick it. I don't need a uniform to remind me of the things about this war that I want to remember, and I don't want one to remind me of the things I'd rather forget."

As I said before, there are two million Billies. We are essentially a peaceful people, a kindly, home-loving, home-keeping race. We have none of the debasing Prussian worship of "the King's coat," the symbol of materialism and brute force. Our uniforms stand for something else, something for which we need no outward symbol whether we are of the age of light-hearted Billy or of Billy's father who gave his only son to the war.

We will get away from the uniform as quickly as we can, and with it many of the

things will go that have regulated and restricted women's dress for the last four years. Our men will be coming home to us. Instead of the anxiety

and dread that have left us no heart for any but the simplest and most serious clothes, our new joy and happiness will express itself involuntarily in Victory colors and a different type of dress. Fewer women will be working, for men are coming back to their old posts and the war-time need of simple, workmanlike clothes will soon be past. The restriction on wool will doubtless be removed and women will be able to indulge themselves in smart little suits and dresses of their beloved Spring serge.

WE HAVE learned to practise self-restraint and denial for the war. We will now learn to spend reasonably and wisely, so that the essential peace industries may be reestablished, opening up avenues of work for the returned soldier.

All these things operating together will mean that the Spring will see a new spirit in dress. We will not forget the terrible anguish of the past. We will not fail in sympathy and helpfulness to the sufferers in Belgium and France. But we will not keep the old wound open by uniforms and war-time dress. We can never forget but we will take up life again with the courage and bravery of an honorable nation that has given the world its best and does not regret the price it has paid.

Already one sees a well-defined change

in women's clothes. Dresses are ruffling themselves with what the French would call "perfect tact." There are many ruffles, but they are not bouffant, nor do they make a heavy demand in material on the war-strained purse, but narrow themselves down to a narrow hem in an egg-sloped silhouette that is even more elegant slender than the



familiar lines of the straight dress. As if in protest against the strictly utilitarian modes of the past four years, the back closing is coming back into fashion again. The back closing is a helpless, feminine thing. It suggests husbands, and the leisure of the old life. The end of the war has brought back evening clothes and party frocks and adorable little suits that do not in the least suggest a field-marshal's tunic or a messengerboy's coat. Instead there are draped skirts and peg-top dresses and other graceful things. We are thankful, deeply thankful, that the war is over. Let us show it by all means in our dress.

ARGO



CORN STARCH



Cooking—Pastries—Bread and Cakes—Puddings

PROBABLY you too are one of the women who are finding new and delicious uses for corn starch every day—in fact, for every meal. Women all over the country are having wonderful success with Argo Corn Starch in scores of delightful recipes.

Not alone smooth, creamy gravies and sauces, and simple puddings—but crisp, delicate pastries; flaky rolls, bread and biscuits; rich, tender cakes and cake fillings; and desserts that many housewives have never thought it possible to make at home.

Here are three recipes you will like to try. Argo is the corn starch to use—because of its extreme purity and delicacy.

Pie Crust

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Argo Corn Starch, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonful Mazola, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt.

Sift flour, corn starch and baking powder in a bowl, add shortening, rub fine through flour, add last water and salt. Turn on to board, roll lengthwise till smooth and use as desired.

out with beaten egg and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Pour in above mixture and bake in medium oven till crust is light brown.

Beat the whites very, very stiff; add one tablespoonful powdered sugar. Arrange by spoonfuls on top of pie and set in hot oven to brown a nice color to suit taste. Serve cold.

Orange Cream Pie

1 tablespoon Argo Corn Starch
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water
 1 tablespoon sugar
 1 tablespoonful Karo

Rind $\frac{1}{4}$ orange
 Juice 1 orange
 Juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
 Yolks of 2 eggs

Place in saucepan over the fire the corn starch, water, sugar and Karo. Boil five minutes. Remove from fire, add yolks, orange rind and juice of lemon and orange, mix well.

Line a greased pie pan with a very thin pie crust. Brush

Parkerhouse Rolls

2 cups flour
 1 cup Argo Corn Starch
 1 teaspoon salt

1 cup luke warm milk
 1 teaspoon Mazola
 Yolk of 1 egg
 1 yeast cake

Sift flour, corn starch and salt in a bowl, add Mazola, then the yeast mixed with milk, next yolk of egg. Beat 10 minutes. Then turn on to board, add flour and knead till dough is firm but does not stick to hands. Place in the bowl, cover and let rise to double its bulk. Then turn out on board. Cut out about one inch thick in fancy shapes, put on greased pans, let rise to double size and bake till done, in medium heated oven.

Will you send us your favorite Corn Starch Recipes? Thousands of Argo users would be glad to know them.

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KARO is a delicious syrup. It not only conserves sugar, but adds materially to the delicacy of your cooking. MAZOLA is the fine, pure oil from corn. Wonderful for shortening, frying and salad dressing.



Dress 1382
Transfer 10717
Bag transfer 10720



Dress 1411



Dress 1426
Transfer 10715

Dress 1396

Dress 1384
Slip 9842



Dress 1448
Scarf 1266
Overgaiter 1167

Dress 1428
Transfer 10708

Other views of these designs are shown on page 85



Dress 1430

Dress 1408; scarf 1266

THE DELINEATOR

FEBRUARY, 1919

HERE is the silk frock that appears well at all but the most formal evening affairs (design 1382). The draped jumper and straight skirt are pretty for satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine.

A 36-inch bust requires 1½ yard silk crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide for collar, vestee, underbody, sleeves, 3¾ yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

Design 1382, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

THE trim lines of this satin frock are prettily interrupted by a double peplum in design 1396. The draped waist closes on the left shoulder and at the seam under the arm. The narrow skirt is straight and the peplums are straight too.

A 36-inch bust requires 4½ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, ¼ yard contrasting satin 32 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

Design 1396, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

ASOFT crêpe frock hemstitches its tucks and is worn over a slip (designs 1384 and 9842). The waist is surplice and the straight skirt is in four pieces. It is charming for cotton voile, organdy, etc.

A 36-inch bust requires 5½ yards Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide; 2½ yards material 36 inches wide for slip. Bottom slip 1½ yard. Bottom dress 1½ yard.

Design 1384, 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Design 9842, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

IN FORMER years the Parisienne went to the Côté d'Azur to escape late Winter among the palm-lined terraces and lemon groves of Nice and Monte Carlo. Many will go this year, no doubt, because of the blessés who are there recovering from their wounds and because the old habit is a pleasant one.

But most women will not want to leave their beloved Paris, having taken up again the threads of their interrupted lives. With the peace conference at Versailles, Paris was never more vitally interesting. History of to-morrow is in the making. One has a feeling of being close to great and portentous events.

CHARMEUSE is used for a frock (1428), that is made with square neck, deep vest front and a straight peplum that gives a graceful flare at the hip of the narrow skirt. It is splendid for a combination of materials or satin, satin-faced poplin, crêpe meteor or charmeuse alone. The skirt is straight.

A 36-inch bust requires 4 yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide, ¾ yard chiffon 20 or more inches wide. Lower edge measures 1½ yard.

Design 1428, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

THREE ruffles and a peplum are responsible for the attraction of design 1411. The jumper gives the popular long blouse effect. The straight skirt is cut in one piece, and the ruffles are straight. Bottom 1¼ yard.

A 36-inch bust requires ¾ yard Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide for sleeves and to face linings, 3¾ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide.

Design 1411, 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

The Butterick Shop on the Avenue de l'Opéra remained open when the Huns were fifteen miles from the gates of Paris. It kept open when "Big Bertha" was dropping her bombs in near-by streets. It is open to-day, sharing the great moment as it did the dark hours. Every day the Butterick Paris staff sends to New York sketches and photographs and reports of what French women are wearing on the Rue de la Paix, on the Avenue Bois du Boulogne, at the theaters and the restaurants, and in the strictest intimacy of the home. What they see, you will see reflected each month in the pages of THE DELINEATOR.

AVERY smart simple frock is shown in design 1426; it is easy to make and takes very little material. The skirt is straight.

Use satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine. Bottom 1½ yard. Transfer is 10715.

A 36-inch bust requires 1½ yard silk crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide for collar, underbody, sleeves, 4 yards satin-faced poplin 35 or 36 inches wide.

Design 1426, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

THE redingote dress is new and very smart for street wear, worn with scarf and spats (designs 1448—1266—1167). It has the effect of a suit.

A 36-inch bust requires 3¾ yards jersey 48 inches wide for dress and overgaiters, ¾ yard contrasting 18 inches wide for vest, ½ yard velvet 39 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

Design 1448, 8 sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust measure. Design 1266, 2 sizes, ladies and misses. Design 1167, 5 sizes, 2 to 6 shoe size, 13 to 17 inches calf measure.

SOFT plaitings make an adorable frock for Summer materials in design 1430.

The waist has a becoming collar, a one-seam sleeve, and the skirt is straight. Use cotton voile, organdy, lawn, batiste, dimity, gingham or chambray.

A 36-inch bust requires 5¾ yards organdy 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge measures 1½ yard.

Design 1430, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

THE long draped waist is extremely smart and the gathered peplum softens the narrow straight skirt of a satin dress worn with a fur scarf (designs 1408—1266). Use satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine.

A 36-inch bust requires 5½ yards satin 36 inches wide, ¾ yard material 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

Design 1408, 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Design 1266, 2 sizes, ladies and misses.



Coat 1422
Skirt 1339
Bag transfer 10720

Coat 1437; skirt 1362
Overgaiter 1167
Bag transfer 10725

Dress 1348
Transfer 10620

Blouse 1357; skirt 1065
Scarf 1266
Overgaiter 1167

FASHION AWAITS THE RETURNING CONQUERORS

PARIS says "Suits!" and smart women heed her injunction for a Spring costume (designs 1422-1339) of satin, charmeuse, serge, jersey cloth or gabardine. One could scarcely find a prettier coat than design 1422. Coats aren't supposed to button and this one fastens with its own sash. The gathered peplum comes just a little above the usual waistline. The narrow skirt is in two pieces and measures $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard at the lower edge.

A 36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 6 yards of satin 35 or 36 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard of contrasting satin 35 or 36 inches wide. Bag transfer is 10720.

Design 1422, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Design 1339, 7 sizes, 35 to 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches hip measure.

A SPRING suit offers something quite new in this coat (1437) worn with three-piece tailored skirt (1362). We have worn excessively simple things for so long that the distinctive cut of this coat is sure of its appeal. It can be 36 or 31 inches long in back. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, etc. The narrow skirt measures $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard at the bottom.

A 36-inch bust and 38-inch hip size require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of homespun 54 inches wide. The gaiters will take $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of material 38 or more inches wide. Bag is 10725.

Design 1437, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Design 1362, 7 sizes, 35 to 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches hip measure. Design 1167, 5 sizes, 2 to 6 shoe size.

FASHION may preach "suits," but nothing can shake or break the popularity of the one-piece dress.

Design 1348 isn't one-piece literally, because of the broken line of its tucked side body. In both the front and back the panels are part of the one-piece lower part, which measures $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard at the bottom. Use serge, gabardine or checks with satin and also tricotine, jersey cloth, satin or charmeuse alone for a woman or young girl.

A 36-inch bust requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of serge 48 inches wide and $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of satin 35 or 36 inches wide for side front, side back and sleeves. Transfer is 10620.

Design 1348, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

WITH a plush or fur-cloth scarf (1266), a blouse dress of the type of design 1357 and 1065 can be worn late in the Winter and well into the Spring. The dress is nice in serge or tricotine with satin. The skirt is cut in two pieces and measures $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard at the lower edge.

A 36 bust and 38 hip require 2 yards velvet 35 or 36 inches wide for jumper, $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards plaid silk 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 yard of plush 24 or more inches wide for scarf, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard material 38 or more inches wide for overgaiters.

Design 1357, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Design 1065, 8 sizes, 35 to 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches hip measure. Design 1266, 2 sizes, ladies and misses. Design 1167, 5 sizes, 2 to 6 shoe size.

A SINGLE panel in the back repeats itself in front in a very simple Spring frock (design 1351). The loose panels of the serge relieve the narrow line of the satin foundation beneath. It is a graceful dress for a young girl and the collarless neck is especially becoming to her. This is a very simple design to make and is suitable for a combination of materials. A dress of satin would be very effective with panels of tricotine, gabardine, serge, velveteen, check or broadcloth, or you could use jersey cloth, tricolette, velveteen or satin alone. A body lining is given, but its use is a matter of choice. The panels could be trimmed with embroidery or fringe.

A 36-inch bust requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard serge 48 or more inches wide for panels and belt. Lower edge of the skirt measures $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Transfer is 10720.

Design 1351, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

A DARK body and a checked skirt make a smart little costume, with soft scarf and trim spats (designs 1356-1266-1167). It is an easy dress to make and the possibility of using two materials is very popular, and often most practical. The lower part of the dress is cut in two pieces and comes up to the back to form a panel. There is a body lining. It is a splendid design for a tailored frock for the Spring and would be good-looking made up in jersey cloth, satin, velveteen and check, or in satin combined with tricotine, serge, etc.

36-inch bust requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide for upper front, side front, side back and sleeves, 2 yards check velours 54 inches wide; overgaiters require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard broadcloth 38 or more inches wide. Bottom $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard.

Design 1356, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Design 1266, 2 sizes, ladies and misses. Design 1167, 5 sizes, 2 to 6 shoe size, 13 to 17 inches calf measure.

THE simple tailored frock for morning wear is one of the good things to look forward to in the new year to the time when one can lay aside the heavy Winter coat. Design 1458 can be worn very early in the season with a fur scarf (1266). The collarless neck is fashionable, and the outline of this one is particularly soft and becoming. Braid or embroidery relieves the simplicity of the dress and makes a trimming that is both fashionable and very inexpensive. The sides of the dress give a pretty panel and pocket effect. The dress closes on the shoulders and the use of the body lining is optional. Women or young girls could use jersey, serge, gabardine, tricotine, checks and poplin.

36-inch bust requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards tricotine 44 inches wide; 1 yard near seal 24 or more inches wide for scarf in ladies' size. Lower edge $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Transfer is 10718.

Design 1458, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Design 1266, 2 sizes, ladies and misses.

THE long cape bears all the glamour of romance upon its shoulders and is a delightful accessory for a graceful woman (design 1459). It is a very soft, becoming cape, with just the right amount of fullness at the bottom. It is cut in three pieces and is easy to make; the seam at the side is very good. Melton cloth, broadcloth, serge, gabardine and whip-cord are the materials generally used for a cape of this character. The opening for the hand is often very convenient and not at all difficult to finish.

A 36-inch bust requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards velours 54 inches wide. Lower edge of cape in 50-inch back length 3 yards. Design 1459, 4 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

FOR after-the-war parties comes a pretty dress for informal evening wear (design 1456). The little Empire waist with its soft fullness and rounded neck is young-looking and becoming. The one-seam sleeve is a graceful length for a dinner frock, but there is a long sleeve supplied too. The deep tucks finished with hemstitching make an effective, easy and inexpensive trimming on the straight skirt. Silk crêpe, net, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, point d'esprit and cotton voile are soft and pretty materials for this dress.

A 36 bust requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards Georgette crêpe 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom measures $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Transfer is 10711. Design 1456, 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

IT'S a victory fête, no doubt, that demands an elegant evening frock (designs 1457-1343). The waist has a broad girde draped prettily about the figure and the chiffon side body is cut in one with the sleeves. The skirt is made with soft drapery in spiral effect. The foundation skirt is shorter and is two-pieced. Use satin, charmeuse, velveteen or brocade, with sleeves of silk crêpe.

36-bust and 38 inch hip require $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard chiffon 40 inches wide for side body, sleeves and plaited bands.

Design 1457, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Design 1343, 6 sizes, 35 to 45 inches hip measure.

A DOUBLE flounce and a broad panel make a frock of distinction in design 1460. The waist extends down into the panel in front and the skirt is cut in three pieces and is sewed to it in a one-piece effect at the sides. The flounces are circular. The dress has the new narrow silhouette and is splendid for a combination of materials. Satin, charmeuse, taffeta, foulard, serge or tricotine makes an attractive dress. Bottom is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

36 bust requires 3 yards gabardine 54 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard satin 18 or more wide for vest, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide for collar and cuffs (cut crosswise), $\frac{5}{8}$ yard material 35 or 36 inches wide for upper part of side and back for skirt.

Design 1460, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



Dress 1356
Scarf 1266
Overgaiter 1167



Dress 1458
Scarf 1266
Transfer 10718

Dress 1351
Bag transfer 10720

Cape 1459



Dress 1456
Transfer 10711

Evening waist 1457
Skirt 1343

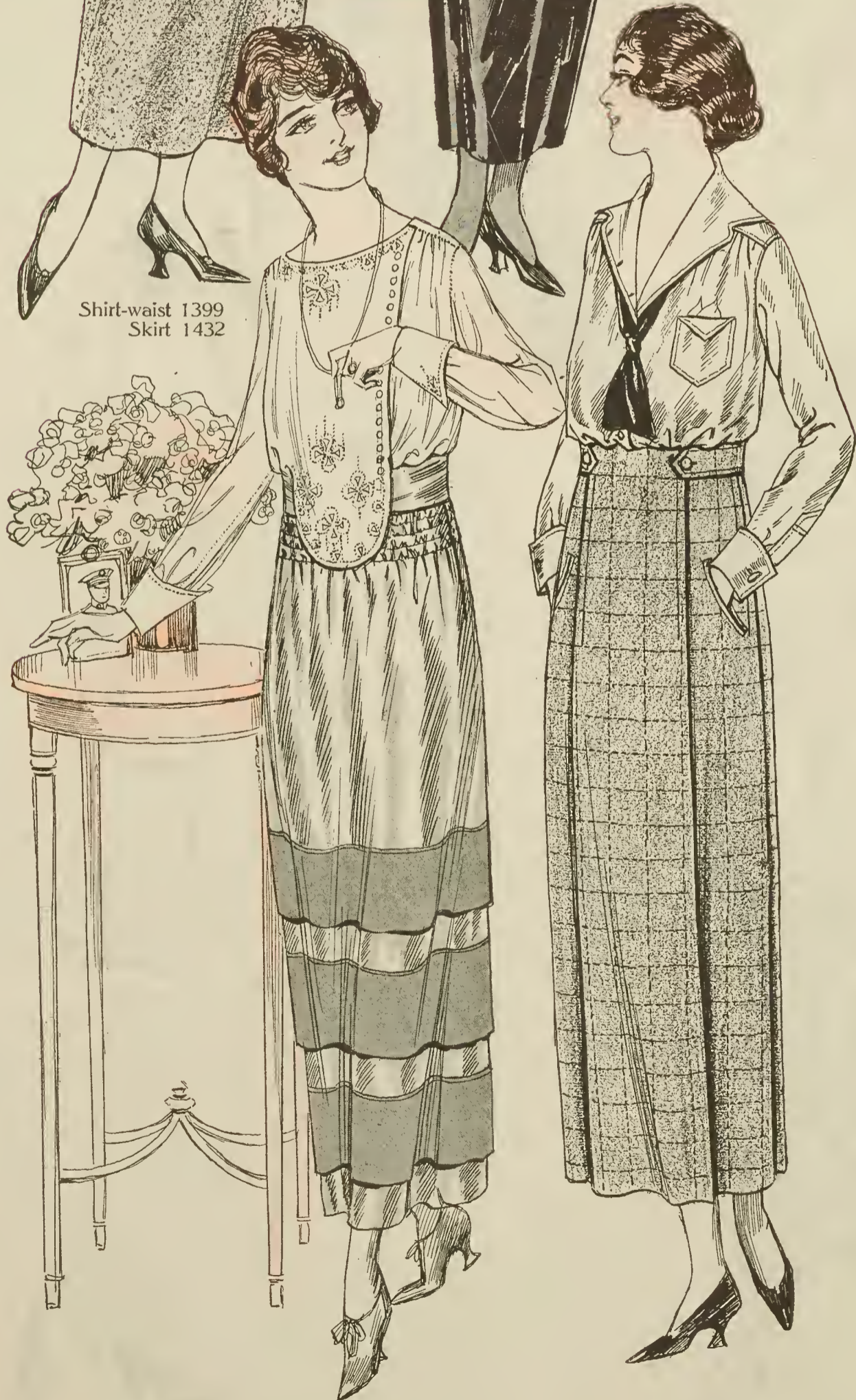
Dress 1460

Other views of these designs are shown on page 85

THE BLOUSE AND THE SKIRT TO GO WITH IT



Blouse 1401
Skirt 1281



Shirt-waist 1399
Skirt 1432

Blouse 1383
Skirt 1438
Transfer 10701

Shirt-waist 1414
Skirt 1434

A SIMPLE shirt-waist and plain skirt (designs 1399—1432) are two important factors in the morning wardrobe. The waist has a becoming fulness in the front which is softly gathered to the back which comes just over the shoulder. The collar is convertible, in a very good size and a pretty shape. The sleeve is one-seamed. The skirt is cut in two pieces on smart but conservative lines for the woman who does not want the extremely narrow skirt. Use crêpe de Chine, silk shirtings and washable satin for the waist, and panama, serge, gabardine, poplin or satin for the skirt. Bottom 1 1/2 yard.

A 36-inch bust and 38-inch hip measure require 1 1/8 yard striped silk shirtings 35 or 36 inches wide, 3/4 yard plain silk 35 or 36 inches wide, and 2 1/4 yards mixture 44 to 54 inches wide.

Design 1399, 8 sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust measure. Design 1432, 8 sizes, 35 to 49 1/2 inches hip measure.

A GEORGETTE blouse and satin skirt carry out the modern principles by being useful as well as very charming in designs 1401—1281. The blouse slips on over the head and fastens on the shoulders. It is finished with a new round neck and the narrow collar is sometimes more becoming to the average woman than the collarless neck. The deep hemstitched tucks make an extremely effective and quite a simple trimming. The skirt is cut in two pieces on the new peg-top silhouette which narrows itself at the hem, but gives enough width over the hips to be both comfortable and graceful. Silk crêpe, silk voile, chiffon cloth or net is used with skirts of satin, charmeuse, faille or tricotine.

A 36 bust and 38 hip require 1 1/8 yard Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide, 2 5/8 yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom measure 1 3/8 yard.

Design 1401, 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Design 1281, 7 sizes, 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip measure.

FIRST aid to the busy woman is the tailored silk shirt-waist and cloth skirt (designs 1420—1366). The waist is cut on simple mannish lines, very good-looking for morning wear, with a convertible collar in new outline that can be rolled high or left open. The French cuff is attractive on the one-seam sleeve. Use shirtings, crêpe de Chine, China silk, pongee, satin or dimity. The straight skirt is the new one-piece design that takes only one length of material and can be made in the proverbial twinkling of an eye. It is very smart and the opening in back gives plenty of room for walking. Serge, gabardine, broadcloth, plaids, velours, chevots, stripes and checks are suitable for it.

A 36 bust and 38 hip require 2 3/8 yards crêpe de Chine 39 or 40 inches wide, 1 1/4 yard serge 54 inches wide. Bottom measures 1 3/8 yard.

Design 1420, 10 sizes, 32 to 50 inches bust measure. Design 1366, 6 sizes, 35 to 45 inches hip measure.

A VERY new paneled blouse is embroidered in the exquisite French way, and plays a soft accompaniment to a satin skirt (designs 1383—1438). The blouse has the new closing on the side, and the back comes over the shoulders in a yoke-effect. The one-seam sleeve is easy to make. It is pretty in silk crêpe, silk voile, chiffon cloth or crêpe de Chine. The skirt has a straight lower edge, and the bands can be bias or straight. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, wash silk or satin.

A 36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 1 5/8 yard Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 7/8 yard serge 44 inches wide for bands. Lower edge measures 1 3/4 yard. Transfer is 10701.

Design 1383, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Design 1438, 7 sizes, 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip measure.

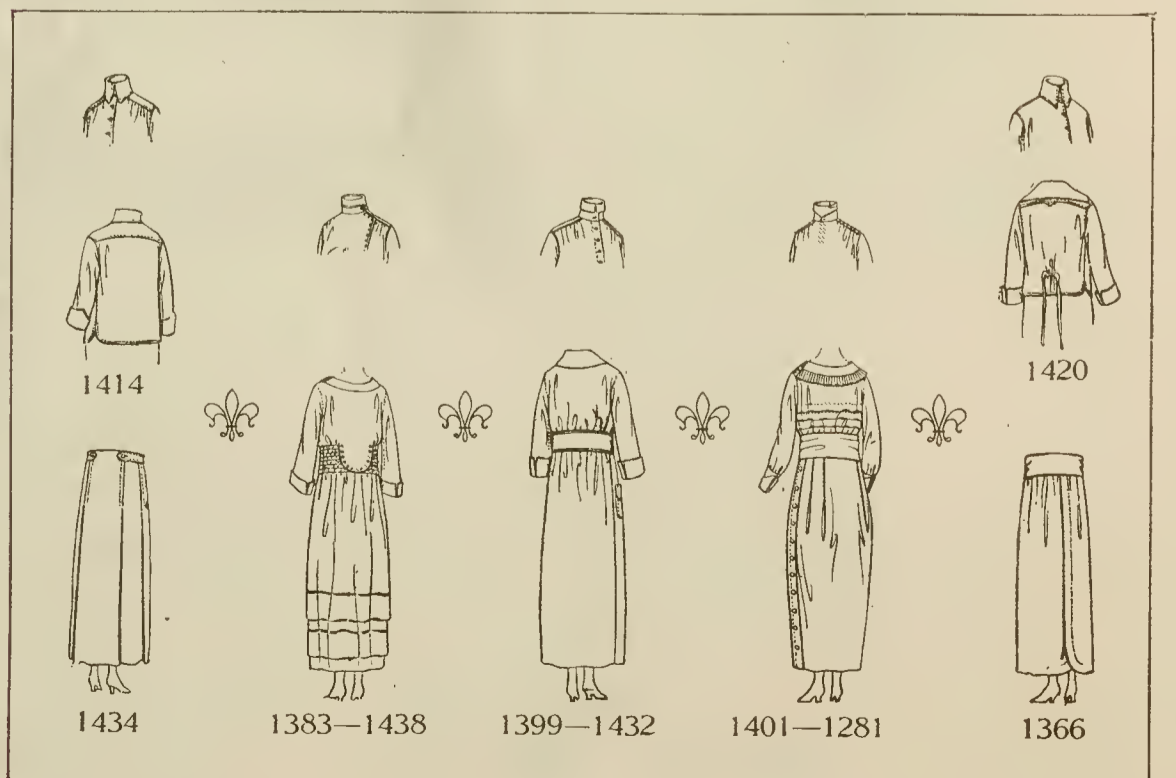
THE simple blouse and skirt just draw one into the way of being useful in designs 1414—1434. The shirt-waist is the plain tailored type used by busy women under a hacking suit. There is a becoming fulness in the front and the collar is convertible, the sleeve one-seamed. It is good-looking in shirtings, crêpe de Chine, China silk or linon. The skirt is made with six gores, and a side plait at each seam gives a good width in walking. It can be cut from narrow materials. Use panama, mohair, serge, gabardine, checks or satin.

A 36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 2 3/8 yards of crêpe de Chine 39 or 40 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards checks 44 inches wide. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2 3/8 yards.

Design 1414, 10 sizes, 32 to 50 inches bust measure. Design 1434, 10 sizes, 35 to 55 inches hip measure.



Shirt-waist 1420
Skirt 1366



THINGS THAT ARE STRICTLY FEMININE



French lining 1435

MANY a smart frock has a silver lining that takes the shape of design 1435. It is a new French lining that is used a great deal by dressmakers for dress forms. It is an excellent model. You can have the closing in the front and make the edges straight or curved, or close it in the back. It has just the right number of seams, and a good variety of the most popular neck outlines. There are two different sleeves offered, a one and a two seam sleeve. The best materials to use are Japanese silk, China silk and percaline. The loose chemise dress of the few past years has rather spoiled us for fitted linings, but for some types of dresses and for some women the use of a lining makes a much better-looking dress.

A 36-inch bust requires 1½ yard of Japanese silk 35 or 36 inches wide.

Design 1435, 9 sizes, 32 to 48 inches bust measure.

FEBRUARY is the time, and design 1317 the way, to replenish one's lingerie for the Spring. It is a very new type of princess undergarment, being corset cover, underskirt and drawers in one. It is a splendid design, and the combination of the petticoat back and the drawers front gives the effect of a chemise that will please many women. The choice of the three different necks is excellent, as the garment can be made for day or evening wear. The straight outline illustrated is used under evening dresses; the other outlines give protection under thin blouses. Nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton voile, crêpe de Chine, wash silk and wash satin are the best materials to use. It could be prettily embroidered.

A 36-inch bust requires 2½ yards nainsook 36 inches wide. Transfer is 10624. Lower edge of front for each leg measures 33 inches.

Design 1317, 9 sizes, 32 to 48 inches bust measure.

JUST step in," says a new combination of pale-colored crêpe de Chine (design 1242), prettily trimmed with lace insertion and edging. It is a splendid and very dainty undergarment, with three different neck outlines above, and open knicker drawers below. The construction is extremely simple, and the combination can be made up quickly. It does not require very much material, and you could trim it exquisitely with fine hand-embroidery and lace edging and insertion. Nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, crêpe de Chine, wash satin and cambric are the best materials to use for a combination of this character. The open knicker drawers are very comfortable to wear and appeal to the woman who likes something closer than the envelope chemise.

A 36-inch bust measure requires 2½ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for this combination.

Design 1242, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

THE dainty woman is known by her lingerie in a new camisole and narrow petticoat (designs 1452—1449). The camisole slips over the head. Crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, wash satin, wash silk, batiste, nainsook and long-cloth are suitable for it. The petticoat is cut in two pieces. It can be made plain and finished with hemstitching or embroidery for the extremely narrow skirt and under a soft skirt with a flounce. Use messaline, crêpe de Chine, satin, taffeta, China or Japanese silk, long-cloth, nainsook or mull.

A 36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require ¾ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for camisole, 2½ yards taffeta 40 inches wide for petticoat. Bottom of petticoat measures 1¾ yard, plaited flounce about 3¾ yards; gathered flounce about 2 yards.

Design 1452, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Design 1449, 9 sizes, 35 to 52 inches hip measure.

BEHIND the scenes of the public appearances of the busy woman a dainty negligée plays an important rôle (design 1454). The simple body is shirred in a distinctive outline and is cut in one with the sleeves. A soft plaited frill finishes the round neck and sleeves. The tucks are a trimming that does not add anything to the cost of the garment, but they can be omitted if you prefer. This negligée is very soft in crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, spotted net, China silk, wool batiste, albatross, challis, cotton crêpe, lawn, dimity and dotted swiss. The most popular boudoir colors are flesh and shell pink, rose, pale blue, canary color and lavender.

A 36-inch bust requires 3½ yards figured silk 40 inches wide and ¾ yard Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide for frills. Lower edge of negligée measures 2 yards.

Design 1454, 4 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



Princess combination 1317
Transfer 10624



Step-in combination 1242



Camisole 1452
Petticoat 1449

Negligée 1454



Waist 1123
Skirt 1445
Transfer 10701

Dress 1371
Transfer 10733

Waist 1441
Skirt 1342

Dress 1358
Scarf 1266
Transfer 10706

DRAPERY PLAYS A PART IN THE SPRING FASHIONS

CHIFFON is used both over and under satin for a new frock (designs 1123—1445). The jumper is cut low to show the surplice underbody. A body lining is supplied. The skirt is made with a foundation skirt in two pieces and the tunic is also two-pieced. The tunic is very soft and pretty and the under part follows the narrow lines. It is splendid for a combination such as satin, charmeuse or crêpe meteor with silk crêpe or silk voile.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3 3/8 yards chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide, 3 1/8 yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide for jumper and foundation skirt. Transfer is 10701. Bottom 1 1/2 yard.

Design 1123, 8 sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust measure. Design 1445, 8 sizes, 35 to 49 1/2 inches hip measure.

ACHARMEUSE frock takes a new closing on the side and loops up its skirt in a delightful drapery (design 1371). The waist has the becoming side closing and the smart collarless neck. The skirt is cut in two pieces and the lapped effect in the back is very pretty and unusual. There is a body lining if you care to use it. This dress is very good-looking made in satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, velveteen, radium and satin-faced poplin.

36-inch bust requires 5 yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge measures 1 1/4 yard. Transfer is 10733.

Design 1371, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

SATIN does its best gracefully in a draped and surplice frock (designs 1441—1342). The long shawl collar gives a very becoming neck outline and provides the only trimming necessary on the waist. It is an extremely simple one to make and a very easy one to wear. There is a body lining. The skirt is cut in two pieces and the drapery at the sides makes a graceful skirt with a becoming fulness in the upper part narrowing in at the hem. Use satin, charmeuse or serge. Bottom 1 3/8 yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4 3/4 yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 5/8 yard contrasting satin 35 or 36 inches wide.

Design 1441, 9 sizes, 32 to 48 inches bust measure. Design 1342, 7 sizes, 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip measure.

ABROAD panel of Georgette veils the messaline on an afternoon frock worn with a fur scarf (designs 1358—1266). The deep tuck makes an attractive finish on the straight skirt which is sewed to the waist to give the one-piece dress line. A body lining is supplied. This dress is especially effective in a combination of satin, charmeuse, satin messaline, taffeta or radium with silk crêpe.

A 36-inch bust requires 2 5/8 yards Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide for front, back, sleeves, cuffs and panels, 3 1/2 yards messaline 35 or 36 inches wide for skirt, blouse lining, including sash. Bottom 1 1/2 yard. Transfer is 10706.

Design 1358, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Design 1266, 2 sizes, ladies and misses.

ADRAPED jumper and furred peplum make a very smart frock for street or tea (design 1416), worn with a round muff (design 1266). The jumper is finished with the new round neck, and the simple sleeve which is set into the body lining can be made of contrasting material. The skirt is straight and the soft peplum relieves the plainness of the narrow lines. The peplum is also straight. You could use satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor and crêpe de Chine alone or with sleeves of silk crêpe.

36-inch bust requires 3/4 yard Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide for sleeves, 3 5/8 yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide for dress and to face lining, 1/2 yard material 40 or more inches wide for muff in ladies' size. Bottom 1 1/2 yard.

Design 1416, 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Design 1266, 2 sizes, ladies and misses.

THE serge frock for tailored wear holds a place of its own in every woman's heart and wardrobe (design 1406). The waist is finished with the convertible collar and a simple closing in the front that means an easy opening. The plain sleeve is used a great deal for the dress of serge, gabardine, jersey cloth, checks, tricotine, and for satin or charmeuse too. The skirt is cut in five pieces and is sewed to the waist giving the impression of a one-piece dress. The clusters of plaits in the front and back maintain the narrow silhouette, but give an easy width in walking that is greatly liked by many women. There is a body lining provided but its use is not obligatory if you do not care to make it.

A 36-inch bust requires 3 yards of serge 54 inches wide, 3/8 yard contrasting 27 or more inches wide for facing. Lower edge of skirt measures 2 3/8 yards with the plaits drawn out.

Design 1406, 9 sizes, 32 to 48 inches bust measure.

TWO materials are better than one in a frock that boasts both cloth and satin (designs 1085—1442). The waist has an adorable little white vest front and the short tunic breaks the lines of the skirt. The long pointed collar is very pretty and the surplice line of the draped front is always becoming. The plain sleeve is made with one seam and a body lining is offered. The surplice front is cut in one with the sash ends. The skirt is in two pieces, on the smart narrow lines that are so fashionable and the short tunic has a pretty flare over the foundation. Use serge, gabardine, satin or charmeuse.

A 36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 2 1/4 yards cloth 54 inches wide, 1 5/8 yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide for lower part of skirt, 3/8 yard silk crepe 39 or 40 inches wide for vest front, 1/2 yard material 32 to 40 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Lower edge 1 1/2 yard. Transfer is 10718.

Design 1085, 8 sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust measure. Design 1442, 7 sizes, 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip measure.

THE long blouse and narrow skirt solves many a frock problem in designs 1443—9835. The blouse commences with a good-looking long jumper that slips on over the head and ends in a body lining. The sleeves are cut in one with the side body. The skirt is in two pieces on the straight silhouette used for the separate skirt. Use satin or charmeuse for the blouse, and checks or oxford for the skirt which measures 1 1/2 yard at lower edge.

A 36-inch bust and 39-inch hip require 1 yard Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide for side body, sleeves, vestee, 2 yards satin 32 to 44 inches wide, 2 3/8 yards checks 44 inches wide.

Design 1443, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Design 9835, 8 sizes, 36 to 51 1/2 inches hip measure.

JERSEY rises to prominence in a smart frock that bases its claim to distinction on its style and simplicity (design 1346). The waist has a deep opening that shows the fashionable little vest front to the best advantage. The bell sleeve is graceful and pretty. The skirt is cut in two pieces and is arranged at the waistline in a manner that suggests the one-piece dress. The body lining can be used or not. Tricotine, serge, gabardine, checks, satin, satin-faced poplin and charmeuse are good materials.

36 bust requires 2 5/8 yards jersey cloth 48 inches wide, 5/8 yard satin 24 or more inches wide. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

Design 1346, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

QUITE medieval in its long overdress and slender, graceful lines is a new frock of satin and Georgette crêpe (design 1369). The round neck is collarless and prettily embroidered in lighter color. The close sleeve is set into the waist, and the use of the body lining is optional. The skirt is two-pieced and is joined to the waist to carry out the one-piece effect. Use satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor or velveteen with silk crêpe or silk voile.

36 bust requires 1 5/8 yard Georgette crêpe 35 or 36 inches wide for sleeves, waist front, back, 3 5/8 yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 1/2 yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide to face overdress. Bottom 1 1/2 yard. Transfer is 10709.

Design 1369, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

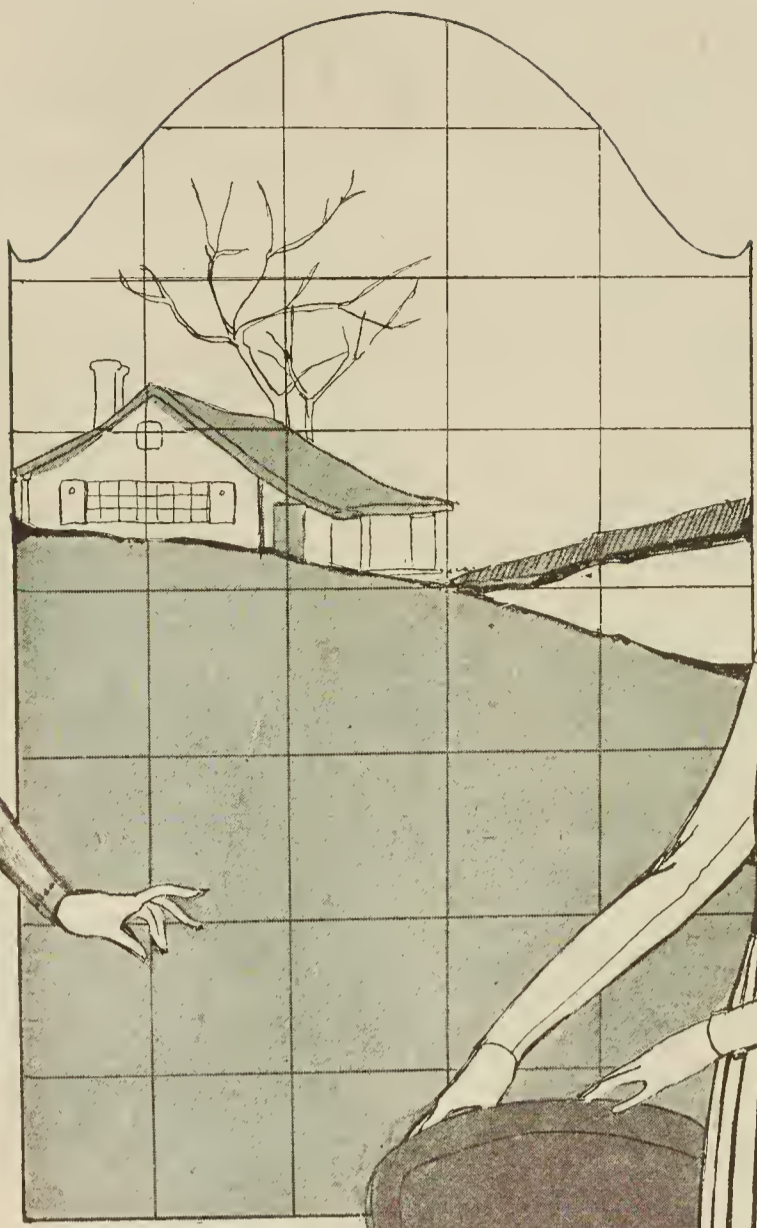
DRAPERY in the bodice-like waist and narrow skirt means a charming frock for afternoon and informal evening wear (designs 1364—1343). The waist is very French-looking with its plain collarless neck, and loose sash behind. The closing is arranged on the left shoulder and at the underarm seam. A body lining is used for this dress. The skirt is draped in spiral fashion and is used over a two-piece shorter foundation skirt. Use satin, charmeuse or satin messaline.

A 36 bust and 38 hip require 5 1/8 yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide. Transfer is 10713.

Design 1364, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Design 1343, 6 sizes, 35 to 45 inches hip measure.



Dress 1416
Muff 1266



Dress 1406



Waist 1085
Skirt 1442
Transfer 10718



Blouse 1443; skirt 9835



Dress 1346



Dress 1369
Transfer 10709



Waist 1364
Skirt 1343
Transfer 10713

Other views of these designs are shown on page 85



Step-in combination 1182

Nightgown 1045
Transfer 10732

Envelope chemise 1378
Transfer 10627

Step-in combination 1242

Nightgown 1034

INTIMATE MOMENTS WITH FASHION

THE gay white way of the new lingerie is daintily shown in a new step-in combination (design 1182). It is extremely simple to make, to wear and to launder. It requires very little material, and can be trimmed prettily and without much work. The step-in type is new and it saves the bother of putting buttons on, which are apt to come off in the laundry. The different neck outlines offered are the most popular ones for combinations. Instead of the straight top illustrated, the little yoke may be extended to form a deep yoke that comes up on the shoulders and protects them without covering up the neck too much.

There is a soft fullness below the yoke which is very nice for a combination. Nainsook, batiste, long-cloth, crêpe de Chine, wash silks and wash satins are used a great deal for this style of combination. It can be made in white or flesh color and embroidered in white or in self-color.

A 36-inch bust measure requires 1 3/4 yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard banding 3 inches wide for front and back, 1 5/8 yard ribbon 3/4 inch wide for strap.

Design 1182, 9 sizes, 32 to 48 inches bust measure.

THE god of sleep is a fickle creature who must be attracted by every possible wile, and a new Empire nightgown of palest colored crêpe de Chine would charm any dreamer (design 1045). The little Empire body is sleeveless and is formed of pointed sections that come up prettily over the shoulders without covering the throat. The surplice line makes a very unusual and becoming nightgown and the little body gives a delightful opportunity for fine hand-embroidery. It is a splendid design for Spring and Summer wear, for it is so cool and comfortable. You could make it up in nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton voile, crêpe de Chine and wash silks. It is very pretty in white or flesh pink. This nightgown can be made very quickly, as there are no sleeves to finish. You could trim it with lace if you wished, but the hand-embroidery makes an exquisite and very inexpensive trimming. Colored embroidery is often used in cross-stitch on flesh-pink batiste on a combination of this type.

A 36-inch bust size requires 3 1/4 yards crêpe de Chine 39 or 40 inches wide. The transfer is 10732.

Design 1045, 9 sizes, 32 to 48 inches bust measure.

UNSEEN to public view but deeply, if inwardly, appreciated by the feminine world is a new envelope chemise of French nainsook (design 1378). It is made with the low V neck outline that is especially nice for the open neck dress or blouse, and the deep points coming up to the shoulders give just the right amount of protection to the figure where one wants it. This is the latest type of envelope chemise and the arrangement of the lower part

is new. Nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, crêpe de Chine, wash silk and wash satin are suitable materials to use for this chemise. This is a very simple design to make, and does not require very much material. Fine hand-embroidery gives the look of the French lingerie to a dainty chemise; the basket motif illustrated is particularly appropriate. The scalloped edges wear well and make a very attractive finish. White is always good taste for lingerie, but many women like the delicate shades of flesh-pink. Color is also used in the embroidery.

A 36-inch bust measure requires 2 1/4 yards French nainsook 36 inches wide for this envelope chemise. Transfer used for the embroidery is 10627.

Design 1378, 9 sizes, 32 to 48 inches bust measure.

THE way to a man's heart is thoroughly unromantic, but the road to a woman's is exceedingly dainty, and it lies through the route of the new lingerie (design 1242), by a combination undergarment. It is made in the popular step-in style that is easy to get in and out of. It is quite a simple garment to make and does not require much material. The neck outlines offered are the most popular ones for lingerie wear. You could make this combination of nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, crêpe de Chine, wash satin and cambric. The open knicker drawers are very much liked, and they are extremely comfortable for Spring wear. The lace medallions illustrated make a pretty trimming, or you could embroider the combination if you prefer.

A 36-inch bust requires 2 5/8 yards satin 35 to 45 inches wide, 1 5/8 yard ribbon 1 inch wide for straps.

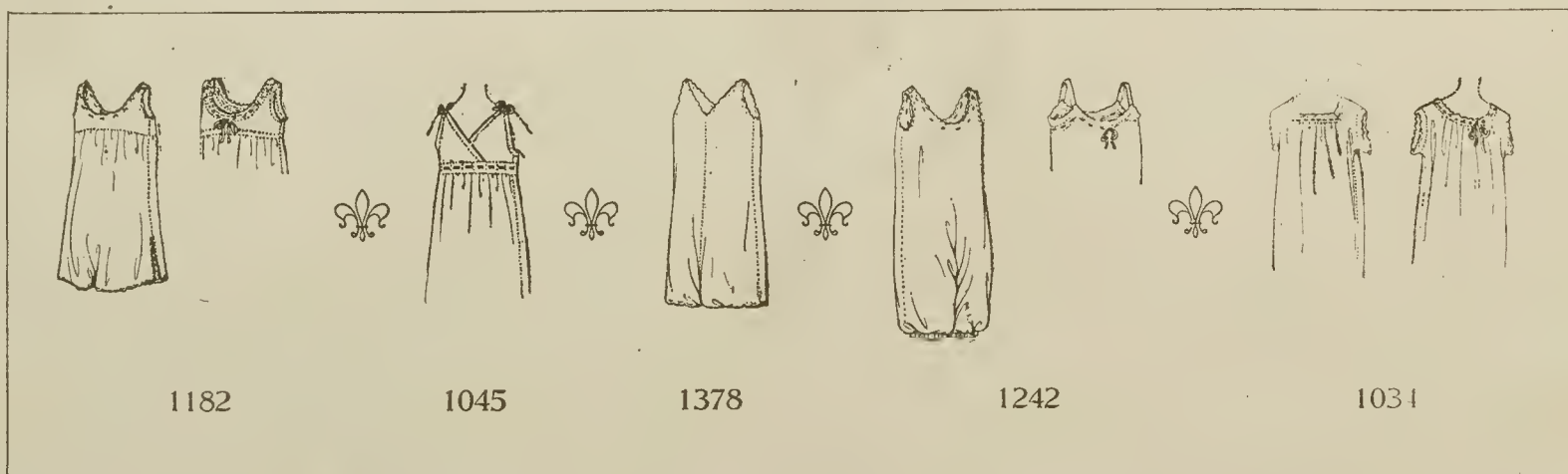
Design 1242, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

THE best way to pass the night is in an adorable new nightgown of wash satin that ends in an irresistible frill of chiffon at the neck and arm (design 1034). The little baby waist is delightfully pretty and becoming, but that is merely a matter of drawing in the ribbon instead of having it hang free. The nightgown is slipped on over the head, and the little extension at the arm gives a make-believe sleeve that will appeal to the woman who likes a little covering at the arm.

It is dainty and is very simple to make as there is almost nothing to it. You could make it of nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, wash silk, wash satin or silk crêpe. Flesh-pink is used a good deal for nightgowns, but many women prefer white, or put a touch of color in the embroidery. You could finish the neck with a crochet edging.

A 36-inch bust measure requires 3 3/8 yards of washable satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 3/8 yard of chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide for bands to trim.

Design 1034, 4 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.





Soft woolly sweaters, caps, scarfs, sport stockings *Laundry them so they won't thicken or shrink*

AFTER the children have worn their sweaters, their mittens, their skating caps and scarfs a little while, you wonder:

"Shall I let them go on getting grubbier and grubbier—shall I send them to the cleaner's, or shall I hand them over to the laundress and have them come back harsh and shrunken?"

Knitted garments are so frightfully expensive—and you can't replace them!

Today you can cleanse them yourself without hurting them. From Dad's sport stockings to Baby's little shirt, you can trust every single woolen you have unhesitatingly to the delicate Lux suds.

When you twist woolens or rub them

with soap, they become stiff, matted and shrunken.

But with Lux there is no rubbing. Only sousing in the rich pure lather, gently pressing the suds through the soiled parts.

Lux comes in pure delicate flakes. They dissolve instantly in hot water. In a moment you whisk them up into a rich lather.

Quick? Unbelievably so. And so pure, so cleansing that your woolens will look as they did the day you bought them.

Wash your sport woolens this year the Lux way. Remember how precious they are. They need never shrink or thicken. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux.—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX WON'T INJURE ANYTHING PURE WATER
ALONE WON'T INJURE

LUX

To wash your colored woolens

Whisk Lux into a rich lather in very hot water—two tablespoonfuls to the gallon. Add cold water to make suds lukewarm. Swish your woolens about in the suds. Wash quickly, pressing the suds through the woolens, but do not rub. Rinse three times in lukewarm water. Dissolve a little Lux in the last rinsing to leave your woolens soft and woolly. Never wring woolens. Squeeze the water out, and spread on a towel to dry in the shade.

If you are not sure a color is fast

If you are not sure a color is fast, first wash a sample and dry it. If the color runs, try to set it in the following way, first testing a bit of the woolen: A half cupful of vinegar to a gallon of cold water may be used to set most colors of woolens. Soak the article, then rinse thoroughly before washing it. After washing, add vinegar or salt to the last rinsing to hold the color. Always wash colors as quickly as possible.

Lux won't cause any color to run which pure water alone will not cause to run.





Dress 1380

Dress 1423 Dress 1398
Overgaiter 1167
Bag transfer 10720

Dress 1363
Scarf 1266
Overgaiter 1167



Dress 1413
Scarf 1266
Transfer 10729

Sack apron 1374



Dress 1418
Overgaiter 1167

Dress 1409
Transfer 10639

Other views of these designs are shown on page 85



Dress 1405

Dress 1353
Scarf 1266
Transfer 10726

Dress 1402

Waist 1098
Skirt 1344

SPRING APPEARS IN THE NEW FROCKS

ARE you ready? is the challenge of the times, and in a dress of the type of 1405 you are ready to meet any call. The long line of the closing has the effect of trimming the front and makes the dress easy to get into; just a few buttons and the hooks on the body lining if you use it. The silhouette is straight and the bottom measures 1½ yard. Women and young girls use serge, jersey cloth, tricotine, gabardine, checks, satin or satin-faced poplin.

A 36-inch bust size requires 3 yards of plaid material 50 inches wide and ½ yard of contrasting material 32 or more inches wide.

Design 1405, 8 sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

A ONE-PIECE dress takes to itself the credit of a new line by the simple addition of a pair of peplum pieces (design 1353). You can reduce the dress to first principles by omitting the body lining, shawl collar and peplum. It is an excellent style for tricotine, serge or gabardine, with the collar and peplum of satin or velveteen; or of jersey cloth, checks, satin or charmeuse alone for women or young girls. Bottom 1½ yard.

A 36 bust requires 2½ yards of gabardine 54 inches wide, ⅞ of a yard of satin 39 or 40 inches wide; scarf in ladies' size requires 1 yard plush 24 or more inches wide.

Design 1353, 8 sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust. Design 1266, 2 sizes, ladies and misses.

THE back closing, the round neck with a new collar or without it, and the peplum that combines the good points of a long blouse and short tunic, will commend design 1402 to the woman who is on the alert for the new note in fashions. The waist can be closed at the left shoulder and underarm seam, if you prefer it. The skirt is straight and is gathered at the top. The dress can be of satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, messaline, satin-faced poplin or velveteen, or silk crêpe or silk voile over satin.

A 36-inch bust size requires 4¾ yards of charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide, and ¼ yard of contrasting satin 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge measures about 1½ yard.

Design 1402, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

AFTER the absolute simplicity of the one-piece chemise dress, a dress that allows itself a little latitude in cut and yet does not depart from the accepted straight line is a welcome variation of the mode (designs 1098—1344). The skirt is especially interesting, for it is made in three pieces and so put together that it appears to be tucked. The sections are slightly shaped. Use satin, charmeuse, faille, silk poplin, serge, gabardine, etc.

A 36-inch bust and 38-inch hip size requires 5 yards of satin 35 or 36 inches wide, and ½ yard of contrasting satin 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge measures 1¾ yard.

Design 1098, 10 sizes, 32 to 50 inches bust measure. Design 1344, 6 sizes, 35 to 45 inches hip measure.

THE one-piece frock of jersey is just as strong for service in its own field as the highly scientific sack apron of the canteen (designs 1413—1374.) The loose panel of a dress makes a fashionable line in back and the straight panel-like front is graceful for the young girl. Use serge, gabardine, tricotine, jersey, checks or satin. There is a body lining. The apron is the regulation canteen uniform of the National League for Women's Service.

A 36-inch bust requires 3½ yards jersey 54 inches wide, ⅝ yard fur cloth 44 or more inches wide (cut crosswise) for scarf in ladies' size. Bottom is 1½ yard. 36-inch bust for apron requires 4 yards material 32 inches wide, 1 yard contrasting material 32 inches wide for cap, collar, band and cuffs. Lower edge 1¾ yard. Transfer is 10729.

Design 1413, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Design 1266, 2 sizes, ladies and misses. Design 1374, 4 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

THE charmeuse frock forms the best go-between for the smartly dressed woman and her daylight activities (design 1423). The new long body breaks the lines of the dress, but the front is draped over in a soft surplice line and comes around in a sash to the side where it ties loosely. The skirt is straight and is gathered to a waistline which is slightly raised. The collarless neck is very fashionable, but there is a collar provided with a soft roll to it for the woman who finds the other too trying. The use of the body lining is a matter of choice. This would be a delightful dress in satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, satin-faced poplin, jersey cloth, serge, tricotine or gabardine. Later in the season it would be pretty in gingham, chambray, cotton poplin or linen.

A 36-inch bust requires 4½ yards of charmeuse 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge of the skirt measures about 1½ yard.

Design 1423, 8 sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

BUTTONS in front and back keep one guessing as to the right way out in a trim dress of satin and serge (design 1398). The low waistline is new and the clusters of plaits in the skirt give a graceful width in walking, but retain the straight effect. The dress closes at the side in front and the button finish in back makes a smart trimming which can be omitted. The skirt is cut in four pieces and the body lining may be discarded. Use satin with serge, gabardine, tricotine or jersey cloth.

A 36-inch bust requires 2 yards of satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 1½ yard serge 44 inches wide for pockets and skirt, ¼ yard satin 18 or more inches wide, ⅝ yard material 38 or more inches wide for overgaiter. The lower edge of the skirt measures 2½ yards with plaits drawn out. Bag transfer is 10720.

Design 1398, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Design 1167, 5 sizes, 2 to 6 shoe size, 13 to 17 inches calf measure.

THE better half of the Navy is charmingly shown in a frock of tricotine (design 1363) worn with spats (1167). It is splendid for jersey cloth, gabardine, serge, light-weight velours, satin, charmeuse or satin-faced poplin, and is quite simple enough for the young girl, too. The closing down the back is very smart, or fasten it on the left side in front. A body lining is supplied.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards tricotine 44 inches wide, ¼ yard satin 32 or more inches wide, ⅝ yard material 38 or more inches wide for overgaiter. Bottom 1½ yard.

Design 1363, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Design 1266, 2 sizes, ladies and misses. Design 1167, 5 sizes, 2 to 6 shoe size, 13 to 17 inches calf measure.

THE smart one-piece dress of jersey cloth makes life very simple for the busy woman throughout her entire day (design 1380). Soft box plaits relieve the plainness of the dress, and soften the lines of the collarless neck at the throat. It is quite correct for the young girl, too, for street or general wear made in tricotine, jersey cloth, serge, gabardine and checks or in satin, satin-faced poplin or charmeuse. The body lining may be used or not, as you please.

A 36-inch bust requires 3½ yards jersey cloth 54 inches wide. Lower edge 2½ yards with plaits drawn out.

Design 1380, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

SATIN and gabardine unite for the good of humanity in design 1418, worn above trim spats (1167). The broken outline of the satin body is very French and attractive, and trims the dress without any other help, though it could be embroidered. The lower part is straight and a body lining is given. Combine satin with serge, checks or plaids or use satin, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, serge or jersey cloth alone.

A 36 bust requires 2½ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 2 yards of gabardine 48 inches wide for collar, belt, lower part, and overgaiter. Bottom measures 1½ yard.

Design 1418, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Design 1167, 5 sizes, 2 to 6 shoe size, 13 to 17 inches calf measure.

SANS collar, but of style plus, is an unusually smart frock of gabardine and Georgette (design 1409). The lower part of the dress is cut in two pieces in the narrowed silhouette called "egg shaped" or "peg top" in Paris. The sleeves are set into the side body and the use of the body lining is a matter of choice. A combination of serge, tricotine, gabardine or poplin with the side body of satin or silk crêpe would be very good-looking. Or use jersey or satin alone.

A 36-inch bust requires 1¼ yard of Georgette crêpe 35 to 40 inches wide, 2¼ yards gabardine 54 inches wide. The lower edge of the skirt measures 1¾ yard. Transfer is 10639.

Design 1409, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

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Dress 1400
Scarf 1266

Dress 1350
Muff 1190

Dress 1356
Transfer 10731

Dress 1413
Bag transfer 10720

Dress 1353
Overgaiter 1167

FASHION FOLLOWS THE WAYS IN THE GAYEST

"LITTLE SIMPLICITY" (design 1400) is what you might call an overnight dress, for with its Empire waist and straight skirt, which can be made from a single length of wide material, you can put the whole thing together in the proverbial three shakes of a cat's tail. Young girls and small women like the Empire waistline. With jersey cloth, serge, tricotine, checks, gabardine or velveteen, it is better to use its body lining, though it is not absolutely essential. Lower edge measures about 1 3/8 yard.

A 17-year size requires 3 1/8 yards of silk poplin 35 or 36 inches wide and 3/8 of a yard of satin 35 or 36 inches wide.

Design 1400, 6 sizes, 14 to 19 years. Design 1266, 2 sizes, ladies and misses.

FASHION is a wilful little jade. After holding a brief for the front-closing dresses and blouses that don't button at all, she veers suddenly to the old down-the-back buttoning and presents it as something entirely new for the early Spring (design 1350). It is so pretty with its round yoke-like collar and side panels that you can't quarrel with it. It is a dress that small women can wear nicely. There is a body lining and the dress is smart in satin, charmeuse, tricotine, serge, jersey or velveteen.

A 17-year size requires 3 1/2 yards of tricotine 44 inches wide, and 3/8 yard of satin 24 or more inches wide. Lower edge 1 1/2 yard.

Design 1350, 6 sizes, 14 to 19 years. Design 1190, 2 sizes, ladies and misses.

A DRESS that offers you the new long body, the round neck and a chance to use two materials keeps all the laws of the Fashion Medes and Persians (design 1356). In back the lower part is cut in one with a panel that runs to the shoulder. With a body of satin the two-piece lower part can be of tricotine, serge, gabardine or checks. The dress has a body lining. This is a dress that can be worn by either a young girl or a woman.

A 34-inch bust or 17 or 18 year size requires 1 3/8 yard of satin 35 or 36 inches wide for upper front, side front, side back and sleeves, and 1 1/8 yard of cloth 54 inches wide for skirt. Lower edge measures about 1 1/2 yard.

Design 1356, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

PARIS plays with the straight line, sometimes giving it the effect of a narrowed hem by a stand-out pocket at the hip as in design 1413. There is a body lining, generally used in dresses of serge, gabardine, tricotine, jersey cloth or checks. This is a good style for either a woman or a young girl. The loose back panel can be of serge, gabardine or tricotine over a dress of satin.

A 32 bust or 15 to 16 year size requires 3 3/4 yards of tricotine 44 inches wide. Lower edge 1 3/8 yard. Bag transfer is 10720.

Design 1413, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

VERY short peplums go a long way toward a tunic effect in design 1353. You can make a peplum of satin or velveteen on a one-piece dress of tricotine, serge or gabardine, or you can make the whole dress of jersey cloth, charmeuse, etc. It is suitable for women or young girls. There is a body lining.

A 34 bust or 17 or 18 year size requires 3 3/8 yards of satin 39 or 40 inches wide, 3/4 yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide for trimming and peplum facing. Overgaiter requires 3/8 yard of material 38 or more inches wide. Lower edge measures about 1 1/2 yard.

Design 1353, 8 sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust measure. Design 1167, 5 sizes, 2 to 6 shoe size.



1400

1350

1356

1413

1353



Dress 1444

Dress 1440
Transfer 10732

Dress
1424

Dress 1453

Dress 1341

OF YOUTH FOR SPRINGTIME
OF NEW FROCKS

THE gayest of little flowered organdy frocks is none too gay for the flower of the family. Design 1444 is made on the Empire lines which are becoming and suitable for the small woman too. The back of the waist comes over the shoulders, yoke-like, to the fronts that are softly gathered to it. The sleeve is made with one seam and the skirt is cut in four pieces. The arrangement of the tucks is very unusual. It is a pretty dress for cotton voile, organdy, lawn, batiste, crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe.

16-year size requires 4 yards flowered organdy 39 or 40 inches wide, 3/8 yard plain organdy 39 or 40 inches wide for collar, vestee and cuffs. Lower edge with pleats drawn out measures 1 3/4 yard. Design 1444, 6 sizes, 14 to 19 years.

NOW we are here—how do you like us in our new frock (design 1440). The round neck is sweet with the little frill and the deep fancy yoke needs only the embroidery spray as a trimming. The one-seam sleeve is simple to make and the wide tucks give an inexpensive and easy trimming on the straight skirt. This would be a delightful dress for a young girl or a small woman made in cotton voile, organdy, batiste, lawn, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or net. You can make the skirt without the tucks, if you wish.

A 17-year size requires 4 5/8 yards organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge measures 1 1/2 yard. Transfer is 10732.

Design 1440, 6 sizes, 14 to 19 years.

WHY so pensive? Is she seeking for other worlds to conquer with her new silk frock (design 1424)? The collarless neck goes with the young face, and the little draped Empire jumper is just the most becoming thing in frocks for the young girl or the small woman. The sleeves are set into the body lining. The straight peplum takes very little material and is worn over a straight and narrow skirt. Use satin, taffeta, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, messaline or serge with satin or plaids.

A 17-year size requires 2 3/4 yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide, 1 yard Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide for sleeves and to face lining. Lower edge measures 1 3/4 yard.

Design 1424, 6 sizes, 14 to 19 years.

TWO brave little peplums break the straight lines of design 1453. The Empire waist closes at the left shoulder and underarm. The double peplum is circular and makes a graceful break in the lines of the straight skirt. A body lining is given. Serge, gabardine, tricotine, jersey cloth, poplin, satin, taffeta, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine and checks make a good-looking and useful dress for a young girl or small woman.

18 years requires 4 1/2 yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 1/4 yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide for collar. Bottom 1 3/8 yard.

Design 1453, 6 sizes, 14 to 19 years.

QUITE aside from the slant we are rather biased toward this dress, for we consider it a great success (design 1341).

The draped jumper carries out the best traditions of the Empire line, and the skirt is cut in two pieces. The tunic is new, appearing only at the front. The sleeves are set into the body lining. Use satin, crêpe meteor or taffeta alone or with silk crêpe.

17-year size requires 2 3/4 yards messaline 35 or 36 inches wide for jumper, sash, skirt, 1 3/8 yard chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide, 1/2 yard velvet 39 or 40 inches wide. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

Design 1341, 6 sizes, 14 to 19 years.



1444

1440

1424

1453

1341

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By Henrietta Hoskins

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Tam-o'-Shanter
Hat 9623

Dress 1352
Hat 9623

Cape 1455
Hat 9774

Coat 1439



Coat 1451
Skirt 1059



Coat 1439; skirt 1436
Overgaiter 1167; Bag transfer 10720

FOR GIRLS OF ALL SIZES

NORFOLK coat and soft tam show what's what in outdoor costumes for who's who (designs 1415—9623). The loose box plaits are graceful. Use serge, checks, cheviot, etc.

6-year size requires 2 yards velours 48 inches wide, 3/4 yard material 22 or more inches wide for hat in children's size.

Design 1415, 9 sizes, 2 to 10 years. Design 9623, 4 sizes, ladies, misses, girls and children.

THE sleeveless coatee dress is very effective for school, made in gingham or chambray worn with a tam (designs 1352—9623).

12-year requires 1 3/8 yard China silk 35 or 36 inches wide, 1/2 yard serge 36 or more inches wide, 1 1/2 yard plaid 44 inches wide; 3/4 yard material 22 or more inches wide for hat in girls' size.

Design 1352, 12 sizes, 4 to 15 years. Design 9623, 4 sizes, ladies, misses, girls and children.

IS THIS the girl yeoman—in her new cape and service hat (designs 1455—9774)? The cape is circular and easy to make. Girls of all ages use serge, broadcloth, checks or plaid.

12-year size requires 2 3/8 yards velours 54 inches wide, including hat in girls' size.

Design 1455, 9 sizes 2 to 18 years. Design 9774, 4 sizes, ladies, misses, girls and children.

THAT she who skates may be well coated comes design 1439. The tabs which button over the plaits offer a good-looking and rather unusual substitute for a belt. Use serge, gabardine, broadcloth, checks, satin, etc.

A 10-year size requires 1 7/8 yard broadcloth 54 inches wide, 1/2 yard velvet 27 or more inches wide for inlaying collars and cuffs.

Design 1439, 9 sizes, 4 to 12 years.

A NEW suit is hipped on the subject of tucks and puts a provoking coat over a narrow skirt (designs 1451—1059). The coat has the plain panel-like front and back that is so much liked and the dashing peplum is gathered in to an Empire waistline. The skirt is cut in two pieces. Young girls and small women use serge, gabardine, checks, jersey or silk faille.

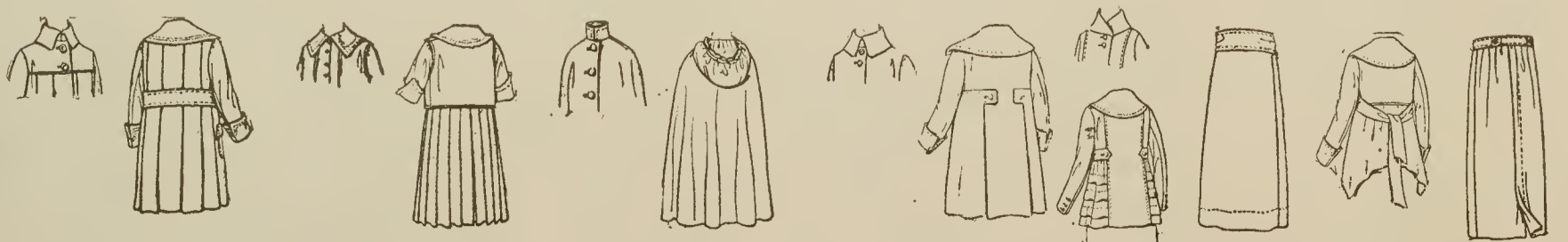
16-year size requires 3 1/2 yards gabardine 54 inches wide, 5/8 yard velvet 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom measures 1 3/4 yard.

Design 1451, 6 sizes, 14 to 19 years. Design 1059, 6 sizes, 14 to 19 years.

SATIN does its best for the young girl in a smart suit (designs 1446—1436). The tie-on effect in the Empire coat gives the new buttonless closing. The skirt is cut in three pieces and laps in back. Serge or gabardine is used by small women too.

17-year size requires 5 1/2 yards satin 36 inches wide, 5/8 yard broadcloth 36 or more inches wide, 3/8 yard broadcloth 38 or more inches wide for overgaiters. Lower edge measures 1 3/8 yard.

Design 1446, 6 sizes, 14 to 19 years. Design 1436, 6 sizes, 14 to 19 years. Design 1167, 5 sizes, 2 to 6 shoe number, 13 to 17 inches calf measure.



1415

1352

1455

1439

1451

1059

1446

1436



Dress 1421

Dress 1392

Dress 1390
Transfer 10656

Dress 1410

FEBRUARY FASHIONS

A COLLAR turns into a true lover's-knot sash in the back of design 1421. The one-piece dress slips on over the head and can be made of gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, serge or checks. The sleeve is made with one seam. A 10-year size requires 2 3/4 yards of chambray 32 inches wide, and 1 1/2 yard of gingham 32 inches wide. Design 1421, 10 sizes, 6 to 15 years.

THE Balkan question is always interesting either in politics or sailor suits (design 1390). The blouse slips on over the head and its straight skirt can be sewed to an underbody, or used as a separate skirt of serge or checks, with a blouse of Indian Head, cotton poplin or drill. A 12-year size requires 3 3/4 yards of serge 44 inches wide. Transfer is 10656. Design 1390, 11 sizes, 4 to 14 years.

TUB materials are especially nice for the straight skirt and sleeveless coatee of design 1410. You can make it of gingham, chambray or repp. With a coatee and skirt of serge, checks, etc., the blouse should be made of nainsook, lawn, batiste or crepe de Chine. 12-year size requires 2 3/4 yards plaid material 35 or 36 inches wide for coatee, belts, skirt, 1 1/2 yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide. Design 1410, 12 sizes, 4 to 15 years.

WHEN one is young in France, one wears just such a little Empire dress as design 1392. The skirt is straight, the sleeve has one seam and there are four ways of making the neck. For a tub dress use gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, repp or unbleached muslin. The 6-year size requires 1 7/8 yard of linen 35 or 36 inches wide. Design 1392, 12 sizes, 4 to 15 years.

THE long, long line of the front closing, the stitched panel in back, the close sleeve and the adjustable collar are details of tailoring that contribute to the correctness of this simple one-piece dress (design 1405). It is at its best in jersey cloth, serge, tricotine, gabardine, light-weight velours, checks, satin and satin-faced poplin. There is a body lining and the dress is also suitable for women. Lower edge measures about 1 1/2 yard. A 34 bust or 17 or 18 year size requires 2 7/8 yards of serge 54 inches wide. Design 1405, 8 sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

IF YOU and your best girl friend wear this sailor dress (design 1412) people will think you are naval reservists. The box plaits tailor nicely in serge, checks, repp, drill, duck, linen or Indian Head. The tam (9623) is adorable. Lower edge measures about 2 yards with the plaits drawn out. A 16-year size requires 3 1/2 yards of serge 44 inches wide and 1/2 yard of flannel 22 or more inches wide. The hat in misses' size requires 5/8 yard of material 36 inches wide. Design 1412, 6 sizes, 14 to 19 years. Design 9623, 4 sizes, ladies, misses, girls and children.



1421

1390

1410

1392

1405

1412



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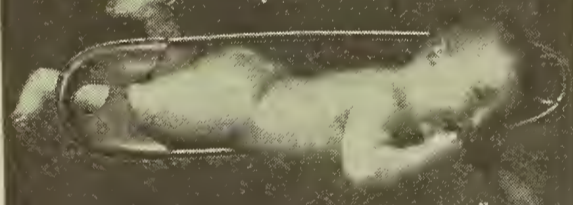
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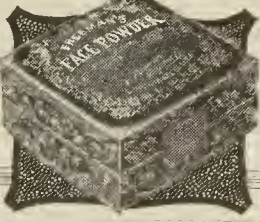
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WHEN SPRING SPEAKS ITS PIECE

THIS quaint style (design 1419) is the type that is used by famous French and English houses for their smocked and shirred dresses. It slips on over the head like a smock and laces at the throat. The sleeve has one seam, and worn with the open neck, it is often made elbow-length. You see this dress at Palm Beach and other places where there are particularly well-dressed children. It is usually made of nainsook, lawn, batiste, cotton voile, organdy, dimity or crêpe de Chine. Transfer is 10700. A 6-year size requires 2 yards of batiste 36 inches wide. Design 1419, 9 sizes, 2 to 10 years.

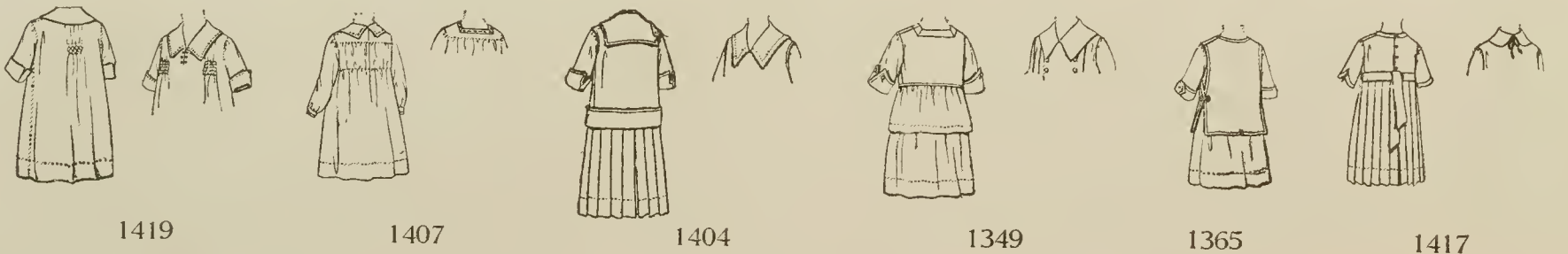
WHEN she speaks her first piece at school, it doesn't much matter whether any one hears the words or not. We are more interested in her blue eyes and shell-pink frock (design 1407). It is an Empire dress with a straight skirt and a square yoke that offers several neck outlines. It can be made of nainsook, batiste, lawn, dimity, cotton voile or organdy, and trimmed with Val lace and hand-embroidery. Transfer is 10732. A 4-year size requires 1 3/8 yard of batiste 35 or 36 inches wide. Design 1407, 9 sizes, 1/2 to 8 years.

TRUST the fourteen to have the new long body because it's new (design 1404). It is also like the well-beloved Balkan blouse and at the same time it is a jumper. It slips on over the head and the straight skirt can be worn separate or it can be sewed to an underbody. You can use a velveteen jumper with a skirt of plaid, serge or checks; chambray with gingham. A 14-year size requires 1 3/8 yard of serge 44 inches wide and 2 1/4 yards of plaid silk 35 or 36 inches wide. Design 1404, 12 sizes, 4 to 15 years.

IN THAT awful moment when you can't think of the next line, it is a sustaining thought to remember that your new frock is all that it should be (design 1349). The side closing gives a Russian line to the Empire body and the combination is distinctly French. The skirt is straight and can be made without the peplum. The sleeve has one seam. Use serge, checks, cotton poplin, gingham, chambray, Indian Head or voile for this dress. A 10-year size requires 2 3/4 yards of linen 35 or 36 inches wide. Design 1349, 10 sizes, 6 to 15 years.

THERE are so many pretty things you can do with a dress when it has a jumper and a straight skirt (design 1365). For the early Spring there is the irresistible combination of serge with a gay plaid or check. Chambray, colored linen and poplin are sweet with gingham and plain voile with figured voile. The sleeve has one seam. A 7-year size requires 7/8 yard of chambray 32 inches wide and 2 1/8 yards of striped gingham 32 inches wide. Design 1365, 12 sizes, 4 to 15 years.

WHEN she wears that too-good-to-be-true expression, beware! She is up to something. But one can slide down bannisters or swing on parallel bars without looking the worse for it in a dress like 1417. There is nothing to get out of place. The straight skirt is gathered or plaited to the Empire body which can be made with high neck and collar. Use repp, chambray, gingham, linen, serge or checks. Transfer is 10717. 10-year size requires 2 3/4 yds. cotton poplin 35 or 36 inches wide. Design 1417, 11 sizes, 4 to 14 years.



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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



Dress 1433
Transfer 10700

Dress 1379

Dress 1425
Transfer 10627

Dress 1431
Transfer 10732

Dress 1427

Dress 1376

FROCKS ARE TRUMPS IN GAMES OF HEARTS

SHE uses batiste with great effect as a background for her frilly lace and fine embroidery in design 1425. The round neck and short, one-seam sleeve of the little Empire waist meet with approval in all dancing circles. The skirt is straight. Batiste, cotton voile, mull, crêpe de Chine and silk crêpe are best for the gaieties of life, and gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin or Indian Head is nice for every day.

A 10-year size requires 2 3/8 yards batiste 35 or 36 inches wide. Transfer is 10627.

Design 1425, 12 sizes, 4 to 15 years.

WELL-FROCKED is fore-armed, a wise precaution when one deals the deadly shaft of the arrow (design 1379). The big cape bertha is not entirely independent of the engaging black velvet sash that indicates the Empire waistline. The sleeves are one-seam and the straight skirt is as easy as not to tuck. Batiste, lawn, cotton voile, net or crêpe de Chine is attractive.

A 9-year size requires 2 3/8 yards Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide. Design 1379, 11 sizes, 4 to 14 years.

HEARTS on a string! They always go that way when one is young and fair, and it's the wise young woman who chooses a frock so becoming (design 1431). The square yoke is effective and the lower part of the dress may have the fullness in an inverted plait under the arm and the lower edges straight, or there could be a gore at the seam under the arm. The sleeve has one seam. Use nainsook, lawn, cotton voile or dimity. Transfer is 10732.

A 2-year size requires 1 3/4 yard nainsook 36 inches wide. Design 1431, 4 sizes, 1/2 to 3 years.

A VICTORY wreath, no doubt, and the palm goes to a jumper frock of gay plaid (design 1427). The collarless neck is becoming to the junior, and the slashed outline makes an effective trimming. The sleeve is made with one seam and the straight skirt is gathered to the little body. Gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen, Indian Head, lawn and batiste are nice, with body and sleeves of lawn, nainsook, batiste or dimity.

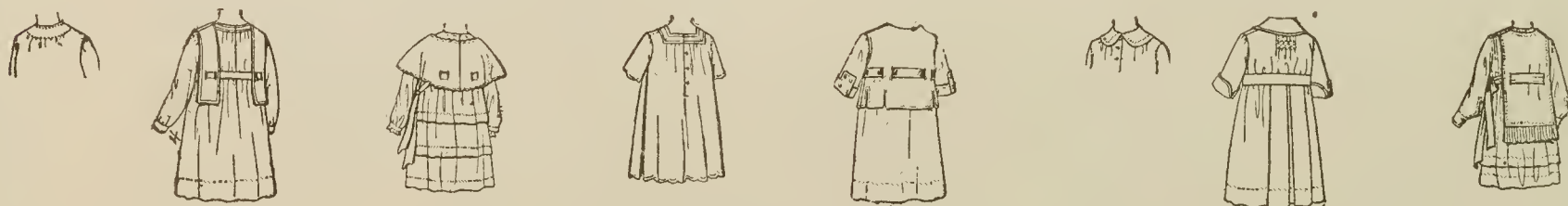
12-year size requires 7/8 yard crêpe de Chine 39 or 40 inches wide, 1 3/8 yard plaid 44 inches wide for jumper and skirt. Design 1427, 12 sizes, 4 to 15 years.

A LETTER in the hand is worth two in the mail, and a new frock with smocked blouse and box-plaited skirt may be responsible for this valentine (design 1433). It is splendid for a blouse of nainsook, lawn or batiste with skirt of gingham, chambray or linen. The sleeve is one-seamed, the skirt straight,

8-year requires 1 1/4 yard nainsook 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 3/4 yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide for belts, skirt. Transfer is 10700. Design 1433, 10 sizes, 3 to 12 years.

WHEN one is eight, one can do this sort of thing (design 1376) in point d'esprit for the benefit of the party. Narrow tucks at each side of the panel give a soft effect that is very becoming. The one-seam sleeve is quickly made, and the straight skirt is quite simple to tuck. This is a pretty dress for graduation in lawn, batiste, dimity, organdy, net, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, or for every day in gingham, chambray and linen.

An 8-year size requires 2 1/4 yards point d'esprit 39 or 40 inches wide. Design 1376, 12 sizes, 4 to 15 years.



1425

1379

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1376

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THE sailor blouse is equally good for a wet or a dry state—for small boys as well as big ones (design 8930). The blouse can be made with open neck and the sleeve finished in another fashion, and young son may have knickerbockers instead of straight trousers if he prefers them. Gabardine, serge, galatea, flannel, crash, poplin, piqué and beach cloth make good-looking and practical suits for the small boy. Sailor suits are especially popular at present.

A 7-year size requires 2 1/4 yards serge 44 inches wide, 3/8 yard flannel 35 or 36 inches wide.
Design 8930, 8 sizes, 3 to 10 years.

THE small boy's thoughts are above clothes, but his path in life is smoothed by a new dress (design 1188). It slips on over his head. It is the right kind of a dress for the boy when he graduates from baby frocks. This is boyish-looking, and very simple to make and launder. The straight trousers are good style. Piqué, chambray, Indian Head, cotton poplin, gabardine, serge, repp, drill, madras and galatea are suitable materials.

A 3-year size requires 1 1/4 yard cotton poplin 35 or 36 inches wide, 3/8 yard contrasting poplin 27 or more inches wide.
Design 1188, 4 sizes, 1 to 4 years.

RECONSTRUCTION work advances most rapidly in a suit that is made with the popular military blouse and straight trousers (design 9998). The panel-like front of the blouse is decidedly smart with its braid trimming. It has quite unusual lines, but is very manly and good-looking. You could make it of piqué, linen, madras, galatea, repp, khaki, serge, gabardine, poplin or drill. It is easy to make and does not require very much material.

A 6-year size requires 1 1/4 yard cloth 44 inches wide, 3/8 yard cloth 44 inches wide for collar, cuffs, belt and trousers.
Design 9998, 6 sizes, 3 to 8 years.

GOOD generalship in organization even in times of peace calls forth a new suit with the highly successful martial air (design 1403). It is the regulation American military type, and can be made of khaki, duck, chambray, serge, gabardine or melton cloth. The supply of pockets will prove sufficient for any but a base hoarder of marbles, toys, etc., and the laced trousers are the last word from the battle-field. It is the kind of a suit that every small boy wants to grow up into—and it is splendid for play or general wear.

A 4-year size requires 1 3/4 yard cloth 50 inches wide.
Design 1403, 11 sizes, 4 to 14 years.

A NEW suit that hits the nail on the head makes a deep impression in masculine circles in design 9588. The coat is very smart and the pinch back has quite a swagger air that will appeal to any boy of twelve, as well as to his older and younger brothers. The yoke in back gives a nice cut over the shoulders. The coat can be worn with either straight trousers or knickerbockers. This is sometimes called the trench suit. It can be made of cheviot, homespun, serge, tweeds, checks, worsted or corduroy.

A 12-year size requires 3 1/4 yards tweed 44 inches wide.
Design 9588, 9 sizes, 8 to 16 years.

A NEW suit that is wise in the ways of boys makes its waist of a tub material (design 1429). The broad box plaits give an effective trimming on the waist, and the pointed tabs make a good finish on the straight trousers. A blouse of madras, linen, repp, dimity, poplin and galatea could be used with trousers of serge, linen, drill or gabardine. The separate blouses are very practical. You can also use repp, poplin, piqué, chambray and drill alone.

A 7-year size requires 1 1/2 yard madras 32 inches wide for waist, 3/8 yard serge 44 inches wide.
Design 1429, 6 sizes, 2 to 7 years.



8930

1188

9588

9998

1403

1429

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 66, 67, 68, 69, 72, 73, 76 AND 77

Other views of these designs are shown on pages 66 and 67.



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Other views of these designs are shown on pages 72 and 73



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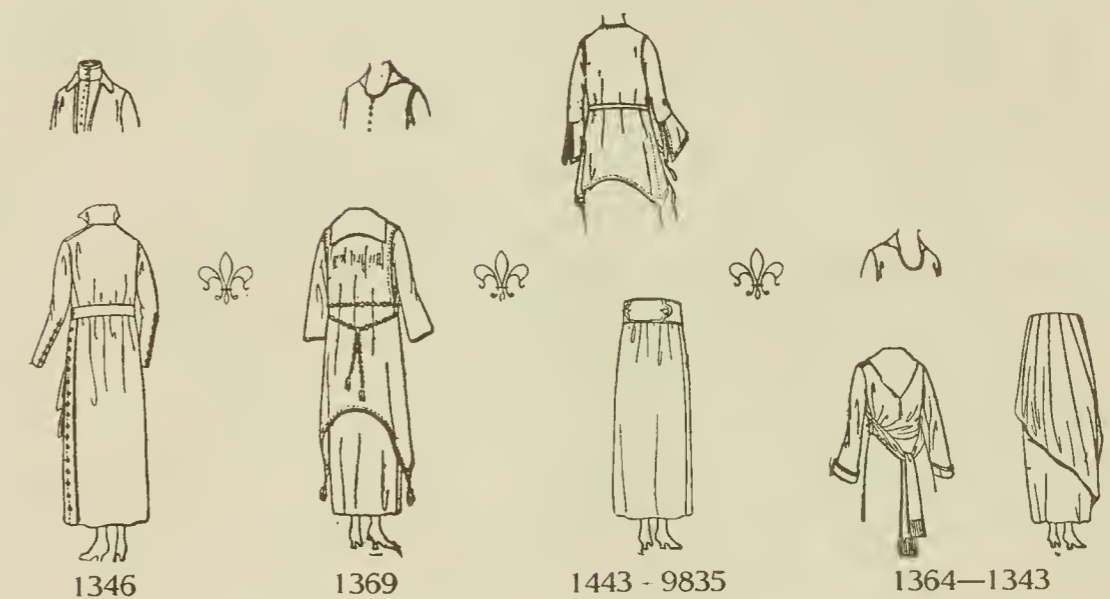
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1364-1343

Other views of these designs are shown on pages 68 and 69



1422-1339

1437-1362

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Other views of these designs are shown on pages 76 and 77



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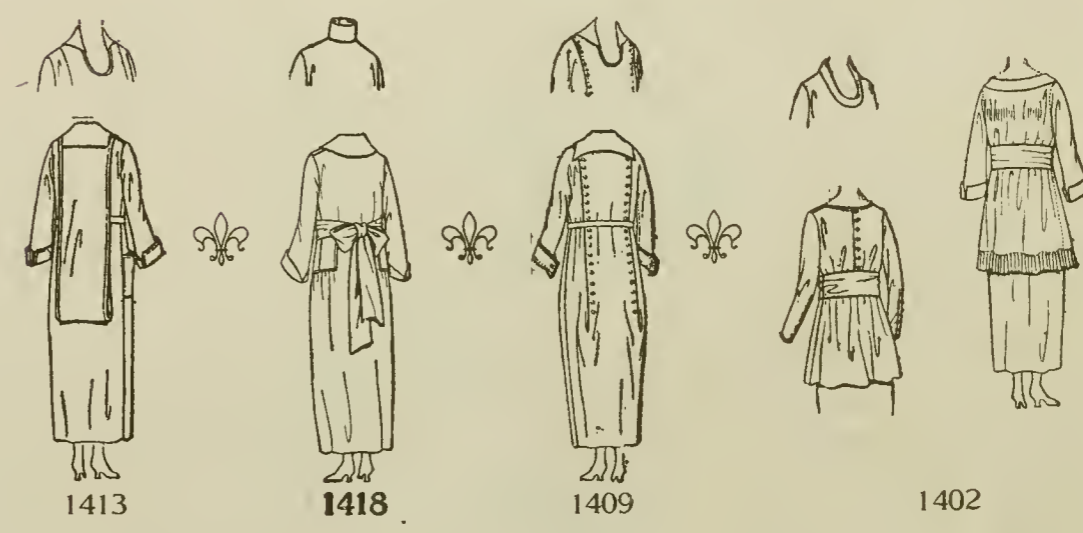
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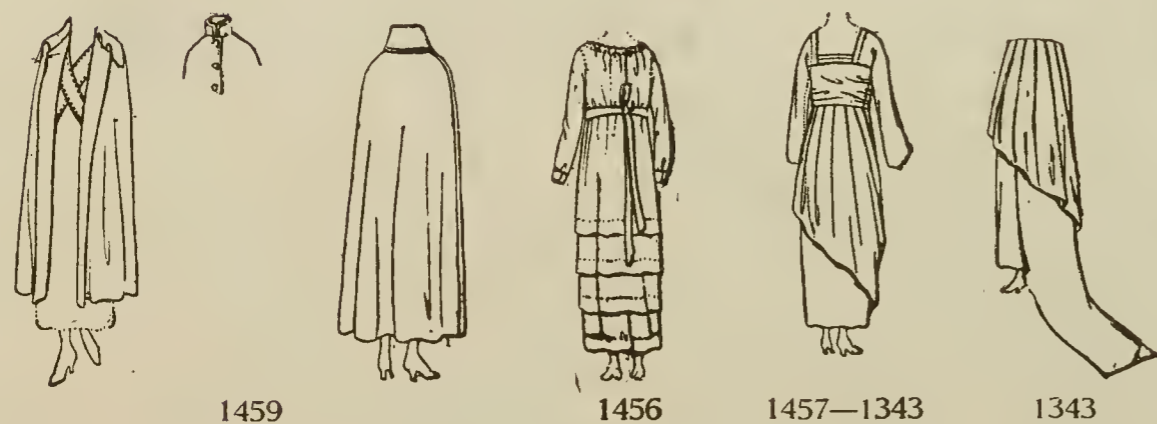


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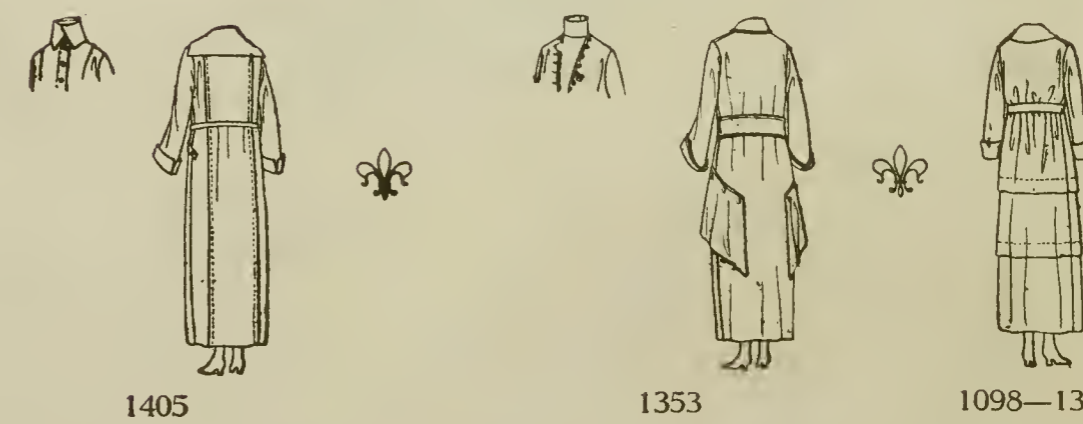


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THE FLEISHER YARNS

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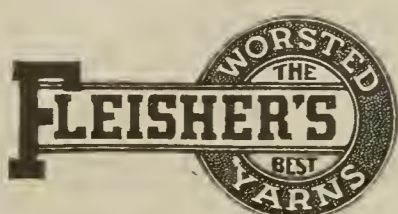
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We are sure that it will be a source of satisfaction to Americans to know that the Fleisher organization, with its great mills and superb equipment is now devoted to the needs of our fighting forces. Wool has been declared "essential." It is depended upon to keep our boys in health, to ease for them the bitter hardships of winter. In its sphere it is as important as food. And the supply may prove inadequate.

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THE NEWEST DRESS-TRIMMING

By MARIE ASHLEY



A serge blouse (design 1443) worked in the new punch-work embroidery (design 10735)

WHEN Paris was under the bombardment of the German guns it striped its windows with papers in gay colors and designs full of imagination and unconquerable spirit. Rostand wrote his often quoted lines:

The little shops here, one and all,
Each has its fashion whimsical.
From Auteuil to Pont Neuf one sees
The taste of Paris. Look at those
Poor garret windows changed to rose
By Pierrot's skilful mimeries.

Along the pleasant quays, how fair
The hoar-frost that the windows wear,
Frost that the sun can never clear—
Even as some high thought sustains
The heart of man, so, too, these panes
Are held by beauty against fear.

Thanks to the guns that bring to pass
The posies on the window glass,
For by these signs the world may see
How Paris, smiling, debonaire,
Guarding the fragile with the fair,
Displays her true solidity.

Paris has many gifts, but perhaps the superlative one is her rare and inimitable grace. She takes the ordinary thing and makes it extraordinarily lovely. Everything she touches is touched with her beauty. The simple type of dress that war conditions have made necessary might easily have degenerated into something shapeless, graceless and hideous in less inspired hands. But Paris has handled it with the finely drawn line of the artist, a discreet use of color, and a wonderful balance of hand work, sufficient to keep alive the great embroidery industry of France, yet not so exacting as to interfere with other essential industries. This Spring Paris has invented a new embroidery, or rather a new use for the old forms. Cut-work and eyelet embroidery are being punched or cut into serge and broadcloth dresses and rechristened "punch-work embroidery."

Had you mentioned cut-work to the average needlewoman a week or two ago, she would immediately think of the most precious treasures of her linen-closet, lovely curtains enriched with heads of noble knights or ladies silhouetted against a cut-work background, or an odd square or rectangular spray in the corners of a scarf or tea-cloth.

Had eyelets been mentioned to the same woman, she would picture lovely lingerie, the daintiest neckwear and baby's clothes, piles of bedroom and dining-room linens. But she would not have associated either type of embroidery with the new serge or broadcloth dress that she is planning to make the smartest, prettiest dress that she has ever worn.

The newest embroidery is very effective and has numerous possibilities. It is generally worked in a self-tone or in black, and depends on the novelty of the work to give the desired prominence to the trimming.

One lovely model of seal-brown broadcloth was worked in old-gold, and another frock of castor was worked in steel gray. Dark blue is usually embroidered in black.

If the design is close and the holes small no underbody is necessary, but if the eyelets are large a foundation of black satin or a harmonious color must be provided. In the cloth street dresses a contrasting color is not used, but in afternoon gowns of satin a gray overblouse of chiffon, worked in self-tone with transfer 10735, is worn over a blue or coral satin underbody. The eyelet form of punch-work is far the easiest to carry out and I have planned transfer 10735 especially for this kind of embroidery.

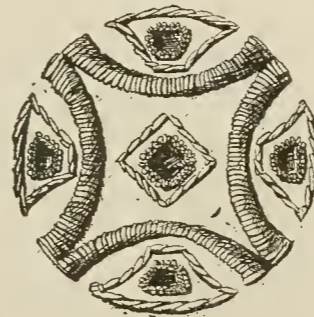
YOU must first stamp your material, using the blue transfer on rose, blue and all light colors, and the yellow transfer for the darker shades. When the material is stamped,

draw it snugly between a pair of embroidery rings. Work the circles as you would any eyelet, outline the circle, then punch a hole with a stiletto. (In punching this hole, take care not to draw the threads of the material. If they begin to draw, scrape the material a little with the ends of a sharp pair of embroidery scissors.) When the hole is punched, overcast it closely with rope embroidery silk as illustrated in the lower left-hand corner. Work the single lines around the circle in outline-stitch and fill the remainder of the design solid.

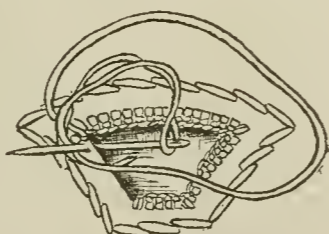
Transfer 10717 is well adapted to the cut-work form of punch-work embroidery. A motif from this design is illustrated at the lower center of the page. To work this design, stamp the material as directed and after it is stamped baste it down on a small piece of enamel cloth or oilcloth with the enamel side toward the work. (This enamel cloth is the entire secret of successful cut-work and is very important. Cut-work can not be made in the hand or on rings.) Now outline the parts that will be cut. With a sharp pair of scissors make a slit from the center to each corner. This will make four little triangles of material. Do not cut around the outline, but push the edge back under the work and button-hole the edges, using rope embroidery silk in the needle.

There is another new trimming that Paris has been using rather gingerly, not because she did not like it, for she was quite mad about it, but because its employment of wool rather limited its sphere of usefulness. In this embroidery, brush wool is used with jet or without it. With jet it generally is used on satin afternoon gowns and tulle or satin evening frocks. The favorite combination for dresses of this type is white Angora wool and black jet.

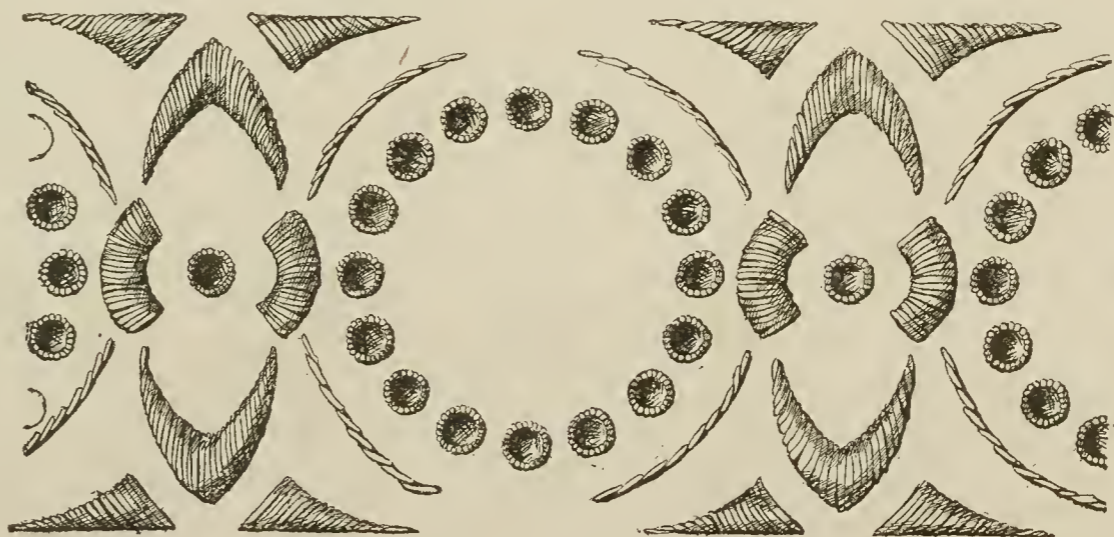
In cloth and serge dresses the brush wool embroidery is worked in self-color or sometimes in a gay shade of scarlet, the soft French blue, etc., on dark-blue serge, or in dark brown or dark blue on beige. The Angora wool can be used for any design of a fair size. It can be worked in either one-stitch outline or padded satin-stitch.



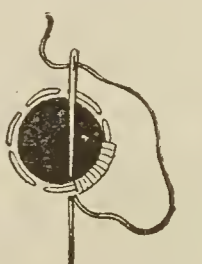
A motif from transfer 10717 worked in the cut-work version of punch-work embroidery



A detail of the punch-work embroidery applied to dresses



A portion of the banding from design 10735 showing the eyelet version of the new dress-trimming



A detail of the eyelets used in the new embroidery

FROCK AND BLOUSE BRIGHTEN THEIR WAY BY EMBROIDERY

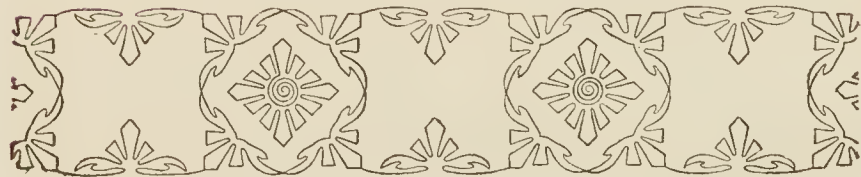
By MARIE ASHLEY

MISS Ashley will be glad to answer any questions in regard to these designs. Send your name and address and a three-cent stamp to Marie Ashley, THE DELINEATOR, New York, for her answer

Nothing less than a triple row of tucks does justice to a charming new embroidery design (transfer 10732) on a soft blouse (1401)



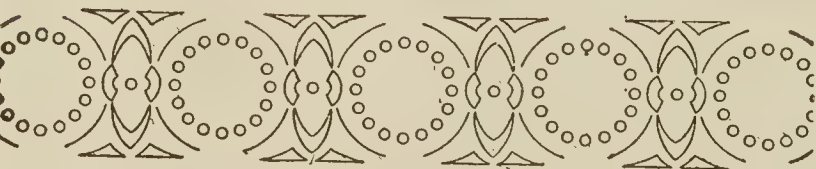
Transfer 10732. Envelope contains transfer for stamping 3 1/4 yards of banding 1/4 inch wide, 3 1/4 yards of scallops 7/8 inch wide, and 57 assorted motifs. Blue



Transfer 10731. Envelope contains transfer for stamping 3 1/4 yards banding 6 inches wide, 2 3/8 yards of banding 7/8 inch wide, 8 motifs 5 1/4 x 3 1/2 inches, 6 motifs 7 1/4 x 3 1/2 inches and 2 motifs 13 1/2 x 9 inches. Yellow or blue



Transfer 10733. Envelope contains transfer for stamping 6 5/8 yards of banding 2 1/8 inches wide, 5 yards of banding 3/4 inch wide, 6 motifs 4 3/4 x 4 inches, 8 motifs 3 1/4 x 2 3/8 inches, 2 motifs 5 x 6 3/4 inches, 2 motifs 7 3/8 x 4 3/8 inches, 2 motifs 7 1/2 x 4 1/4. Yellow or blue



Transfer 10735. Envelope contains transfer for stamping 4 3/4 yards banding 5 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards edging 3/8 inch wide, 6 motifs 4 1/2 x 2 inches, 6 motifs 4 1/2 x 2 inches, 2 motifs 4 3/4 x 4 3/4 inches and 2 motifs 8 3/8 x 7 1/4 inches. Yellow or blue



Transfer 10734. Envelope contains transfer for stamping 3 3/8 yards of banding 3 1/4 inches wide, 3 3/8 yards of scallops 5 1/4 inches wide and 42 assorted motifs. Blue



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PERSONALITY IN HAND EMBROIDERY

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“Why is the price of meat so high?”

THE head of a Philadelphia family writes to ask us why the price of meat is so high. He wants to know especially about the increase during the past four years.

* * *

There are, of course, many reasons.



Clerk hire, delivery, rent—in fact, all items entering into the operation of the retail meat shop—have advanced tremendously in cost

The heavy demand for meat, caused by large orders from the Allies, and by high wages at home, has helped to boost prices. The lower purchasing power of the dollar has also caused the prices of all commodities to increase.

But one important factor is the high cost of producing and marketing meat all along the line from farm to retailer.

* * *

The retailer, for example, must pay higher wages to clerks and more for delivery service, in fact, everything entering into store operation has advanced tremendously.

And the retailer has to get a much higher price for meat, because he has to pay the packers more for it.

* * *

The packers, in turn, are in the same position as the retailers. It costs them more to do business. Labor, transportation, machinery, materials—all items in the packing business—have mounted rapidly. Wages of packing house laborers, for example, have increased over 100 per cent in the past

The packer's costs also have mounted rapidly. Wages of packing house laborers, for example, have increased over 100 per cent in the past three years

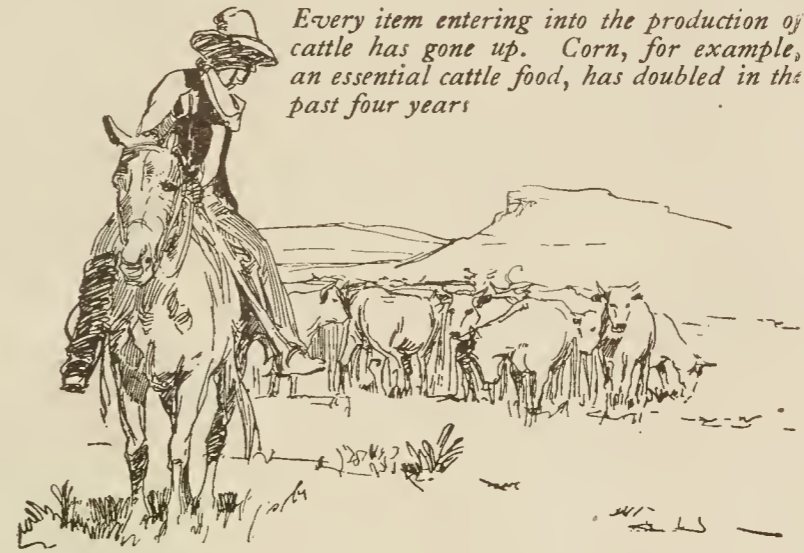


three years. But here again the packers have to get higher prices for meat when they have to pay such high prices for live stock.

During the past four years, cattle prices to Swift & Company advanced 74 per cent, whereas the price received for beef by Swift & Company has advanced only 61 per cent during the same period.

* * *

The farmers have had to get more for cattle because it costs more to raise them.



Every item entering into the production of cattle has gone up. Corn, for example, an essential cattle food, has doubled in the past four years

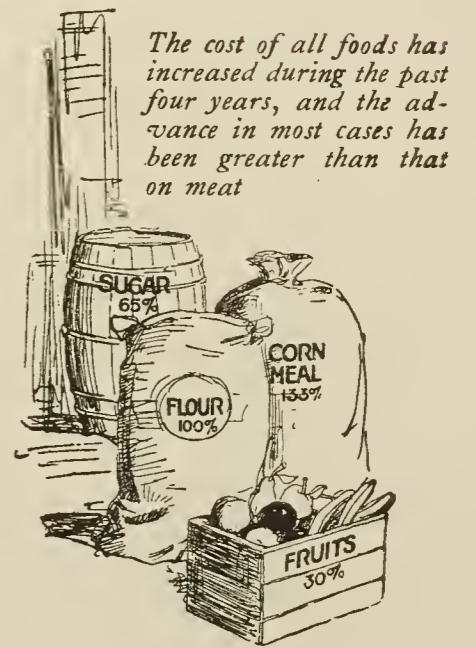
Corn, for example, has doubled during the past four years; farm labor is scarce and wages are high.

* * *

But even with these higher production costs, the price of meat has gone up no more than the price of other foodstuffs—and this in face of the enormous quantities sent overseas to our Army and to the Allies.

During the past five years, flour has increased 100 per cent, corn meal 133 per cent, sugar 65 per cent. During the past year alone, fruits have advanced 30 per cent.

If the packers were to eliminate their profits entirely, there would be practically no change in the price of meat. Swift & Company's profits average only a fraction of a cent per pound of meat.



The cost of all foods has increased during the past four years, and the advance in most cases has been greater than that on meat

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 23,000 stockholders



PALMOLIVE

Explanatory Note — At the right is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3000 years ago. The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present day knowledge of the subject. Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.

- (1) *As for her who desires beauty.*
- (2) *She is wont to anoint her limbs with oil of palm and oil of olives.*
- (3) *There cause to flourish these ointments—the skin.*
- (4) *As for oil of palm and oil of olives, there is not their like for reviving, making sound and purifying the skin.*



The History Back of Modern Beauty

WHEN the royal women of ancient Egypt learned the value of Palm and Olive oils they made a discovery to which modern users owe Palmolive.

For this famous soap contains the same rare oils, the luxury of famous queens 3000 years ago.

Its bland, fragrant lather is the final perfection of the blend which is old as history.

Palmolive Shampoo also contains the same Palm and Olive oils, keeping the hair soft and glossy with their mild yet thorough cleansing qualities.

Palmolive is sold everywhere by leading dealers—wartime price, two cakes for 25c. It is supplied in guest-cake size at those hotels most famous for de luxe service.

Send 25 cents in stamps for Travelette case, containing miniature packages of eight popular Palmolive specialties attractively packed.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited
Toronto, Ontario



*Eminent authorities
on the skin say:*

That the water used for cleansing the skin should be tepid. They say that extremes of heat and cold will ultimately result in unfavorable reaction.



Nose and Chin

For her own good reasons, Nature feeds the little oil glands here generously. Fairy Soap helps Nature by carrying away surface oil and dust without "drying out" the necessary oil glands. Pores cleansed twice a day with Fairy Soap are safeguarded against becoming enlarged or coarse.



Cheeks and Forehead

No soap must lodge in the pores or "dry" this delicate, transparent skin. Pure Fairy lather gently creams in and out of pores. It rinses away perfectly—leaving clear satin smoothness.



Neck

Your neck will pay the price of haphazard methods and soap. Necks should be "kept young." Help Nature and your neck by twice a day abundantly creaming in pure Fairy lather—so invigorating to the skin because so free from "drying" effects.

